



522

REPOSITORY

of
Arts, Literature, Commerce,

Manufactures **FASHIONS** and Politics

VOL. 2. **NO. 2**

Already honoured by the
most Humble & Grateful
to His Royal Highness

Prince Regent

R. ACKERMANN.

THE
Repository
 OF
ARTS, LITERATURE, COMMERCE,
Manufactures, Fashions, and Politics,
 For JANUARY, 1813.
 VOL. IX.

The Forty-ninth Number.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We earnestly solicit communications (post paid) from the professors of the arts in general, as well as authors, respecting works which they may have in hand. We conceive that the evident advantage which must accrue to both from the more extensive publicity that will be given to their productions through the medium of the Repository, needs only to be mentioned, to induce them to favour us with such information, which shall always meet with the most prompt attention.

We have been favoured with a highly interesting account of the Proceedings of the Embassy sent a few years since by the Emperor of Russia to China, the first part of which shall be presented to our readers in the next number of the Repository.

The communication of Democritus Minor shall appear in our next publication ; and we beg to assure him, that his future favours, either in verse or prose, will be acceptable.

The intended poetical contributions of Metaphrastus will be received with pleasure, and any observations with which he wishes them to be accompanied, shall be preserved, on an intimation from him to that effect.

The Anecdote of Mabuse, which reached us too late for the present number, shall have an early insertion.

Theodore is requested to forward the remainder of his Tale, before we can pledge ourselves for its appearance.

The Proprietor begs leave to remind such of his Readers as have imperfect sets of the Repository, of the necessity of an early application for the deficiencies, in order to prevent disappointment. Those who chuse to return their Numbers to the Publisher, may have them exchanged for Volumes in a variety of bindings, at the rate of 4s. 6d. per Volume.

THE

Repository

OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, COMMERCE, *Manufactures, Fashions, and Politics,*

For JANUARY, 1813.

The Forty-ninth Number.

—The suffrage of the wise,
The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

ARMSTRONG.

CONVERSATIONS ON THE ARTS.—By JUNIUS.

(Continued from Vol. VIII. p. 316.)

Miss K. — Francis Bartolozzi is the only engraver who practises the art, that is admitted a member of the Royal Academy of London. Strange, says Thomas Major, submitted to be an Associate Engraver of the Royal Academy, because he had a large family, and was fearful of giving offence to government, being engraver of the stamps. This honour is now much contested, and whether it should, or should not be conferred on engravers, has been a subject of strong controversy.

Miss Erc. You have mentioned Bartolozzi's principal stroke plates — what are his chief historical plates in stipple?

Miss K. From the History of England: — *Edmund, surnamed Ironside*, and *Algotha*, from W. Hamilton: *The Empress Matilda rejecting the Proposal of Stephen's*

Queen for the Release of the King Jane of Flanders, Countess of Montford, assembling the Inhabitants of Rennes, carrying her Infant in her Arms, deploring to them the Calamity of their Sovereign; Vortigern; and the King of France taken Prisoner, from F. Rigaud: *The Heroism of Prince Edward, Son of Henry VI.* from G. B. Cipriani: *The Meeting of Edward V. and his Brother the Duke of York*, from H. Ramberg: *Queen Catherine's Dream*, from H. Fuseli. *The Death of Rizzio*, and its companion; *Queen Elizabeth striking the Earl of Essex; Edward and Eleonora*, and its companion; *The Death of Lady Jane Grey*, from William Martin: *The Departure of Mary Queen of Scots, when a Child, for France*, and its companion; *The Flight of the same*,

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Princess to England, from W. Westall.

Miss *Eve*. What masters did Thomas Major chiefly engrave from?

Miss *K*. The younger Teniers, Claude Gaspar Poussin, Murillo, Vandeneer, Berghem, Van Goyen, Brouwer, Farg, J. Fayram, Blakey, J. Seymour; but chiefly from Teniers, in the manner of Le Bas. Some of his earliest plates, it appears, were engraved at Paris:—such are, *Recreation Flamande*, from Teniers, 1745—*Les petits Noces de Village*, from Teniers, 1746—*Le Chirurgien de Campagne*, from Teniers, 1747—*Le Voyageur*, from Berghem, 1748—*Vue de Flandres*, from Rubens, and *L'Autonne*, from Teniers. — I have seen but one plate from Claude Loraine by this engraver, and that is, *A View of Ponte Mola, near Rome*, published in 1753. From his plates it appears that, in 1750, he lived at the Golden Head in West-street, at the upper end of St. Martin's-lane; and at the Golden Head in Chandos-street, Covent-Garden, in 1753, when he was engraver to the Prince of Wales. After this, he lived for many years in that part of St. Martin's-lane called the *Paved Stones*, facing May's Buildings; and at last in Covent-Garden. He was found dead in his bed, on the morning of December 29, 1799, at his house in Tavistock-row, Covent-Garden, aged about 80. He was engraver to his Majesty, an honour which seems to have been bestowed according to merit. Woollett, Strange, Sherwin, and Ryland, have been engravers to the king, as are also Bartolozzi and Heath; but Sharp

has not the distinction, though perhaps the best engraver in the stroke manner of which this country can at present boast.

Miss *Eve*. The king endeavours to do justice to artists as well as to others. Those whose merits give them the best claim, are generally the most honoured by his distinctions. You say you have a letter written by Lord Chesterfield sixty years ago, in which his Majesty's character is noticed when he was a youth of twelve or thirteen.

Miss *K*. Yes; in the latter part of a letter to his son, written in London, and dated March 25, 1751, soon after the death of his father, Frederick, Prince of Wales. "The death of the Prince of Wales," says he, "who was more beloved for his affability and good-nature, than esteemed for his steadiness and conduct, has given concern to many, and apprehensions to all. The great difference in the age of the king and Prince George, presents the prospect of a minority—a disagreeable prospect for any nation. But it is to be hoped, and is most probable, that the king, who is now perfectly recovered of his late indisposition, may live to see his grandson of age. He is, seriously, a most hopeful boy—gentle and good-natured, with good, sound sense. This event has made all sorts of people here historians as well as politicians. Our histories are rummaged for all the particular circumstances of the six minorities we have had since the Conquest, viz. those of Henry III. Edward III. Richard II. Henry VI. Edward V. and Edward VI.; and the reasonings, the speculations, the conjectures, and the predictions, you

will easily imagine, must be innumerable and endless in this nation, where every porter is a consummate politician. Dr. Swift says very humorously, 'Every man knows that he understands religion and politics, though he never learned them; but many people are conscious they do not understand many other sciences, from having never learned them.' "

Miss *Eve*. I believe our king has reigned longer than the greatest part of the English sovereigns since the Norman Conquest.

Miss *K*. Only one has reigned longer in that period, this is Henry III. Here is a list of them, with the duration of their reigns:

Reigned above 50 years, two.

	Years.	Months.	Days.
Henry III. . .	56	1	1
Edward III. . .	50	5	7

Between 40 and 50 years, one.

Elizabeth . . .	44	4	15
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Between 30 and 40 years, seven.

Henry VI. . .	38	6	17
Henry VIII. . .	37	10	1
Charles II. . .	36	0	7
Henry I. . .	35	4	12
Henry II. . .	34	9	2
Edward I. . .	34	8	9
George II. . .	33	4	3

Between 20 and 30 years, six.

Charles I. . .	23	11	1
Henry VII. . .	23	8	19
Richard II. . .	22	8	16
Edward IV. . .	22	1	8
James I. . .	22	0	3
William I. . .	20	11	22

Between 10 and 20 years, eight.

Edward II. . .	19	7	6
Stephen . . .	18	11	9
John . . .	17	7	1
Henry IV. . .	18	6	4
William III. . .	13	0	14
William II. . .	12	11	18

	Years.	Months.	Days.
George I. . .	12	11	16
Anne . . .	12	5	6

Between 5 and 10 years, four.

Richard I. . .	9	9	22
Henry V. . .	9	5	24
Edward VI. . .	6	5	19
Mary . . .	5	4	22

Under 5 years, three.

James II. . .	4	0	17
Richard III. . .	2	2	5
Edward V. . .	0	2	18

If the life of his present Majesty be prolonged till Nov. 27, 1816, his reign will be the longest since the Conquest. Here is a song, by Collings, that may be called *Mulum in parvo*.

The Romans in England they once did sway,
And the Saxons they after them led the way,
And they tugg'd with the Danes, till an over-throw

They both of them got by the Norman bow.

CHORUS.

Yet barring all pothor, the one and the other
Were all of them kings in their turn.

Little Willy the Conqueror long did reign,
But Billy his son by an arrow was slain;
And Harry the First was a scholar bright,
But Stephen was forced for his crown to fight.

Second Harry Plantagenet's name did bear,
And Cœur de Lion was his son and heir;
But Magna Charta was gained from John,
Which Harry the Third put his seal upon.

There was Teddy the First like a lion bold,
But the Second by rebels was bought and sold;
And Teddy the Third was his subjects' pride,
Though Dicky his grandson was set aside.

There was Harry the Fourth, a warlike wight,
And Harry the Fifth like a cock would fight;
Though Harry the Sixth like a chick did pout,
When Teddy his cousin had kick'd him out.

Poor Teddy the Fifth was kill'd in bed
By butchering Dick, who was knock'd on the head;

Then Harry the Seventh in fame grew big,
And Harry the Eighth was as fat as a pig.

With Teddy the Sixth we had tranquil days,
Though Mary made fire and faggots blaze;

But good Queen Bess was a glorious dame,
And bonny King Jamie from Scotland came.

Poor Charley the First was a martyr made,
But Charley his son was a comical blade;
And Jemmy the Second, when hotly spurr'd,
Ran away, d'ye see, from Willy the Third.

Queen Anne was victorious by land and sea,
And Georgey the First did with glory away;
And as Georgey the Second has long been dead,
Long life to the Georgey we have in his stead!

Miss *Eve*. You said that Henderson, Parsons, John Palmer, and some other celebrated actors, had attained considerable proficiency in the arts: do you know Henderson's dates?

Miss *K*. John Henderson, son of an Irish factor, was born in Goldsmith-street, Cheapside, London, in February, 1746. His father died in 1748. He studied drawing under an artist of the name of Fournier, and gained the second premium given in 1759 by the Society of Arts, which then met at their house opposite to Beaufort-buildings, in the Strand, for a drawing, in pen and ink, of a Fisherman smoking, in the manner of Teniers. His eldest brother was apprentice to an engraver named Robert Clee, in Oxendon-street, near the Haymarket; but falling into a decline, he took lodgings at Paddington, for the benefit of the air: here, being seized with a fit of coughing, a good-natured girl, who happened to live in the house, caught him in her arms, where he almost immediately expired. This girl was afterwards the celebrated Kitty Fisher. It is well known that John Henderson was the best actor since the days of Garrick. He died of a spasm in the brain, at his house in Buckingham-street, Adelphi, November 25, 1785, in his fortieth year, and was buried

at Westminster Abbey. The last night of his appearance at the theatre was on the 3d November, in the character of Horatius, in the Roman Father.

William Parsons, son of a carpenter and builder, was born in Bow-lane, Cheapside, London, February 29, 1736. Being born on this remarkable day, his birthday came but once in four years. He was educated at St Paul's school; was a good landscape-painter, and one of the best comedians of his time, particularly in old men. He died of an asthma, at his house in Mead's-row, Lambeth, February 3, 1795, aged 59, and was buried February 15, in Lee churchyard, near Blackheath, in Kent. His acting, like Hogarth's designs, possessed a chastity free from caricature or buffoonery.

John Palmer was born in 1745. In his early youth he studied drawing and painting. The expence of building the Royalty Theatre, and then not being able to obtain a licence for the performance of plays, much embarrassed some of the last years of the life of this excellent actor. He was by much the best figure of his time on the stage. He lived some years near the Terrace at Kentish-town, and had a large family. He died suddenly on the stage at Liverpool, while performing the part of the Stranger in Kotzebue's play of that name, on the 2d August 1798, to the great consternation of the audience; and was buried at Walton, a village near Liverpool, on the 6th of the same month. Several of his relatives have been respectable actors.

Here is a curious and humorous account of Madame Angelica Ca-

talani's first appearance in London. The fame of this extraordinary singer had reached the sister kingdom (Ireland), and the following account of the effect of her talents is taken from the *Freeman's Journal* of December 21, 1806.

"On Saturday night last, Signora Catalani, the famous Italian singer, made her first appearance at the Opera-House, London, in *Semiramide*. The curiosity to hear this renowned songstress was prodigious, and the house was filled at an early hour. An immense number of foreigners were present, whose raptures on the occasion excited such exquisite writhing and distortion, as to render the state of those most sensitive animals truly enviable. Some fainted with delight, and others fell into hysterics. The clatter of sticks and shoe-heels, the vociferation of *bravo* and *bravissimo* from the boxes, shouting from the gallery, and huzzaing from the pit, rendered the scene delicious to a philosophic mind, who must contemplate with pleasure, how justly many rational animals present could appreciate the sublimity of language which they did not understand, music which few of them could comprehend, and the voice of Catalani which many of them, during the night, could scarcely hear."

What do you think of Catalani's singing?

Miss *Eve*. I think Catalani's voice is full, powerful, melodious, and of great compass. These four distinct and compatible qualities are acknowledged to be united in this excellent songstress. The volume and compass of her voice cannot, upon a first hearing, be mea-

sured with precision. Its extent upon the gamut is supposed to comprehend more notes than have been included in the compass of any female voice. The tone of it is rich, mellow, and substantial. There is no labour in her singing. She fills the whole of the immense theatre at the Opera-House with as much apparent ease as if she were practising in her drawing-room. For neatness and rapidity of execution, she is equal to Billington; in her voice, feeling, and deportment, she displays the combined excellencies of Banti, Mara, and Grassini. The power and effect with which she sustains some notes towards the top of her voice, are truly surprising; they strike and hang upon the ear like the silvery tones which are sometimes drawn from that exquisite instrument, the musical glasses.—But why do you smile?

Miss *K*. I am pleased to hear you praise where you yourself so eminently excel. I was thinking that you possess that frank and generous countenance, which, the moment the eye sees, the heart understands and loves.

No doubt Madame Catalani is one of the most surprising singers that nature ever produced, her voice is capable of so much exertion, with so little apparent assistance from art. She has incontestibly as brilliant a voice as ever delighted the people of this country. Her action also is extremely graceful, perhaps equal to that of Grassini.

Miss *Eve*. I saw Madame Grassini at St. James's just before she left this country. She possesses the same grace and fascinating manner in the drawing-room, as gained

her so much admiration on the stage; but she never appeared to more advantage than in the farewell entertainment given to her by Lady Hamilton. There were present many of Madame Grassini's kindest friends, to whom she was anxious to shew the high sense she had of all their favours. After singing some very beautiful airs, her health was drunk with enthusiasm; when rising from her chair, and clasping her hands, she began to sing extempore a description of her feelings, which, for pathos and delicacy of sentiment, might vie with the productions of the most admired Italian poets.

You just now mentioned Mr. Pin-go as an admirable engraver of coin.

Miss K. Yes, and we have had some other excellent coin and seal engravers in this country: Edward Burch, R. A. and his pupil, N. Marchant Pickler, W. Brown; and many others. The coin and medals by the celebrated Simon, in the time of Cromwell, and the beginning of the reign of Charles II. are remarkable for their beauty. About the same time, in France, under Louis XIV. John Varin was peculiarly excellent in this department. He was born at Liege, and died at Paris August 26th, 1672, aged 68. It is said, that he rivalled the most celebrated productions of Greece and Rome, and was also an excellent statuary.

JUNINUS.

OBSERVATIONS ON A PASSAGE IN PLATO'S REPUBLIC.

By AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE.

NEW books, however paltry, are read; ancient ones, however excellent, are forgotten. People turn up their noses at every thing older than the two last Leipzig fairs; but when a work numbers two thousand years, like Plato's Republic, they are scared at it; and you may think yourself fortunate if you are sometimes allowed to serve up a few scraps of this substantial food together with dishes of a lighter nature. Here is such a scrap, extracted from the dialogue between Socrates and Thrasymachus the sophist, who boldly maintains that what people are accustomed to term *justice* is nothing but the *right of the stronger*. Laws, says he, are every where framed ac-

cording to the will of the ruling power; in democracies they favour the people, in aristocracies the nobility, in monarchies the prince. The makers of laws universally punish disobedience to their will as an injustice; consequently, they consider that only as just which is advantageous to themselves. Do you seriously imagine, continues he, that the shepherd who takes the trouble to conduct his flock to the pasture, and exposes himself to all the inclemencies of the weather, submits to all this for the sake of his *sheep* alone? No, my friend, he does it for the sake of the *wool*. The rulers of nations are actuated by the same motive. If the weak sacrifice themselves for the strong,

and the strong trample the weak under foot, they merely perform the parts for which they were designed. Consider, for example, a tyrant, a despot firmly established on the throne; he has recourse without scruple to force, as well as artifice, to accomplish his objects. He plunders others of their property, spares neither what is sacred nor what is profane, whether belonging to the commonwealth, or to private individuals. All depends upon being *lucky* enough to conceal these crimes from the eyes of the world, or *strong* enough to defy its opinions; *bold* enough to dare any thing; *cunning* enough to do nothing by halves. He, to be sure, who has not these qualifications, is fit only for a pick-pocket or a highwayman, and will come to the gallows at last: but when successful ambition has overpowered a mighty state, conquered kingdoms, enslaved nations, then, indeed, my good Socrates, those odious names are changed to titles of honour, and the whole world, seized with admiration, hails these splendid crimes. If people sometimes speak ill of injustice, it is not because they ab-

hor it and would not practise it themselves,¹ but merely because they are afraid, lest, as its object, they will be obliged to *endure* it. Do you now comprehend the important meaning of the maxim, that *every thing is just which is profitable to the stronger?* and what the weaker acts very unjustly when he refuses to sacrifice to the other his honour, his property, his health, and life itself?

In this manner, Thrasymachus the sophist continues his arguments, which the divine Socrates answers in many fine speeches; but it must be confessed, that though Socrates fancies he has refuted Thrasymachus, and piques himself not a little upon his victory, he himself is unfortunately refuted by daily experience.

For the rest, it is to be hoped, that it will not be forbidden to translate Plato's Republic, either wholly or in part; and that the preceding passage is *faithfully* translated, will be found by every scholar who will take the trouble to turn to the first book of that performance.

THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

No. XXII.

— Constituerant hinc Thise, Pyramus illinc,
Inque vicem fuerat captatus anhelitus oris.

— OVID Met. l. iv. c. 71.

Here Pyramus, there gentle Thise strove
To catch each other's breath, the balmy breeze of love.

If my memory does not fail me, I have read somewhere, though I do not recollect in what author, the following curious description of a love-scene, or an animated courtship between two persons in an

inferior class of life. It was acted in the face of any passenger in the street who thought proper to stand still and observe it. A maid was rubbing the windows of a gentleman's house within, and her

humble admirer, the footman, was so fortunate as to be employed in cleaning the same panes of glass in the more exposed situation on the side towards the street. After a short parley, which was not audible, the house-maid began, with an aspect that marked nothing more than attention to the work in hand; and, breathing on the glass, followed the vapour with a dry cloth, that she employed with the utmost activity in every direction and figure in which her hands could move, or the space would allow. The footman, after looking at her for a moment, fetched a sigh, that seemed to come from the bottom of his heart; and, with rather a disconsolate air, began his operations, after the fair one's example, on his side of the window. He continued to work on in silence, and with evident looks of disappointment, till at length the fair one smiled, and, with all the symptoms of genuine coquetry, threw from between her red pouting lips, a mist on every spot, as it became sufficiently transparent for him to view her. With this artifice, and the aid of her napkin, she contrived to conceal herself from her admirer; while he, with the most ardent impetuosity, endeavoured to countermine her operations, and to work through every thing that interrupted his view of her. This animated contest held for several large panes of glass, until the amorous waggery was changed into the more familiar act of breathing in each other's faces, and catching the impression. Thus these fond and lively fellow-servants indulged their imaginations with their nearness and distance from each other, until the

window became at length so transparent, that the charms of the Abigail so enlivened the knight of the shoulder-knot, that he jumped in at the window, and a game at romps ensued, which hurried the parties, with much playfulness, through a door into another room, where their sportive contest was no longer visible.

The recollection of this little amusing story has suggested to me certain ideas, on the vast variety of what are called courtships, previous to, or with a view to produce the hymeneal connection; from the highest ranks of life, to those classes who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, or even such as profess to subsist by the alms which they solicit. Indeed, I myself remember, that in the course of a tour through one of our distant counties, I witnessed a most joyous scene, produced by a large gang of gypsies, who were celebrating a marriage which had taken place among that fraternity.

Hogarth has, with his inimitable pencil, in his series of prints, with the title of *Marriage à la Mode*, displayed the courtship between nobility and wealth, ancient blood and vulgar origin, and an alliance between an house in Grosvenor-square and a shop on London bridge. This idea of the varieties and motives of love-making, might furnish a numerous succession of serious, comical, and moral pictures; and if Mr. Ackermann could persuade his friends, Mr. Rowlandson and Dr. Syntax, to unite their labours in such an undertaking, a most amusing, interesting, and, I shall add, instructive volume might be added to his respectable publi-

cations. But this by the way, for I merely intend what I have written to serve as an introduction to a letter which I have received from a complaining and disappointed correspondent, who, with a very independent property, has not been able to persuade any young gentleman, for that is his expression, to go to church with him. This misfortune, for such he seriously considers it to be, he attributes, with great simplicity, to his deficiency in the arts of courtship; and he applies to me, to favour him with my opinion, and to give him such instructions as may render him more successful than he has hitherto been in his attempts to enter the Temple of Hymen. But I shall let him speak for himself, which he does, pretty much at large, in the following letter:—

TO THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

Would-be Grove.

SIR,

I am a young man—I beg your pardon for changing the expression, but to do myself justice, and to appear in my proper character to you, I am a young gentleman of twenty-three years of age, and possess an estate of eighteen hundred pounds a year, three hundred of which I farm myself, and am supposed to understand country matters as well as most gentlemen;—indeed, which is some proof of it, I became last year a member of your famous Agricultural Society in London. I am, besides, lord of the manor, and have a very good house, with a fine sheep-walk round it, and a large canal at the bottom of my garden, full of carp and tench. I sit in a fine

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family pew when I go to church, and have lately taken down the old green and yellow lining, and fitted it up with a bright red cloth, with a fringe, and covered the cushions with the same, so that they are fit for any lady in the land to sit upon and say her prayers, or sing psalms if she pleases. Indeed, to say the truth, they are so nice and soft, that I can never hear the parson's sermon through without falling asleep. I have also been summoned upon three grand juries, and it has been hinted to me, that it may not be long before I am nominated high sheriff of the county. I was educated in Latin by our vicar, who is said to be a great scholar; and in writing and accounts by the exciseman in our parish. I am also thought to dance very well, having been taught by the merry-andrew of a mountebank, who comes every year into this neighbourhood, and had been a tumbler at Sadler's Wells, near London. My father wished to send me to a free-school, but my grandmother, who had money to leave, said it would only corrupt my morals; and accordingly I was educated at home. Besides, I am an officer in the yeoman cavalry, and I have overheard it said, when we have been out at exercise, that I have more the looks of a real soldier than any one in the troop. Nor is this all, Mr. Spectator; for, though I do not pretend to make any great boast of it, I am of a very ancient family; as Mr. Serjeant Bother'em, a great lawyer who comes our circuit, told me once at the assizes, when I went to ask his opinion relative to my right to a water-course, that he believed the

C

family of the *Would-be's* was co-eval with the creation of man.

Under these circumstances I turned my thoughts towards marriage, and looked about me, to fix on some young gentlewoman whom I might lead, as the newspapers call it, to the altar of Hymen. I am not anxious after fortune; for, tho' I know how to take care of my money, I hate and abominate an avaricious principle; and so that she was of an agreeable person, and understood the manners of a gentlewoman, whether she had one thousand or ten thousand pounds as a marriage portion, was not a serious consideration with me.

Now there were several fair ones in my part of the country that I thought would suit me; but I was determined to feel my way with them all, before I made a formal proposal to any one of them. This I thought might be done by certain compliments, and sly hints, and conversations, half joke and half earnest. Accordingly I set out a knight-erranting, as I think it is called; and I made my first set at the house of a baronet, who had seven daughters, all of them agreeable young ladies; and I was cock sure, to use a sportsman's phrase, that, out of this fine covey, I should be sure to kill my bird. Accordingly, as I was walking with them on the lawn after dinner, I seized the opportunity of taking from my pocket a small looking-glass, in a red Morocco case, and presenting it to the youngest of the ladies, assured her, with all the gravity I could muster up, that if she would open it, she would see the exact representation of the prettiest woman in the world; when, having

adjusted her hair by it, she ~~cally~~ returned it to me, and told me, if I would look at it, I should see the portrait of the greatest clodpole on earth. This repartee produced a most violent shout of laughter from them all; when Sir William, to save me as well as he could from my state of confusion, exclaimed, "Never mind them, my good friend, seven to one is too much for any man, so come and play a game of bowls with the gentlemen:" upon which, being nettled on the occasion, I replied at once, and without the least hesitation, "That I will, with all my heart, Sir William; for I perceive, if one attempts to play at bowls with the ladies, one is sure to meet with rubbers." This occasioned another shout from the misses, who, as with one voice, cried out, "O what wit! what a delightful repartee! and so *very original!*" and then they all ran off laughing to a distant part of the garden.

My next attempt was upon the daughter of Squire Hawker, who, in his sporting rambles, frequently gives me a call; and as he always says I have the best Port wine in the county, he proves the truth of his opinion, by never failing to take a couple of bottles of it. In a visit to his house accidentally on purpose, Miss Hawker, in a discourse with another lady about dress, happened to say, that red suited her complexion best; when I immediately observed, that if she would but come to our church, she should sit in my pew, which was lately lined with fine scarlet cloth, where I was sure she would look like an angel; "and who knows," I added, "but we might both find ourselves

in an humour to go to the altar for you know what?"—"That," she replied, with a kind of simper, "is a proceeding which requires no small consideration; and, in the mean time, it would be perfectly gallant, if you would pull down half a dozen yards of that self-same scarlet cloth, to make me a riding-dress." That, thought I, is a good hint, however; so I sent for my tailor, who is a knowing kind of fellow, having served his time in London, and told him to contrive, somehow or other, to get the lady's size, and make her a smart riding-dress, according to the latest fashion, and of her favourite colour. This was no sooner said than done, and a dollar bribed one of the family to introduce it into her private room, without pretending to know from whence it came. In a few days after, the lady's father called upon me, to take a couple of bottles of the best wine in the county; and at the same time he thanked me, on behalf of his daughter, for my handsome present; as they all knew immediately, from the very genteel manner in which it was done, that it came from me. I now thought things were in a fair train, and took an early opportunity to see Miss Hawker; nor did I fail to ask her when I should be permitted to see her in the riding-dress. After thanking me for my gallantry, she said, that as the family were going into mourning for an aunt who was just dead, she had sent it to be dyed black. I immediately replied, that I could not but wish it had been *true blue*. "Heavens forbid!" she cried, "for then I might be supposed to belong to one or other of these stupid and stupifying creatures,

the yeoman cavalry." At this I was perfectly astounded, as you must know, Mr. Spectator, that blue is the colour of that corps of yeoman cavalry to which I belong. I accordingly took my leave in a huff, and am determined that Mr. Hawker shall never drink any more of the best wine in the county in my house. I need not add, I think, that I am for ever cured of the gallantry of contriving to send riding-dresses to young ladies.

I shall trouble you only with one more of my disappointments in going a courting, though I could tell half a dozen more, at least. It is as follows:—

Happening to be at a poney-race, a widow lady, who lives very genteely with an only daughter, on the side of the common where this sport took place, invited me to take a dish of tea with her; and she sent the message by a servant in a very handsome livery. It accordingly occurred to me, to turn this circumstance to the account of what is ever uppermost in my mind. In the course of conversation, the good lady observed, that she should never consent to her daughter's going to the altar of Hymen, unless her lover conducted her in his own carriage. On this hint, as it appeared to me, I said that I had a very smart postchaise, and had lately bought a very handsome pair of black, long-tailed horses at Northampton fair; and if Miss Peacock, for that was the lady's name, was disposed to take a jaunt to this self-same altar of Hymen, I was ready to attend her in my carriage; and that my fine black horses, with their long tails, should draw her thither. Now I expected thanks,

at least, for my civil offer, when Mrs. Peacock drew up her head, and desired I would keep my vulgar, filthy ideas to myself; and miss, but in a less angry tone of voice, advised me to put my black horses with their long tails into one of my own carts, and drive it myself to Northampton fair, to fetch back a sufficient quantity of calves to keep up the breed at *Would-be Grove*. I need not add how this visit ended.

I hope you will pardon me, Mr. Spectator, but there is one little story more, which I had forgot, and I wish to relate it, because it is a good one, and has some fun in it.

I was one day out with Squire Harkaway's hounds, when we killed a fox close to his park-pales; and he accordingly asked all the company up to the hall to take some refreshment. Observing, as we were enjoying ourselves, a large pair of stag's antlers over the chimney-piece, on which the gentlemen hung their hats, I said to one of the Miss Harkaways, that I would make interest with her to procure me a pair in the next buck season, to put up in my hall. This she very obligingly promised to do next summer. "But let me advise you," she added, "to take care that the horns did not, somehow or other, get from the wall to my head."—"I think," I replied, "while there is such a horsewhip as this in my hand to be found in my house, she will be a bold woman that does it; for I would certainly flog her through every room of the house, till I flogged her out of it." The squire instantly clapped me on the back, and said, that he had not heard so good a thing for many a day.

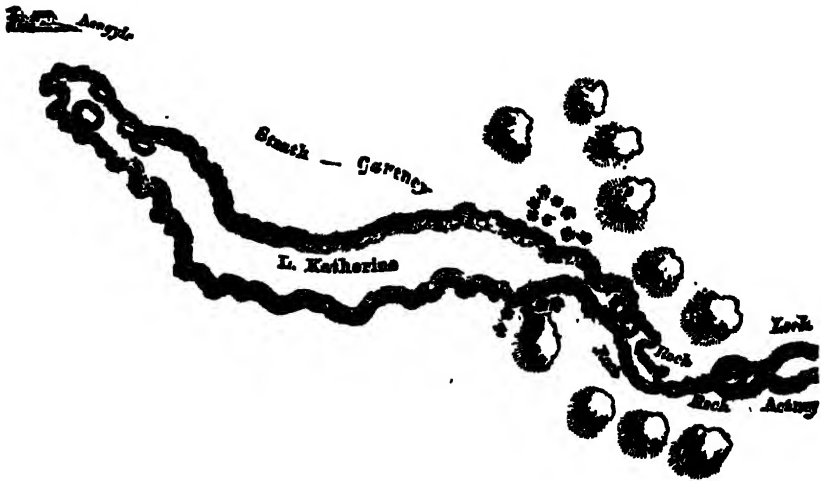
Now, Mr. Spectator, you have the full and true account of my situation; and I look to you for the best advice you can give me on the occasion. At the same time, you must know, that if I do not hear satisfactorily from you in the course of a fortnight, I shall settle myself in another way, as you shall hear.

My dairy-woman has a niece, who is the picture of beauty and innocence. But do not be alarmed, I shall never act as Jack Scapegrace, of our corps, is continually persuading me to do: I will never set a bad example to my neighbourhood. Then there is the vicar's daughter, though not so handsome, she is a nice notable young woman, and performs on the piano-forte. She sings the song of *Sweet Willy O*, which is my name, most delightfully, and plays the Volunteer's March with great spirit. Now, if you do not instruct me how to pursue my original plan without the risque of being laughed at and ridiculed, one of these females I will certainly marry, and shortly too. You cannot, therefore, do me a greater favour than by sending an immediate answer to

Your most obedient,
humble servant,

WILLIAM WOULD-BE.

I was about to answer this letter, when I received a second, to inform me, that, without waiting for my answer, he had led the vicar's daughter to the altar of Hymen, which was the step I should have recommended to him, and that she is now the happy mistress of *Would-be Hall*, in the county of Bucks.



ACCOUNT OF LOCH KATHERINE,

Extracted from the Journal of a Tour performed in July 1812.

BY MR. W. WEBSTER.

(WITH A WOOD-CUT.)

I TRAVELLED 70 miles out of my way in order to obtain a view of Loch Katherine, on which Walter Scott has conferred such celebrity. Tho' I certainly had no reason to regret the trouble which I had taken, yet I am confident that many who make this excursion return home disappointed. Be this as it will, the poet has occasioned many wealthy strangers to visit this wild country, in order to view the spot that gave birth to the *Lady of the Lake*, and to spend a little money, which is very acceptable to the poor Highlander.

From Callender, a Highland town, nearly 40 miles west of Perth, I walked about 14 miles to the Trossachs, which are insulated, perpendicular rocks, that mark the commencement of the lake. It is a fine Highland country; but a Londoner would starve there, though to me the living was good. Oat-meal

cakes, with Highland whiskey, a branded chicken, and hard cheesc, constitute the principal fare.

Loch Achraig, situated eastward of the chief object of my curiosity, is a variegated and beautiful piece of water, which, as you proceed, changes from a soft to a bold appearance. The Trossachs, which commence here, are broken ranges of woody rocks, diminishing from east to west, and exhibiting extraordinary varieties of shape. The roads, at once frightful and romantic, excite emotions of admiration and terror, till at length Loch Katherine suddenly bursts upon the view. Its crystal streams, its high rocky promontories, its rich scenery, far transcend my powers of description: I shall therefore borrow the language of the minister of the parish, by whom its beauties have been ably portrayed.

"Travellers who wish to see all

they can of this singular phenomenon, generally sail west, on the south side of the lake, to the rock and den of the Ghost, whose dark recesses, from their gloomy appearance, the imagination of superstition conceived to be the habitation of supernatural beings. In sailing, you discover many arms of the lake: here a bold head-land, where black rocks dip into unfathomable water; there the white sand in the bottom of a bay, bleached for ages by the waves. In walking on the north side, the road is sometimes cut through the face of the solid rock, which rises upwards of 200 feet perpendicular above the lake. Sometimes the view of the lake is lost; then it bursts suddenly on the eye; and a cluster of capes and islands appear at different distances, which gives them an apparent motion of different degrees of velocity, as the spectator rides along the opposite beach. At other times his road is at the foot of rugged and stupendous cliffs, and trees are growing where no earth is to be seen. Every rock has its echo, every grove is vocal by the melodious harmony of birds, or by the sweet airs of women and children gathering filberts in their season.

"Down the side of the opposite mountain, after a shower of rain, flow a hundred white streams, which rush with great velocity and noise into the lake, and spread their froth upon its surface. On one side, the water-eagle sits in majesty, undisturbed, on his well known rock, in sight of his nest on the face of Ben-venu*; the heron stalks among the reeds in search of his prey; and

the sportive ducks gambol on the waters, or dive below: on the other, the wild goats climb where they have scarcely ground for the soles of their feet; and the wild fowls, perched on the trees, or on the pinnacles of a rock, look down with composed defiance at man.

"In one of the defiles of the Tro-sachs, two or three of the natives met a band of Cromwell's soldiers, and forced them to return, after leaving one of their comrades dead on the spot, whose grave marks the scene of action and gives name to the pass.

"In one or other of the chasms of this singular place, there lived for many years a distiller of smuggled spirits*, who eluded the most diligent of the revenue officers, although they knew he was there; because a guide could not be bribed to discover his retreat. In a word, both by land and water, there are so many turnings and windings, so many heights and hollows, so many glens, capes, and bays, that one cannot advance twenty yards without having the prospect changed by the successive appearances of new objects, while others are continually retiring out of sight. This scene is closed by a west view of the lake for several miles, having its sides lined with alternate clumps of woods and arable fields; and the smoke, rising in spirals, forms columns through the air, from villages which are concealed by the towering Alps of Arrochar, which are checkered with snow, or hide their heads in the clouds."

* At the present time many distillers of spirits carry on their illicit business in vales and chasms beside Loch Katherine.

* A mountain 3000 feet above the sea.

Plate 1, Vol. 9



ALEXANDER the FIRST
Emperor of all the Russias

Engraved by William Diderot and Engraver to His Serene Majesty &c. H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex

From an original Miniature painted in Russia by Stroganov.

A^o 10 v. 2. Ackermanns Repository v. 2. Arts &c. Pub. Jan. 1813. at 10 Strand London

PLATE I.—ALEXANDER EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

THE momentous contest in which the Russian empire has been for some time engaged, and the firmness with which its sovereign has met those vicissitudes to which warfare is liable, must, in the opinion of every English reader at least, render the annexed portrait of the Emperor Alexander a highly appropriate embellishment of the *Repository*. This plate is executed and presented for our work by Mr. James Minasi, a well known artist, engraver to his Majesty the King of the Two Sicilies, and who is now engaged in a grand series of academical *Studies of the Human Figure*, announced in the *Intelligence* of one of our former Numbers.

Alexander Paulowitz, the son of the late eccentric Emperor Paul, and the darling of his grandmother Catharine II. was born December 23, 1777; and married, in October 1793, to Louisa Maria Augusta, daughter of the hereditary Prince of Baden, who, on embracing the Greek religion, preparatory to this union, received the name of Elizabeth Alexiowna. He succeeded his father in the throne of Russia on the 12th March, 1801.

To attempt a recital of all the political transactions in which the Emperor Alexander has been concerned, it would be necessary to repeat the history of Europe since his accession to the Russian sceptre. As our limits forbid this, and those events are besides well known to every reader, we shall here confine ourselves to a few observations relative to the person and private character of this sovereign.

Sir John Carr, in his *Northern Tour*, gives the following description of Alexander:—"His face is full, very fair, and his complexion pale; his eyes blue, and expressive of that beneficent mildness which is one of the prominent features of his character. His person is tall, lusty, and well proportioned; but being a little deaf, to facilitate his hearing, he stoops: his deportment is condescending, yet dignified. In the discharge of his august duties, he displays great activity and acuteness, but without show and bustle: the leading features of his mind are sound discretion and humanity. He is so much an enemy to parade, that he is frequently seen wrapped up in his regimental cloak, riding about the capital alone, upon a little common droshka; in this manner he has been known to administer to the wants of the poor. It is his wish, if he should be recognized in this state of privacy, that no persons will take off their hats; but the graciousness of this desire only puts the heart in the hand as it uncovers the head. I have many times seen him in a chariot perfectly plain, of a dark olive, drawn by four horses, driven by a bearded coachman, a common little postillion, and attended by a single footman. Soldiers are always upon the look out for him, to give timely notice to the guard of his approach: without this precaution, it would be impossible, amidst the crowd of carriages which is to be seen in the residence, to pay him the honour due to his rank. The emperor is very much attached to the English, numbers of whom

have settled in the empire under the auspices of the government, and formed a sort of colony. He has often been heard to say, that the man within whose reach heaven has placed the best materials for making life happy, was, in his opinion, an English gentleman."

The natural genius of Alexander has been highly cultivated by a brilliant education, under the immediate auspices of his grandmother, the great Catharine. He speaks most of the European languages, and is an enthusiastic admirer of the arts: but what reflects higher honour upon him than his exalted dignity and great accomplishments, are his genuine humanity and goodness of heart, of which

numerous instances might be adduced. Of personal intrepidity, he has shewn on various occasions that he possesses a sufficient share; and if his conduct in certain arduous situations in which he has been placed, may seem to betray a want of firmness, it will not be denied, that in the present struggle he has manifested a high degree of that quality so necessary in a prince. That the glorious perseverance and the patriotic efforts of this insulted monarch and his suffering people, may overwhelm the cruel aggressor with ultimate confusion and disgrace, must be the sincere wish of every friend to the cause of truth and justice.

REFLECTIONS ON THE WEAKNESS OF THE HUMAN MIND.

THERE is but too much truth in that observation of Pope's,—

"True wit to madness nearly is allied."

It would seem as if Providence, in bestowing upon us talents which exalt us above the rest of our fellow-creatures, designed to counterbalance them by the greatest weaknesses, in order that we may have no reason to be proud of ourselves. Who would have supposed that the same man who produced the *Jerusalem Delivered*, whom the Italians have compared with Virgil, that the creator of Armida was, to all intents and purposes, a madman? What are we to think of his love for the beautiful Eleonora d'Est; of the duel which he fought to revenge himself on a courtier, whom he suspected of having discovered and betrayed his passion; of his

flight, during which he had to struggle with all the inconveniences of extreme poverty—lying out of doors, dying of hunger, and not daring to shew his face; of his extravagant conversations with the spectre which his disordered fancy presented to his view; and of the frequent paroxysms into which he was thrown by his heated imagination? Can we think otherwise of all this than Duke Alphonso d'Est, who wisely placed him in a hospital under the care of physicians, that they might endeavour to cure the vitiated humours and atrabilarious disposition, which were the cause of his disease?

Too warm imaginations are subject to fits which fall little short of madness: of this Cardan affords another memorable instance. After

having produced works which Scalliger, the most eminent of his critics, cannot forbear admiring, he falls into puerilities unworthy of any sensible man. This philosopher has written his own life, in which he has displayed truly admirable ingenuity, and admits that he was a downright madman at least six hours in the day. The remedy to which he says he had recourse, was rather extraordinary:—when he felt the approach of his frenzy, he thrust a pin into his flesh, and cut or bit himself; and, by this expedient, detained his reason, which was ready to leave him. One of his predecessors carried his extravagance still farther; for we are not of the same opinion as those who assert that Cardan brought on his death to fulfil a prediction of his own, respecting the year and day on which he was to die; and at the same time to enhance the credit of judicial astrology, a science in which he pretended to be profoundly conversant. The person to whom we have just alluded, was the good Arnaud de Villeneuve, in whose time the coming of Antichrist was a very general topic: by his own observations, he fancied he had discovered, that the birth of this Antichrist was very near at hand. His inveterate hatred of this imaginary being, filled poor Arnaud with such terror of his coming, and gave such a melancholy tincture to his mind, that he resolved not to see him, but, by a voluntary death, to anticipate his arrival.

There are moments when the mind, fatigued with its great conceptions, is obliged to relieve itself of the load which overwhelms it; it is an extended cord, which sud-

denly breaks; and then we see Socrates riding on a broomstick, Cato drinking to intoxication, Plato making love, and unable to present to an antiquated Archeanassa the ordinary flowers, finding the loves concealed in her wrinkles. It was in such moments that a man whom all Europe beheld with astonishment, that Richelieu tried to leap as high as he could on a plank.

Be not surprised if this or the other great man cannot reason with his accustomed ability; a fly is buzzing in his ears, and if you wish him to discover the truth, drive away that insect which checks the operations of his reason. In the beautiful fragment that is left us of the conspiracy of Wallenstein, we find a peculiarity which proves the truth of this idea. That great man, who rose from the rank of a private individual to such a height as to make himself feared by Ferdinand of Austria, was disturbed in his operations by the slightest noise that he heard. Delicate in this respect to excess, he had twelve men continually patrolling round his palace, to prevent the stirring of any thing that could occasion the least noise; yet this was the man who had governed the empire, defeated Mansfeld, Bethlechem, and the Janissaries; and who had alarmed the great Gustavus himself.

All these are striking proofs of our weakness: our vanity may hold out as long as it will—man is obliged at last to admit that he may be overpowered by an atom, and that the most trifling thing is capable of deranging that intellect, which governs the world. Was not Charles VI. of France a melancholy instance of this truth?—A phantom,

real or imaginary, deprived him of reason; he recovered it; but a page having dropped his lance upon his armour, the noise startled the prince, who a second time lost his intellects, but for ever.

One single object is capable of filling the whole capacity of the human mind, be it ever so extensive. We are assured that the great Turcine was so deeply engaged with the battle which he was about to fight, that he never thought of avoiding the cannon-ball which killed him, though he saw it, and was apprized by others of its coming.

But before we begin with heroes, let us finish with philosophers. We have already treated of the weakness of some of them, let us add one instance more, worthy rather of pity than ridicule; a trait of madness, which we may disguise under the fair name of wisdom, and which paganism could not but admire. Porphyry had learned, under Longinus, the rhetorician, all that is most beautiful in eloquence; and under Plotinus, all that is most sublime in philosophy. Instead of priding himself on the extent of his attainments, he acknowledged their inanity; he deplored the weakness of the human mind; life became odious, and the human condition appeared miserable to him. He quitted Rome, where his learning and talents were daily applauded; transported himself to Sicily, went to Lilibæum, and there, absorbed in the contemplation of his wretchedness, he sought a sequestered place, avoided the haunts of men, and reclined on the sand, thus awaited the termination of his life. His master, Plotinus, followed, and fortunately found him,

when he had been three days without eating: he had occasion for all his learning to prevail upon his disciple to live, and return to Rome.

According to the account of St. Jerome, Lucretius, the father of so many Deists, became mad, and that exquisite genius was overthrown by a philtre administered by a mistress, to whom some have given the name of Lucilia. An empoisoned draught produced this deplorable derangement, and it is only to his lucid intervals that we are indebted for his six books on Nature, a poem equal to the *Aeneid*, notwithstanding the driness and difficulty of the subjects of which it treats; and certain passages of which, in the opinion of some persons, surpass the finest in Virgil.

The celebrated Philadelphus applied himself to the study of the Greek language, in which he made a very great proficiency: he had a dispute respecting the pronunciation of a word in that language with a scholar of his time, a Greek by birth; and this dispute rose to such a height, that the two doctors supported their respective opinions at the peril of their beards, having both agreed that the victor should have the satisfaction of stripping his antagonist of that venerable appendage. Philadelphus gained the point, and his adversary lost his beard, but with such reluctance, that he offered an exorbitant sum of money to save it. The inexorable Philadelphus would accept no composition, but shaved the chit of the unsuccessful disputant, who had well nigh died of shame and vexation.

This unlucky Greek word occasioned the loss of a beard, but the

Q and the *K* made a still more extraordinary disturbance. At the time when Ramus flourished, the University of Paris, the Sorbonne, and almost all the literati, asserted, that the *Q* ought to be pronounced like *K*; and that *quisquis* and *quanquam*, for example, should be sounded *kiskis* and *kankam*. Ramus, a man possessing an excellent understanding, but somewhat tinctured with the spirit of contradiction, could not approve this innovation; and maintained, that *Q* ought not to be sounded like *K*. He called against *Kankam* and *Kiskis*, in favour of *Quanquam* and *Quisquis*; and thus two considerable parties were formed, the University being on one side of the question, and the Ramists on the other. Some battle daily took place between these hostile parties, and not content with employing pen and ink, they had recourse to the sword, and spilled blood. The University summoned Ramus, the head of the opposition, to appear before the parliament; here he pleaded his cause, and obtained a decree, which, in consideration of the reasons alleged on both sides, left the mode of pronunciation at the option of each individual. Poor Ramus at length suffered severely for all his contradictions, for he was one of the unhappy victims of the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

During the reign of Francis I. one Villemauoch was deranged only on a single point: he fancied that all the princesses who married, were guilty of infidelity to him; and when he was informed of the marriage of any female of that rank, he loaded her with abuse, and all the epithets due to perfidy and perjury.—Tulenus was certainly one

of the most learned men of his time. Nobody could speak more sensibly, or with greater erudition than he, upon every kind of subject; but this great genius had his weakness, which consisted in imagining that some princess was passionately in love with him. Thus, after a conversation kept up with the greatest credit, if any person happened to touch this cord, he was instantly transformed into a Don Quixote—into a perfect madman, who broke out into the wildest ravings respecting his mistress.

William Postel, who understood no fewer than twelve languages, was one of the luminaries of his age. In a journey to Venice, he there met with a nun, who completely turned his brain: she made him believe, that Christ had not redeemed women; that he would come again into the world; and that she was to be the saviour of her sex. Postel, on his return, taught all these errors; he even wrote a book, entitled *De Virgine venetâ*: to these reveries he added, that he had been dead, and had come to life again; and in support of this assertion, he called himself, in his works, *Postellus Restitutus*. He recanted in 1561; but having adopted his former errors, he was declared mad by the parliament, and confined in the priory of St. Martin. Beza somewhere says, that Postel pretended to possess the soul of Adam; and that his brother was likewise mad, and fancied himself St. John the Baptist. Many people, deceived by the fresh colour, which he brought back from Venice, gave credit to the story of his resurrection, another weakness on the part of the public.

An abbot, named Barabbally,

fancied himself the greatest genius in the world for composing mottoes, epigrams, and inscriptions; and, to shew off his supposed talent, purchased the title of maker of mottoes and inscriptions. His vanity induced him to assume the additional one of poet laureat, and to demand of the magistrates of Rome, the honour of a triumph, which they had formerly decreed to Petrarch. Leo X. who was then Pope, being made acquainted with the weakness of the man, resolved to divert himself with his presumption: he suffered the most cele-

brated poets to be summoned from different parts of Italy, to be present at this mock ceremony; and in their presence, the triumphant Barabbally proceeded through the streets of Rome, mounted on an elephant, with a crown of laurel on his head. The people understood the joke, and the laureat gained nothing from this empty triumph but loud bursts of derision. Before his time, Petrarch had enjoyed the honour of a serious triumph; and, if death had not prevented Tasso, he would have been the hero of a similar farce.

MISCELLANEOUS FRAGMENTS AND ANECDOTES.

JERVAS THE PAINTER.

CHARLES JERVAS, who died in 1740, was a painter who in his time enjoyed a considerable reputation, but is now totally forgotten. Very few of his pictures surpass mediocrity, and many are equally defective in design, colouring, and composition. He was nevertheless admired, and it is therefore the less surprising, that he should fancy himself a first-rate artist, and indulge in sallies of vanity, which cannot but appear to us ridiculous in the extreme. He once copied a picture of Titian's, and was thoroughly convinced, that he had not only equalled, but even excelled his original. He placed the latter beside his copy, looked at them both, and with a smile of compassion exclaimed, "Poor little Titian!" The same artist was not less vain of his person, than of his professional talents. Being employed to paint the portrait of

Lady Bridgewater, one of the greatest beauties of the age, he fell desperately in love with her. So deeply was his imagination smitten with the features of her enchanting face, that he reproduced them in all his portraits; and many a female was most agreeably surprised on discovering her unexpected resemblance to Lady Bridgewater. His love, however, was not so strong as his vanity, which he more than once displayed even in the presence of his mistress. One day when she was sitting to him, he stopped short, and expatiated on her charms with all the enthusiasm of a lover. "But yet," continued he, "I am forced to acknowledge, that you have not a handsome ear."—"Have the goodness," replied the lady, "to shew me what you call a handsome ear."—"Here is one," said Jervas, shoving aside his wig and shewing his own.

FRENCH CINDERELLA:

A French pastry-cook, in order to immortalize, as we are told, the triumph of an actress in the opera of *Cinderella*, has produced an article which is termed a *coussin à la Cendrillon*. It consists of a cushion of pastry, supporting a green slipper, filled with rose-cream, and supported itself by arabesques of puff-paste, in the best style. The ground of the whole is a green turf, strewn with the most delicious productions of the oven. The cushion, differing from the ordinary ones, opens, and is found to contain as many little green slippers, filled with excellent cream, as there are guests; so that each may be fitted by appropriating to himself one of these pleasing emblems.—“It is scarcely possible,” says our account, “for those who have not seen it, to form any idea of this ingenious contrivance, every part of which is excellent eating, and which would alone be capable of immortalizing the Montmorency of the oven, if his reputation were not already established.”

FIDELITY OF A CALMUCK.

During the Seven Years war in Germany, after an action which had terminated in the defeat of the Russians, a detachment of hussars, sent in pursuit of the flying enemy, came up with a Calmuck, who had the dead body of a man laid across his horse. They took him prisoner, and desired him to leave the corpse behind; but the entreaties of the Calmuck, and partly curiosity, induced the hussars to permit him to carry the corpse along with him to their post. Here the Calmuck wrapped it in his cloak. With loud lamentation, he

fell to work with his hands and a piece of wood, to dig a grave; and while he was thus engaged, accident brought the Prussian colonel who had the command of the advanced posts, to the spot. One of his attendants understood the Russian language, and his enquiries drew from the Calmuck the following account:—“That the deceased was a Russian general, and had for many years been his master; that during his lifetime it had been his particular desire, if he fell in battle, that he should be interred with his wife on his own estate. As his master had been shot in the last engagement, he had taken care of his body, with a view to deliver it to his relations, who were with the army.” The Prussian colonel was highly pleased with the fidelity of the Calmuck: he purchased his horse, which he restored to the prisoner; directed the body to be laid in a carriage, under the superintendence of the Calmuck, whom he furnished with a passport, and ordered a trumpeter to accompany him to the Russian advanced posts. Two years elapsed, during which interval the colonel had attained the rank of general, and commanded a small corps; when the same Calmuck came riding up to his piquets, repeating the name of the general: it was accordingly supposed that he had something to say to the latter, to whom he was immediately conducted. Throwing himself at his feet, with many testimonies of joy, he related to him that he had been taken into the service of a Russian general, who was then on his march with a strong corps; and as this general frequently mentioned the name which, as

he had been told, was subscribed to his passport, he concluded it to be his design to attack that officer, who had paid such respect to the body of his former master; and he therefore determined, as a proof of his gratitude, at least, to inform him of the approach of his enemies. The Prussian general, who had not before received the least intimation of his danger, made his dispositions accordingly, and repulsed the Russians. The Calmuçk remained with him, and during his whole life manifested the same fidelity and attachment to him, as he had done to his first master.

PHILIP III.

Philip III. King of Spain, having granted a general amnesty to a rebellious town, with the exception of a few persons, a courtier informed him of the place where a gentleman not included in the pardon, was concealed. "You would do better," replied the prince, "to go and tell him that I am here, than to tell me where he is."

AMURAT IV.

The first sultan who drank wine to intoxication, was Amurat IV. The circumstance which first excited his fondness for that liquor, is worthy of notice. Walking one day in the street, a pleasure which the Grand Signiors often take in disguise, he met a man of the lower class, named Becri Mustapha, so drunk that he reeled as he walked. This was a new sight to the monarch, who asked his attendants what was the matter with the man. While they were explaining to him the reason of what he saw, Becri Mustapha, observing him stand still, and not knowing who he was, ordered him, in the most peremptory

manner, to go about his business. Amurat, surprised at this audacity, could not forbear to reply. "Knowest thou, fellow," said he, "that I am the sultan?"—"And I," answered the Turk, "am Becri Mustapha. If you have a mind to sell Constantinople, I will buy it: you will then be Mustapha, and I shall be the sultan." Amurat's astonishment increased, and he asked him, where were the treasures with which he pretended to buy Constantinople. "Let us have no arguments," rejoined Mustapha, "for I'll buy you too, who are but the son of a slave." This dialogue appeared so extraordinary to the Grand Signior, that being informed at the same time, that in a few hours Becri would recover his reason, he ordered him to be carried into his palace, to observe what would be the consequence of this paroxysm, and what he would think when reminded of all that had passed. In a few hours, Becri Mustapha, who had been left to sleep in a magnificent apartment, awoke, and manifested considerable surprise on finding himself in such a place. He was told how he came there, and the promise which he had made to the sultan. He was overwhelmed with fear; and being acquainted with Amurat's cruel disposition, he gave himself up for lost. Collecting, however, all his presence of mind, to seek some expedient to escape death, he resolved to feign that he was already dying of fear, and that unless he was furnished with wine to keep up his spirits, he was sure that he should soon expire. His guards, who were actually apprehensive lest he should die before he was carried to the emperor, brought him a bottle of

wine, of which he pretended to swallow a few drops, that he might have an opportunity of concealing the remainder under his clothes. He was soon afterwards conducted to the emperor, who, reminding him of his offers, insisted on his paying the price of Constantinople as he had offered. The poor Turk, drawing forth his bottle, replied, "O emperor! this is what would have enabled me yesterday to purchase Constantinople; and if you possessed the riches which I then enjoyed, you would think it preferable to the dominion of the universe." Amurat enquired how that was possible. — "You need but swallow this divine liquor," replied Mustapha. The emperor tasted it from curiosity; he liked it so well that he took a hearty draught, which produced a very speedy effect on a head hitherto a stranger to the fumes of wine. His spirits were so enlivened and all his senses so absorbed in joy, that all the pleasures of his crown were not equal to those of his situation. He continued to drink; but intoxication soon fol-

lowed, and he fell into a sound sleep, from which he awoke with a violent head-ach. The pain of this new state made him forget the pleasure which he had enjoyed. He sent for Becri Mustapha, to whom he angrily complained of his disagreeable sensations. The latter having gained knowledge by experience, pledged his life that he would instantly cure Amurat, and prescribed no other remedy than he should fall to drinking again. The sultan complied; his hilarity returned, and his pains were immediately dispelled. He was so delighted with this discovery, that he not only had recourse to the same expedient during the remainder of his life, not a day of which he passed without getting intoxicated, but having made Becri Mustapha his privy counsellor, he kept him continually about his person to drink with him. At his death he had him interred with great pomp in a wine-cellar, among pipes and casks; and he afterwards declared, that he had not spent a single happy day since he lost this able preceptor and faithful adviser.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF PAINTING IN WATER COLOURS.

(Continued from p. 327, vol. VIII.)

THE entire developement of that powerful union of richness and effect which at length elevated this art to vie with the force of painting in oil, was left for the genius of Richard Westall to complete. The drawings of this master, when a very young man, excited universal admiration. Not only the cognoscenti, but the professors themselves, were for some time at a loss to discover by what means he was enabled to produce such splendour

of colours, and depth of effect. It was not readily believed that his drawings were executed with the same materials that every one possessed.

For several years, the historical designs and elegant compositions of Westall, were the principal objects of attraction to the Exhibitions of the Royal Academy: his style gave new light to the professors of this art.

Innumerable engravings have

been made from the designs of this artist, many of them on a large scale, which were coloured in imitation of the originals, and have had an extensive circulation, not only in England, but, previous to the impediments created by the wars, in every part of the Continent.

The success attending this commerce in coloured prints, led various publishers to bring forward similar works: hence many artists of eminence found new sources of employment, when all others had failed.

This species of patronage first led to the ornamenting of books with coloured plates, which, for the last twenty years, has increased to an extent, that has produced a splendour in our publications that has raised the reputation of the British press, and provided employment, not only for many respectable artists, but for a great number of ingenious persons in various branches of taste. Indeed, the many beautiful graphic ornaments which have of late years embellished the elegant editions of the works of our poets, historians, travellers, and other productions of our most celebrated authors, have disseminated a taste for the arts, and happily have contributed to serve the cause of literature, by imperceptibly producing a general love for books, hitherto unknown in this country.

Amongst the most polite circles, the library has become the place of refined amusement in the long evenings, not only in their town houses, but during their residence at their country seats; and the uncivilized custom is fast decreasing,

which banished the ladies from the society of the gentlemen, whilst they made their long devotions to their Burgundy and Champagne.

The splendour to which the British press has attained, reflects the highest credit upon the publishers of the United Kingdom, who, with a spirit of enterprize, and a munificence most honourable to commerce, have materially contributed to prevent the sinking of arts from entire neglect. Unaided by government, works have been produced that rival those of any nation; and the progressive state of biblical improvement, with its elegant ornaments, in all its branches, notwithstanding the apathy with which its interests are viewed by the legislature, will ultimately be found to produce a source of commercial wealth that may astonish those who have neglected to recognise its fair pretensions to their fostering care.

Many foreign princes have long left illustrious examples of the advantages to be derived from the patronage of men of genius. The fine arts are ever associated with the reign of Louis the Fourteenth; and even the present tyrant of France may have his hated memory rescued from the entire execration of enlightened future ages, by a recollection of the magnificent works brought forth under the auspices of his government.

Pope Leo the Tenth, and Lorenzo de Medici, appear to posterity with more dazzling lustre than those whose deeds are alone recorded in the blood-stained annals of war. Although the arts are not of the very first importance to the well-being of a great country, yet,

surely, amidst the various interests of a numerous people, the men of genius have some claim to the notice of an enlightened government; but, alas! in England, where all else that is worthy meets attention, their modest pretensions are only heard with apathy, and answered with neglect.

That our Sovereign felt desirous of cherishing genius, we have sufficient evidence in various acts of his munificence. The establishment of the Royal Academy alone will render his memory dear to future times; but his generous and enlightened views for the further advancement of art, have been checked by a parsimonious coldness on the part of those who alone could have supplied royal munificence with the means. The encouragement which the artists have received *at the hands of his Majesty* has been spared from his private purse.

It should seem, that the energies of the human mind are rarely called forth in all their vigour, when the contest for fame is with the works of those enlightened men who have lived before. It is with cotemporary genius that the mental powers are usually excited to a degree of vigour, that makes no rival object too difficult for attainment, whether comprehended in the many fearful arts of war, or the milder arts of peace.

Of war, and its merits, it is not our province to speak; but what epic writer feels discomfited in being told, that Homer is the better poet; or statuary, that Phidias is the greater sculptor? or where is the painter who will be found to contend in having his works com-

pared, to his disadvantage, with those of Michael Angelo, Raphael, or other great artists of anterior ages?

The extraordinary productions from the pencil of Westall at once excited the capacities of his contemporaries to the fullest stretch of exertion. Turner was the first to raise himself to rival fame. It was sufficient for his energetic mind to see, that the materials used in his department of art were capable of effecting so much. Without becoming a copyist, he laboured to produce in landscape pictures that should comprehend the same extent of scale, of splendour, and effect.

Landscapes and architectural remains of our monastic buildings, our cathedrals, and castles, were the subjects which he chose for imitation. As a testimony of the excellence which he soon attained in his water-colour performances, it need only be said, that the first artists unanimously proclaimed them to be above all competition.

Subsequently this artist bent his attention to the study of painting in oil; and in him we have to record a rare instance of a modern determining to rival the fame of the greatest landscape-painters of any age or country. Perhaps no painter ever possessed so many requisites for the attainment of so bold an enterprize.

In beauty his compositions do not yield to those of Claude de Lorraine; in the grander style of landscape he is not outdone by the designs of the Poussins; and in wild and romantic subjects, his inventive powers do not suffer by a

comparison with Salvator Rosa.

The marine pictures of this artist are very transcripts of nature; and for composition, light, shadow, and colour, are esteemed superior even to the admired works of Vandervelde, Bachuysen, or other celebrated marine painters of the Flemish or Dutch schools.

To all these renowned artists he is inferior but in one requisite alone—that clear and transparent execution, or pencilling, which, in a great measure, it is presumed, depended upon the knowledge of some chemical process for mixing the paints, which has escaped modern research. But Turner, like his illustrious predecessor, Sir Joshua Reynolds, has made ample amends for the want of this desideratum, by infusing an execution into his pictures, so full of feeling, that it becomes doubtful whether we have much to deplore upon the score of his ignorance of that secret.

The means by which this painter has climbed to so lofty an eminence in art, have been such as to have given a new direction to the pursuits of the landscape-painters of the British school; who, profiting by his example, have, by their joint labours, raised this department to its present high state of excellence.

Turner commenced his studies by acquiring a just knowledge of perspective, and improved himself by carefully copying the best drawings of such of his predecessors as had most contributed to the advancement of water-colour painting. Thus prepared, he made the most accurate studies of buildings, rocks, trees, and every object appertaining to his views,

Nor did he neglect the study of the human figure, having for a long time regularly attended the school for drawing at the Royal Academy, where he not only drew from the antique casts, but also from the living models.

He explored the most picturesque and romantic parts of England, Scotland, and Wales; the lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland; and, subsequently, part of Italy, Switzerland, Holland, and France.

In his first tours, the earliest gleam of morning light was noted, in his portfolio, with all the remarks that could enable him in future to imitate the same with faithfulness to nature; and his coloured studies kept pace with the variable effects of atmosphere throughout the day, until the last ray of the sinking sun.

His outlines of the various buildings met with in his travels, he made with scrupulous attention to their style of architecture: every tower and window was defined; not a stone but had its appropriate character, nor a branch of ivy that did not wind itself amidst the broken fragments of a ruin with the very air of nature. The shrubs and weeds that wildly adorn these venerable scenes, were not considered of too little importance for faithful imitation, in his conception of what belonged to a general design.

Every accompanying embellishment for his drawings was copied with equal attention to their character and form. His studies of shipping, and of every class of picturesque boats, together with the habits of the fishermen, and

all that belongs to marine subjects and coast scenes, such as he delights to paint, he caught with a truth that stamps his works with nature's own mould.

Thus, self-educated in his art, Turner was prepared to undertake

every subject within an extensive range of design: his success has been commensurate with such indefatigable zeal to excel; a very few years of increasing reputation raised him above all competition.

(To be continued.)

ON COMMERCE.

No. XXVI.

THE hurricanes with which, as we observed in our last, the Island of Bourbon is visited, overturn every thing opposed to their fury: they, however, give sufficient warning of their approach, neither are they extensive in their destructive sweep, or very long in duration, seldom exceeding 24 hours. There are two volcanoes here, which at times burn with violence, their flames being seen in the night, and their smoke in the day. This island possesses a beautiful sky, a delicious climate, and good water. The French first landed upon it in or about the year 1657, having been expelled from Madagascar (where they first made a settlement) by the natives: but a more formal possession of it was taken by them either in 1664 or 5, under Monsieur de Flacourt, who gave it the name of Bourbon. Whilst this island and that of Mauritius were in possession of the French, two separate purposes were assigned to them: Bourbon chiefly to the cultivation of coffee; and Mauritius for the reception of the Company's ships for their refreshment, and refitting, if wanted, in their voyage to and from India and China.—On the shores of this island are found coral, ambergris, and most beautiful shells;

and in the interior, among its woods, cedar, ebony, and mahogany of various kinds. The cocoa-tree flourishes here, although it is asserted there are none in Mauritius: the reason assigned for this is, that the first settlers there totally expended them, without providing for a succession of so useful a tree: thus, although it may seem a paradox, it appears that their usefulness proved their destruction. The planters here cultivate indigo, sugar, cotton, maize, wheat, barley, oats, rice, millet, and coffee; this latter article is of a superior kind, and yields the highest price, next to that of Mocha, in the European markets. Whilst under the dominion of France, the coffee was engrossed by their India Company, to whom the growers of it were obliged to sell it at a fixed price, and by which the company cleared at least £300 per cent. It is said that the originals of the coffee plants cultivated here were brought from Mocha; which, if true, accounts in a great measure for its superiority; and the fertility of the soil, as well as its congeniality with the produce of coffee, is such, that they have three crops of it in one year. It also produces aloes, and the gum benzoin. Although commerce hath

not hitherto been in the most flourishing condition here, from the discouragement it met with from the French India Company, by the monopoly of their principal commodity, coffee, as well as by prohibiting all commerce with Europe; yet a small trade has been carried on from hence with Madagascar,

whence the inhabitants import slaves, cattle, rice, and salt; also with India, for their cotton finds a market at Surat, Mocha, and in Persia; as did their indigo (through the medium of their India Company) in Europe.

MERCATOR AND CO.

PLATE 2.—VIEW OF WINDSOR CASTLE.

THE first subject for the Series of Landscape Scenery and Views, from the drawings of the most celebrated painters in water colours, as announced in a former Number, and which will be continued monthly in the *Repository*, commences with a view of the noble residence of our sovereigns, Windsor Castle. This magnificent and ancient pile of building, from various points of view, within a circumference of some miles, forms a composition worthy the imitation of a painter. Mr. Varley has made a judicious choice, in selecting his view from the Thames near Datchet, as he has brought together a combination of buildings, wood, and water, which are the three great requisites for elegant landscape composition.—The groups of trees on the banks accord finely with the general design; they are boldly relieved, and reflect their deep shades upon the

water gently undulating by the motion of the boat; the broad effect of shadow upon the castle and its surrounding buildings, produces a pleasing and natural appearance, and justly characterises the scene. The forms of the clouds are well studied; and the heavily laden barge, slowly gliding upon the stream, from the power of its colour, leads the dark tones of the picture across to the sombre bank with much skill, and finely contrasts with the vapour of the distance.

The original drawing from which the print is copied, is executed with masterly spirit, and is a chaste and fine specimen of the art. Its dimensions are two feet eight inches by one foot ten inches. It was exhibited in the Great Room of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, Spring-Gardens, in the year 1800.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MR. ORME has commenced the publication of a new work, entitled *Foreign Field Sports, Amusements, Sporting Anecdotes, &c. &c.* from drawings by Messrs. Howitt, Atkinson, Clark, Manskirch, &c.

This work will consist of ten parts or numbers, royal quarto, each containing ten highly finished plates, in colours, with descriptive letter-press, to be continued monthly till completed.

Early this month, will be published, by Mr. Ackermann, 101, Strand, *Twelve Views of the Imperial City of Moscow*, as it appeared before the entry of the French; accompanied with a Historical Sketch; large wove elephant quarto, and hot-pressed, price in boards, coloured £2 2s. plain £1 11s. 6d.

The same publisher has also in the press, a poem, entitled *Rural Sports*, by Somerville, the celebrated author of the *Chace*, illustrated with fifteen fine wood-engravings by C. Nesbit, after designs by Thurston, royal octavo, price 21s. This work forms a companion to that beautiful edition of the *Chace* embellished with wood-cuts by Bewick, and printed by Bulmer, published some years ago.

R. Ackermann also intends publishing, in twelve monthly numbers, *Three Series of Drawing-Books on Landscape*, designed and engraved by Prout. The first will constitute Rudiments of Chalk-Drawing; the second series relates to Indian Ink; and the third to Colouring. The original style and high name of Prout as one of the boldest landscape-painters of the present day, authorize the expectation, that this will be one of the best drawing-books ever brought before the public. A prospectus of it will shortly appear, and may be had of the publisher.

Early in 1813 will be published, to be continued annually, *The Literary Calendar of the British Empire* for the year 1812; containing—1. A dictionary of all the living authors, male and female.—2. A register of all the universities and public schools, with lists of

the heads of colleges, professors, tutors, masters, &c.; promotions and appointments, prize questions, and other particulars relative to those seminaries.—3. An account of all the public societies, institutions, libraries, and exhibitions for the promotion of literature, and the arts and sciences, not only in the metropolis, but in every part of the united kingdom; their officers; an abstract of their proceedings, lectures, &c. during the preceding year.—4. Miscellaneous articles of useful and interesting intelligence on every subject connected with literature and the arts, including new projects, improvements, inventions, patents, &c.—5. Biographical sketches of eminent literary characters deceased in 1812.—To which will be added a catalogue of English books, music, and prints published during the year, and of new foreign works imported; the names of the principal booksellers, especially of such as possess valuable collections; a list of reviews, magazines, journals, newspapers, &c. &c.

Dr. Thornton is preparing a new edition, being the sixth, of *The Medical Extracts, or Philosophy of Botany*.

A second edition of *The New Art of Memory*, founded upon the principles taught by M. von Feinagle, with some important additions and improvements, will be published in a few days.

A Sermon in behalf of the Refuge for the Destitute, by the Rev. James Rudge, A. B. lecturer of Limehouse, is in the press.

A small pocket volume is in the press, entitled *The Parent's Christmas-Box and New-Year's Gift*;

containing the various predictions of the Prophets, and proving, by the conduct and actions of the Patriarchs, the promised Messiah in the person of Jesus Christ.

James B. Brown, Esq. of the Inner Temple, will speedily publish *A Historical Account of the Laws enacted against the Catholics*, of the ameliorations which they have undergone during the present reign, and of their existent state: to which is added, a short account of the laws for the punishment of heresy in general; a brief review of the merits of the Catholic Question; and copious notes, tending principally to illustrate the views and conduct of the Church of England, the Presbyterians, and Sectarians, with regard to toleration when in the enjoyment of power.

Lieutenant-Col. Mark Wilkes has the second volume of his *Historical Sketch of the South of India*, nearly ready for publication.

Mr. Dallas's *Miscellaneous Works and Novels*, in seven volumes, 12mo. are in the press, and nearly ready for publication.

The Beauties of Anna Seward's Poems, Letters, &c. &c. carefully selected and arranged by Mr. Oulton, are printing in a duodecimo volume.

The sixth and last volume of Mr. Beloe's *Anecdotes of Literature*, will appear in the course of this month.

I. F. M. Dovaston, Esq. has in the press, *Fitzguarines*, a metrical romance, and other ballads of the Welsh Border, with poems, legendary, incidental, and humorous.

Mr. R. Southey will shortly publish, in a quarto volume, *Roderick, the Last of the Goths*; also the se-

cond volume of his *History of the Brazils*.

In a few days will appear *The Genealogical History of the Earldom of Sutherland*, from the origin of that illustrious house to the year 1680, with the History of the Northern Parts of Scotland during that period, by Sir Robert Gordon, of Sallagh, published from the original manuscript in the possession of the Marchioness of Stafford.—The public are here presented, not only with an accurate genealogical history of the ancient house of Sutherland, but also with a minute detail of the principal transactions which occurred during a period of nearly 600 years, particularly in the counties of Sutherland and Caithness, and the Highlands of Scotland in general. The history of these parts, it is presumed, will receive more elucidation from this work, than from any which the public is at present possessed of. The whole has been carefully transcribed, by the permission of the Marchioness of Stafford, from the original manuscript preserved at Dunrobin castle.

Mrs. Ventum, author of *Selina*, has nearly ready for publication, *The Dangers of Infidelity*, a novel, in three volumes.

Mr. W. H. Hitchener, of the Surry Theatre, will shortly publish *St. Leonard's Forest; or the Child of Chance*, a romantic novel, in two volumes.

Galatea, a pastoral romance, translated from the German, will shortly appear, in a small volume, embellished with several wood-cuts.

Mr. G. Townsend, of Trinity College, Cambridge, has finished his long-promised poem of *Arma-*

geddon, in twelve books, and it is expected to appear in May next.

The Bishop of Meath has in the press a volume of *Sermons* on important subjects.

Sermons by the late Rev. W. B. Kirwan, Dean of Killala, with a sketch of his life, are printing, in two octavo volumes.

Messrs. Leigh and Sotheby will submit the following libraries for public sale during the present season:—1. The library of the late Charles Mellish, Esq. containing a fine collection of Hearne's Pieces, large paper, among which is the *Acta Apostolorum*.—2. The library of the Right Hon. Viscountess Downe, deceased; being chiefly the collection of her father, the late William Burton, Esq. of Suffenham, Rutland, and Clifford-street, Burlington-Gardens.—3. The very extensive and valuable library of the late Henry Hope, Esq. of Cavendish-square.—4. The library of the late Charles Brandon Trye, Esq. F.R.S.—5. The library of the late Mrs. Anne Newton, containing chiefly the collection of the great Sir Isaac Newton.—6. Part of the library of the late Tycho Wing, Esq.

Robertson, the French mechanist, has made a speaking figure, which he calls the *Phonorganon*. He has also painted some portraits, which, though on a plane surface, can move and seem endowed with animation.

M. Zambeccari, accompanied by a friend, ascended in a balloon, from Boulogne, on the 21st of September. On his descent, the balloon became entangled in the branches of a high tree, and before it could be disengaged, caught

fire. The two aéronauts leaped out. M. Zambeccari was killed upon the spot; but M. Bonoga, his friend, survived, though some of his limbs were broken.

The ascension of the mechanician, Bittorf, from Manheim, was equally disastrous. When he had risen to a considerable height, he perceived, too late, that his balloon was damaged, and had no other resource than to open the pump. The balloon descended with extreme velocity, but, owing to the wind, without preserving its gravity: the inflammable matter which it contained kindled; the shrouds caught fire, and fell upon M. Bittorf's head, arms, and breast, which were much burnt. On a sudden, his crazy vehicle struck upon the roof of a house, two stories high, from which he was precipitated, with a gondola, attached to the balloon. The inhabitants took him up, and carried him, covered with wounds, to his own house, where he died the next day in great agony.

The Royal Society held their first meeting for the season on Thursday, Nov. 5, when a letter from Sir H. Davy to the president was read, containing an account of a most extraordinary new detonating substance. It is composed of two elastic fluids, azote and chlorine, and it appears in the form of a yellow oil, heavier than water, and explodes with great violence by heat equal to that of the human body. It may be preserved for a time under water, but it requires the greatest caution to be experimented upon in dry vessels, as mere motion causes it to detonate. Sir H. Davy, in attempting to explode a small quantity,

not larger than a mustard seed, in a close vessel, with a view to collect the products, received a very severe wound in the transparent corner of the eye, which at present prevents the sight:—he is likely to sustain no permanent injury. It is mentioned in a private letter from Paris, that a substance, probably analagous, has been lately discovered there, but the preparation of it has not been made public. There is reason to suppose it has been concealed, from its being applicable to the purpose of war.

Immediately after a remarkably high tide in October last, there was discovered under the cliffs between Lyme Regis and Charmouth, the complete petrification of a crocodile, seventeen feet in length, in an imperfect state. It was dug out of the cliffs nearly on a level with the sea, at the depth of 100 feet below the summit.

As some labourers were lately digging gravel at Stoke Ash, Suffolk, they discovered, at about ten feet below the surface of the earth, some animal bones, of a magnitude considerably greater than any quadrupeds they had ever seen: on their taking them up and exposing them to the rays of the sun, they crumbled away, except six portions of a firmer texture, which remain in nearly a perfect state: these prove to be two grinders and four of the cutting teeth of an elephant: they are quite in a mineralized state, and were found with their masticating surfaces in contact, parallel with each other, as if the upper and lower jaw-bones had mouldered and fallen away from them; the grinders are very massy, one weighing 6lb. the other 4½lb.

These mineralized remains are now in the possession of two gentlemen of Eye; with one there is a lamina of a third grinder preserved.

The well-known attachment of the Newfoundland dog to the human race, in cases of drowning, was displayed alongside the Fantome sloop of war in Hamoaze lately, in a most singular manner. Eleven sailors, a woman, and the waterman, had reached the sloop in a shore-boat, when, in consequence of one of the sailors stooping rather violently over the side of the boat to reach his hat, which had fallen into the sea, the boat upset, and all in it were plunged into the water. A Newfoundland dog, on the quarter-deck of the Fantome, surveying the accident, instantly leaped amongst the unfortunate persons, and seizing one man by the collar of his coat, he supported his head above water until a boat hastened to the spot, and saved all but the poor waterman, whose name was Kelly. After delivering his burthen in safety, the noble animal made a wide circuit round the ship, in search of another, but finding nothing except an oar, he took possession of it, and was deservedly welcomed on board by the acclamations of the admiring crew.

From the year 1750, the North Esk, in Kincardineshire, emptied itself into the sea upon the lands of Kirkside and Woodstone. About a twelvemonth ago, however, in consequence of a land flood in the river, and a very high tide, it excavated a new channel on the lands of Comieston. A new revolution has now taken place in the course of the river, which, last month,

completely opened out its old channel upon the lands of Kirkside and Woodstone. This river had, several times previous to 1750, undergone a similar change from the same causes; and, upon one of these occasions, it gave rise to a long and expensive litigation between the new and the old proprietors, which was, at last, decided in favour of the gentleman on whose grounds the river had begun to flow; all artificial means employed to obstruct or change the course of a river being declared illegal. It is understood that the lands of Kirkside and Woodstone belong to Wm. Adam, Esq. Chancellor of the Duchy of Cornwall, and that the rental derived from the salmon-fishery of the river, while it ran in its old channel, formed so important a part of Mr. Adam's income, that when he was deprived of it by the river's opening to itself a new course, he deemed it prudent to resign his seat in parliament for Kincardineshire. The river, by resuming its old channel, will, it is presumed, re-establish Mr. Adam's rental on the old footing.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Preludes for the Piano-Forte, in all the most familiar Keys, both Major and Minor, with Figures to direct the Fingers, by Samuel Webbe, jun. Pr. 3s. 6d.

Mr. W. proceeds in regular progression from the key of C to the extent of four sharps and four flats, associating with every major its relative minor key. From an author of Mr. W.'s talents, we were not to expect a set of skips through the common, and one or two allied

chords; and we feel pleasure in stating, that our expectations have not only been realized, but surpassed. These preludes, although seldom exceeding two lines, contain a rare combination of tasteful invention and sterling science. The latter is particularly obvious in the minor moods; indeed, almost every prelude of the whole set, in verging towards the conclusion, surprises us by the introduction of some happy chords or original modulation. As an instance to this observation, we will only advert to Nos. 3, 7, 12, 18, without wishing, in the least, to depreciate the value of others, which possess different features of interest, either by their brilliancy or tasteful construction. As the fingers are carefully marked in every doubtful place, we shall add, to our unqualified praise of Mr. W.'s masterly labour, a sincere wish to see these preludes in the hands of every performer desirous of arriving at perfection on the instrument. We could not recommend any work of similar compass from which greater improvement were derivable both for the hand and for the taste of the student.

A Fifth Divertimento for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss Caroline Browne, by William Ling. Pr. 3s. 6d.

This divertimento possesses great claims on our favour. The larghetto, in two flats, replete with tasteful expression, betrays a mind formed upon classic models; and the succeeding quick movement, in the same key, besides its neat and playful subject, is throughout constructed with skill and regularity. We observe with satisfaction the manner by which the author enters

into three flats, *p. 6*, and the modulations in the latter part of that page, and in *p. 7* (especially at the last staff), are highly creditable to the author's science. In the eighth page the subject is well represented under a minor key, and the whole is finally wound up in an effective style.

SPANISH PATRIOTS *a Thousand Years ago, a dramatic Romance, performed at the Theatre Royal Lyceum; the Words by H. B. Code, Esq.; the Music composed by Sir John A. Stevenson, Mus. Doc. Pr. 15s.*

Lest an omission in the title might mislead our readers, we shall state that the present work is a piano-forte extract from the full score of the above-named new opera of Sir John Stevenson. The author of the *arrangement* not being mentioned, we are persuaded it is not the composer himself; for, without adverting to the very numerous typographical errors which disfigure the work, we have met with a variety of trespasses against the common rules of harmony, which, with every willingness so to do, we could not lay at the engraver's door; and which, we are sure, could never have existed in the original score of the learned author himself. We shall not engross our scanty room by an enumeration of the faults of either description, ready as we are to state them, if called upon. Barring the preceding objections, the publication before us is calculated to afford an ample source of entertainment to the vocal amateur. It offers many proofs of the doctor's cultivated taste; several of the songs are highly pathetic, others abound with true comic humour, and his

glees will be found harmonious and striking. The overture, consisting of four different movements, possesses a great share of dramatic effect. The introductory *slow* movement (not mentioned as such) is full of grave solemnity, although its finest passage (*l. 3*) is disfigured (by the printer or the arranger). In the allegro we likewise find much room for commendation; it combines a respectable portion of scientific modulation with shewy expression, and its commencing subject is particularly neat; so that it is to be regretted that the composer, throughout the whole movement, except for a moment, just at the end, quite lost sight of it. The boat glee, *p. 8*, is pretty, but very faulty. The duet, "Lovely Clara," is tasteful, especially the *a-due* parts; but the sudden irruption into the key of C (*p. 13, b. 4*), rather harsh. The comic duet, "An old Bachelor so fusty," presents several highly commendable ideas, among which we will only notice the happy expression, for "A nasty odious creature," and several neat responsive passages. Another comic composition ("The Miller," *p. 31*), is equally, if not more humorous and characteristic; the restless accompaniment to the passage which portrays the "click clack" of a "scolding wife," is excellent in its place. The polacca, *p. 58*, is a brilliant and imposing composition; the subject (which, by the bye, is not unlike Mr. Bishop's polacca in the *Virgin of the Sun*) possesses much elegant precision; and the various subsequent ideas elicited from it, command our approbation. The trio, *p. 67*, exhibits a melodious combination of full

harmony; the same praise is due to the glee, *p.* 79; and the short finale winds up the whole with great spirit and effect.

Our readers will be aware that the above is a mere transient glance at the leading features of this very voluminous publication, a regular critique on which, would extend beyond even the aggregate space allowed for the musical department in the *Repository*. We will only add, by way of a hint to the publishers, that in whole operas, or other works of the same kind, consisting of such a variety of distinct pieces, an index would be essentially useful.

"Premieres Pensées" a grand Sonata for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss Frost, by Etihu Morey. Pr. 5s.

If these are literally the *first thoughts* of the author above named, whom we have, for the first time, the pleasure of bringing under the notice of our musical readers, what will be his next, and succeeding labours?—the labours of Hercules, we ween, who strangled the serpent even in the cradle! Such, at least, is the expectation we are warranted in entertaining, from the abundance of sterling science, combined with eminent skill and taste, displayed in this sonata. It consists of three movements, an allegro, andante, and rondo, all in four sharps; that is, ostensibly; for our author, in the exuberance of his fancy, and the consciousness of his strength, soars, through every possible scale, into the higher regions of chromatic and contrapuntal modulation with the bold vigour of a Beethoven. To follow him, on the confined stage of our prescribed

space, is out of our power; suffice it to say, that this is the production of an adept, a master in composition, and that none but masters of their instrument must venture on the harmonic and executive intricacies, the tremendous leaps of the left hand, and the labyrinth of modulations which present themselves in every part of this classic, but highly difficult performance.

Twelve Songs, with an Accompaniment for a Piano-Forte or Harp, composed, and dedicated (by permission) to the Most Noble the Marquis of Huntly, by John Ross, Organist, Aberdeen. Op. 28. Pr. 10s. 6d.

With the exception of one or two, the tenor of the text of these songs is of an amatory nature; and the composition is very similar, in style and merit, to Mr. Ross's six canzonets, commented upon in our preceding Number. As on that occasion, therefore, our observations extended to some length, we shall refrain from entering into a detailed analysis of every piece constituting the present set. Although here too we have met with several instances of inattention to purity of harmony, besides some typographical errors, the work, upon the whole, claims our favourable notice, and some of the songs have given us a high degree of satisfaction. The third canzonet, for instance, with its neat symphony, its agreeable and easy melody, and proper harmonic arrangement (not omitting the well-contrived diverging accompaniment, *p.* 18, *b.* 5), does the author credit. No. IV. is equally pleasing, and frequently conspicuous for elegance of expression; *p.* 16, in particular, calls for our

unqualified commendation. No. V. excited our interest by the originality of its rhythm, and its tender and pathetic melody, well relieved by a good minor part. In the concluding portion of the work, Mr. R. seems to us not to have been always equally happy; at least, the two or three last of these canzonets engaged our partiality in a much less degree than the earlier ones. Indeed, among such a number of songs, it would be a matter of surprise not to have discovered a difference in the gradation of their comparative merit.

"Pray Goody," a favourite Air in Midas, as sung by Mr. Sinclair, with unbounded applause, at the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden, arranged with an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte or Harp, by J. Mazzinghi. Price 1s.

The easy and natural flow of the simple melody of this old song, together with Mr. Sinclair's chaste execution of it, has rendered "Pray Goody," for the moment, as great a favourite with the public as was recently the case with Mr. Braham's Robin Adair. Mr. Mazzinghi's harmonic arrangement is, as it ought to be, equally easy and simple; so as to constitute a mere support to the melody, without obscuring it by flights and fancies, which, in this instance, would be totally out of place and character.

THE IMPERIAL WALZ by l'Abbé Gelinek, composed at Vienna, January, 1812, with Variations for Piano-Forte or Harp. Pr. 2s.

This publication is well calculated to exercise the hands of advanced performers. From a theme which offers no particular features of ori-

ginality, a set of variations has been deduced, requiring abilities of a superior order to do justice to. Among the variations, we notice the effective bass of the third, the marked precision of the fourth, and the manly and independent bass-accompaniment of the coda. The sixth variation appeared to us extremely capricious, both in point of time and in regard to the fingers; indeed, we are of opinion, a little less intricacy in a variety of instances throughout the work would by no means have diminished the general effect of the composer's intentions, while it would at all events have rendered his labour more accessible to the generality of performers.

Les petits Bijoux, consisting of favourite Airs, Dances, and Rondos for the Piano-Forte, composed by the most celebrated Professors. No. II. Pr. 2s.

The present number of this periodical work is entitled Pygmalion, and proceeds from the pen of Mr. John Monro, who has borrowed the theme of the principal movement from a popular dance of Mr. Bossi's. Preceding thereto, we have to notice a short but graceful slow movement, which has our entire approbation. The rondo itself is distinguished by a spirited volubility, is regular in its construction, and free from critical objection: it is interrupted by (*ecce iterum Crispinus!*) the air of Robin Adair, which, some time back, woefully conspired against the knocker of our residence; and in the eleventh bar of that air we observe a flaw, which, we trust, belongs to the engraver: the two last quavers in the left hand part, express the chord of

(F, 4 6), instead of (F, 8, 5, 7). The whole of this number is set with attention to executive facility, and may therefore be played with effect by moderate proficient, who will be enabled to gratify their ear at no great cost of digital labour.

Ditto ditto ditto. No. III. Pr. 2s.

After an appropriate introductory slow movement, Mr. Slapp, the author of this number, presents us with an old friend, the popular air, "*O Nanny, wilt thou gang with me?*" which being previously exhibited in its simple native garb, serves as the basis of a few very respectable variations; the left hand expressing, where practicable, the substance of the theme; while the right has to manœuvre through a variety of corresponding quick passages in the upper keys. In the beginning of the fourth page we observe, with approbation, the subject cast in two flats, first minor and then major; and the rapid demisemiquaver evolutions which occupy the remainder of this composition, will be found a useful exercise to practitioners, especially as they lie kindly to the hand of the performer.

"*Grata ti tanto Dono,*" an Air, sung in the Opera of *Zaira*, by Mad. Bertinotti Radicati, composed by Felice Radicati. Pr. 2s.

In this short air, which consists of an andante and an allegro in two flats, Mr. Radicati has ably sustained the high character he has gained in this country as a vocal composer. The andante charms the ear by the sweetness of its simple melody. The subject of the allegro is spirited and tasteful, and the accompaniment by crossed hands (p. 3) well placed. The idea at,

"*tu mi rendi il cor felice,*" is very elegant in itself; although, perhaps, on account of its minor tendency, not sufficiently expressive of the ecstasy of joy implied by the text. In the short introductory symphony we observe the uncommon turn of harmony the author has allowed himself in the 3d bar.

"*Non v'è d'un' alma amante,*" Scena and Duetto in the Opera of *Zaira*, as sung with unbounded applause by Mad. B. Radicati and Signor Tramezzani; the Music by Felice Radicati. Pr. 3s.

Another honourable specimen of Mr. R.'s talents. The recitativo with which the scena sets out, is full of vigorous expression and originality of invention. In the first line, p. 2, in particular, we have been struck with two or three chords in the accompaniment, which almost exceeded our conception of recitativo licence. The *a-tempo* part is finely imagined. In the andante (p. 3 and seq.) we have to notice, with deserved praise, the variety of interesting ideas, the rich and active accompaniments, the fine responsive passages, p. 5, and the numerous and eminently delicate graces judiciously introduced in their proper places. The allegro, which closes this composition, claims our partiality for the same reasons, and on account of other individual merits, which the scantiness of our room compels us to leave to the discovery of such of our vocal readers as, from this brief notice, may be induced to gratify their ear and musical taste with the execution of this meritorious performance.

"*Torna alle patrie Sponde,*" Scena and Duetto in the Opera of

Zaira, as sung with unbounded applause by Signora Collini and Signor Tramezzani; the Music by the Chevalier Frederici. Pr. 3s.

This duet is preceded by an impressive recitativo, which has our warm approbation, with the exception of the last line (p. 3), where the voice strangely cadences into the key of E; although the next following chord of the accompaniment is, as it ought to be, A 7. The duet itself possesses all the excellence of the classic character of Italian vocal music, fine melody, and select accompaniment. An elegant specimen of the latter occurs in the second lines, pp. 4 and 5. The responsive passages, p. 6, are interwoven into each other in a masterly manner; and the *a-due* parts, towards the conclusion, which are constructed with exquisite skill and taste, lead to a brilliant termination.

"*Grazie ti rendo,*" *Preghiera in the Opera of Zaira, as sung with unrivalled applause by Madame Bertinotti Radicati; the Music by Nicolini.* Pr. 3s.

The slow movement, representing Zaira's prayer, is replete with noble and impassioned expression, and ornamented by a variety of those tasteful and chaste embellishments with which the celebrated singer mentioned in the title-page so well knows how to heighten the effect of her soft and melodious voice. The subject of the allegro, which succeeds the prayer, is particularly attractive; the responses of the accompaniment, p. 4, produce a

happy effect; and the turn into four flats, which the melody takes at "*che il duol' calmasti in seno,*" has our unqualified approbation. Nor can we pass unnoticed the elegant and independent instrumental accompaniments which support the voice in the seventh page.

Two Duets, selected and arranged from the Beauties of Purcell, for two Performers on the Piano-Forte, and respectfully inscribed to the Misses Douglass, by A. T. Corfe. Pr. 5s.

Both the subjects and the style of arrangement of these duets, are completely of the old school; and hence we apprehend their success to depend upon the amateurs of ancient music, whose number in this country is still sufficiently great to reward the author for his trouble. To those we can, without hesitation, recommend the present publication; for, although we do not absolutely belong to the class alluded to, our partiality to the works of modern classic composers is not so bigotted, as to prevent us from acknowledging that Mr. C.'s labour is meritorious in his way, and that forty or fifty years ago, these duets would have been considered a very acceptable production by the *generality* of the musical public. The airs are taken from the *Tempest*, the *Indian Queen*, *King Arthur*, and *Tyrannic Love*; and the author appears to have bestowed no common pains upon their arrangement.

ERRATUM.—Vol. VII. page 342, col. 1, line 12 from the bottom, for *passages*, read *pages*.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS.

THANKS to the Almighty Disposer of human events, to the wisdom and perseverance of the Russian monarch, the matchless energy and valour of his great captains, and the patriotism and bravery of his warriors and subjects—the bloody career of iniquity and desolation, pursued by the mock-crowned villain for a length of years, seems rapidly to be drawing to an ignominious close. The events we have now to relate, will, in future ages, command the labour of the classic historian, and form probably the theme of epic poems! How then should the humble powers of our periodical pen, flushed by the excess of sympathizing joy, presume to do justice to the heroic, the gigantic efforts which the noble, the valiant Russian nation has manifested, and is still making, in the defence of its country, and in the exemplary punishment of its invader, and his subservient hordes? The task, however grateful, is beyond our feeble strength; its imperfect execution must appeal to the indulgence of our readers!

RUSSIAN ARMY OF THE CENTER, UNDER THE IMMEDIATE COMMAND OF MARSHAL KUTUSOW.

After the evacuation of Moscow (19th Oct.) by the French army, consisting of 120,000 men, of which 85,000 were effective, Bonaparte's plan appears to have been, to retreat, not by the straight road to Smolensko (through which he had advanced upon the capital), but in the direction of Kalouga, with the hope, probably, of finding greater resources for the supply of his

troops in the more fertile southern governments. To defeat this plan, Marshal Kutusow broke up with the Russian army, and sent General Dorochoff to post himself at Malo-yaroslavetz, a town in the intended route of the enemy. That general found it already occupied in force by a French detachment; a very severe conflict ensued (24th Oct.), in the course of which the town was taken and retaken eleven times, both parties being successively reinforced from the main armies. The loss of the enemy in this desperate battle, although not stated in the Russian reports, must, consequently, have amounted to several thousand men: it induced Bonaparte to give up all hopes of penetrating through the south, and to turn again northward to Vereja and the great Smolensko road. To this failure we are inclined to ascribe a great portion of his succeeding disasters. Had he, in the first instance, shaped his course direct to Smolensko, he must have gained some marches upon his opponent, who would have found it difficult to come up with him in any force. But as the case stood now, the French army had to proceed, first backwards and then along the arc of a deep curve, the shorter chord of which, although more difficult, was left to the operations of the Russian commander. As soon as Kutusow was assured of the safety of the southern provinces, he formed his plan for the pursuit of the enemy; a plan which, under results much less glorious, would have satisfied us of the greatness of

his mind. General Platoff, with a great force of Cossacks, was detached towards Mojaïsk; General Miloradovitch, with the advanced guard, moved upon the great road; and Marshal Kutusow, in a parallel and more southern direction, and within support of the advanced guard, marched in almost a direct line towards Smolensko, in the neighbourhood of which, as will hereafter be seen, the principal acts of the bloody drama developed themselves accordingly.

In following the French in this disastrous retreat, where they often had days and nights marches of between twenty and thirty miles, (and that frequently by the light of lanterns and torches), imposed on them, it will not be expected that we should relate the innumerable encounters of parties which daily took place, and by which invariably their force was diminished by some cannon and some hundreds of men; we shall confine ourselves to the more decisive actions of whole corps.

The first of that kind occurred on the 31st October, at the convent of Kolotsk, when Platoff fell in with part of the French rear-guard. As his Cossacks shewed little mercy, few prisoners were taken, but the French lost about 3000 killed and wounded, 20 pieces of cannon, and two colours.

On the 2d November Prince Orloff Denizow fell in with some of the regiments which had been beaten at Kolotsk; he took a few prisoners, and among them, Murat's secretary, together with a number of important papers belonging to the French *chancellerie de guerre*; and among others, a letter of Bo-

naparte himself, urging Murat to persuade the tributary princes to reinforce their disabled contingents.

On the 3d Nov. General Miloradovitch came up, near Wiasma, with the corps of Davoust, which had been driven in by Platoff. The attack commenced instantly; the French retired into the town, with the Russians at their heels, marching, as if on parade, band playing and colours flying. The loss of the enemy in this action, amounted to 6000 killed and wounded, and 2000 prisoners.

In the evening of the same day, Platoff joined Miloradovitch's advanced guard, and, on the next day, they once more fell in with part of Davoust's and Beauharnois' corps, which they again defeated with great slaughter, and the gain of 1000 prisoners.

Platoff now directed his operations to the north of the great road, while Miloradovitch pursued the enemy, principally consisting of Beauharnois' corps, until the 7th. when the latter attempted to make a stand at Dorogobuz; but the Russians, overthrowing every thing before them, forced this town likewise, and drove the French out of it, with great loss in killed and wounded.

About this time, or probably a day or two previously, Bonaparte seems to have left the army, and proceeded to Smolensko, where he arrived on the 8th.

Beauharnois' corps, consisting of four divisions, now appears to have left the great road, with a view to attempt a passage towards the Dwina, by the road of Duchkoutchin. But here, unfortunately

for them, Platoff fell in with it on the 8th November. By a bold manœuvre, he separated the whole corps into two bodies, one of which fled back in the direction of Dorogobuz, and the other towards Duchkoutchin, precisely in opposite directions. By means of a forced march, Platoff overtook the latter on the 9th, attacked and defeated it completely, taking 69 pieces of cannon, standards, and 3000 prisoners, not to mention the enemy's loss in killed and wounded, which was much more severe. The gallant Platoff subsequently continued hunting down the remains of that glorious day with such repeated success, that, at the date of the latest dispatches (20th Nov.), *the corps of Beauharnois was considered as no longer in existence.* These successes might appear exaggerated, were they not, in a great measure, confirmed by two cotemporary intercepted letters from Beauharnois to Berthier. The sufferings of the French army are depicted so feelingly in these important documents, that it requires a recollection of the misdeeds of these ruffians, not to feel pity at their situation:—"These three days," says Eugene, "have cost us two thirds of our artillery. Yesterday (8th) about 400 horses died, and to day (9th) perhaps double that number have perished. Whole trains of horses have perished in the harness at once. Many of them have even been three times renewed. These three days of suffering have so dispirited the soldier, that I believe him, at this moment, very little capable of making any effort. Numbers of men are dead of hunger or cold, and others, in despair,"

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have suffered themselves to be taken by the enemy." This letter was written on the same day, but *before* the time that Platoff made such terrible execution among this very corps.

And on the same day, but in another direction, a scene of a novel kind, although nearly equally disastrous, took place at Leukovo, south-east of Smolensko. Three French corps, of 3000 men each, composed of fresh troops for the French guards, under Generals Baraguay d'Hillier, Charpentier, and Augereau, had set out from Smolensko eastward, on the wild-goose chase to open a communication in the direction of Kalouga. Count Orloff Denizoff, learning that they were distributed in three villages, made his dispositions for attacking them with three partizan corps. The result was, that the corps under Charpentier was nearly cut to pieces; that d'Hillier, having patiently heard a cannonade for several hours in the quarter of Augereau's division, made good his retreat to Smolensko; and that Augereau's corps, after losing nearly one third of its strength, laid down its arms, to the number of 2000 men.

On the 12th, Count Orloff Denizoff fell upon another French detachment, sent out to procure supplies; killed 1500, and took 1300 men, 1000 horses, and 400 carts.

We shall pass over a variety of minor occurrences more or less fatal to this devoted army; as well as over the various instances where the Russians found ordnance, ammunition, and stores, either abandoned in the high-road, or buried under-ground, to the amount of

probably near two hundred pieces of cannon alone, over and above the 200 which, according to the official reports, had been gained possession of by Marshal Kutusow's army, from the battle of Borodino to the 12th Nov. The detailed recital of all these incidents would only fatigue the patience of our readers; and events of still greater magnitude than any thus far related, speed our pen.

On the 16th November, Marshal Kutusow advanced as far as Krasnoy, a town lying in the direct route of the French from Smolensko to the Dnieper, whither the corps of Davoust was likewise proceeding. The dispositions of the Russian commander, however, were so judicious and effectual, that the enemy in a short time found himself turned on all sides, and began to defend himself. The Russian artillery made a terrible carnage in the ranks of the French. Napoleon himself is stated, in the official report, to have been an eye-witness of the battle, and, not waiting the issue, to have fled with his whole suite, abandoning the corps of his favourite general to its fate. The battle lasted the whole day; the French were completely routed and dispersed in the neighbouring wood, for the distance of five wersts along the banks of the Dnieper. Their loss in killed and wounded is stated to have been immense. In prisoners, &c. it consisted of 2 generals, 58 officers, 9170 men, 70 cannon, 3 standards, and the baton of Marshal Davoust himself.—*Thus the corps of Davoust exists no more.*

On the 17th November, the approach of another victim to the al-

tar of outraged humanity was announced. The corps of Marshal Ney now came advancing in the road leading to Krasnoy; and the veteran Kutusow was not backward in preparing a suitable reception. By a series of profound manœuvres, concealed by a thick fog, the whole corps was surrounded. Unconscious of its inevitable destiny, it marched on, till it arrived almost at the mouth of the Russian batteries. A discharge from forty pieces of cannon, and an effective fire of musquetry, stretched thousands on the ground. Cut off in the rear, the enemy made a fruitless attempt to break through in front, and finding all hopes of escape vanished, he at length sent a flag of truce to General Miloradovitch. At midnight the whole corps d'armée, amounting to 12,000 men, was obliged to lay down its arms. All its artillery (27 cannon) all the baggage, and military chests, were the fruits of this signal victory. Ney himself was wounded, and contrived to escape, pursued by the Cossacks beyond the Dnieper. The loss of the enemy in killed and wounded was enormous; that of the Russians Marshal Kutusow states at 500 killed and wounded.—*Thus the corps of Ney exists no more.*

The head-quarters of Marshal Kutusow were on the 20th at Krasnoy, and the advanced guard had proceeded to Dowbrowno, beyond the Dnieper, in pursuit of the fugitive remnants of the French *Grand Army*, that had effected their flight from Smolensko, a city, which the few that may be fortunate enough to escape the general destruction, will remember with

horror, as the gulph that swallowed many thousands on their entry into Russia Proper, and as many myriads on their return from it. The miscreants, however, could not quit that hateful monument of their eternal disgrace without venting their sacrilegious ferocity against the temple of the Almighty Being who has hurled his vengeance against their blasphemous chief. The ancient and venerable cathedral was blown up by them.

BANKS OF THE DWINA.

After the storming of Polotsk, and the deliverance of the right banks of the Dwina from the enemy, General Steinheil, falling in with a strong force of the enemy, on the left bank, thought proper to retire to Disna. But Count Wittgenstein immediately sent him a reinforcement of 12,000 men, which crossed the river at Disna. With these, Steinheil advanced towards Uschalsche, at the same time that the count, with his army, crossed the Dwina, at Polotsk. By this combined operation, the Bavarians not only lost all their baggage near the village of Kublitsche, but they became entirely cut off from the small remains of St. Cyr's corps, and retreated to Gloubokoy. At Uschalsche, Steinheil and Wittgenstein joined their forces, and pursued the French, with the success of 800 prisoners, and 70 ammunition waggons, taken from them, besides a number of dismounted gun-carriages found on the road. These operations took place between the 21st and 26th October. The enemy continued his retreat to Novy Lepel, and from the latter place he set out for Tschaschenike, where be-

ing joined by 15,000 men from the corps of Victor (which had arrived at Smolensk, and, but for the Russian successes on the Dwina, would have joined the principal army), they took up an important and strong military position. But the gallant Wittgenstein, aware of the advantage of the situation, attacked them in that position, on the 31st October, drove them from it, with the loss of great numbers of killed and wounded, and upwards of 300 prisoners, and established himself in that commanding post.

From hence the count detached a force, under Major-Gen. Garp, against the town of Witepsk, a considerable French magazine and garrison being established there. In spite of the obstinate resistance of the enemy, who had set the Dwina bridge on fire, the Russians penetrated through the flames into the town, overthrew every thing before them, took the governor, General Pouget, and upwards of 300 men prisoners, besides the capture of two pieces of cannon, and the large stores of ammunition and provisions deposited at Witepsk, 7th Nov.

From this time to the 14th November, no event of importance appears to have occurred in this quarter. But during that interval, Bonaparte arrived at Smolensk, and perceiving the threatening situation of Wittgenstein's army at Tschaschenike, and his danger of being inclosed on that side, he dispatched the remainder of Victor's corps, with the marshal himself at their head, charging him to drive the brave German behind the Dwina, and thus open a way for the retreat of the grand

army. On his approach, the count collected his troops in the position, awaited the attack, and repulsed Victor, with the loss of 2 or 3000 men (14th November), and 600 prisoners taken the following day, in the pursuit of the marshal, who retreated upon Sefno.

On the 18th, the first communication between the armies of Tchichagoff and Wittgenstein took place, when the latter was joined by Colonel Czernichef, whom Tchichagoff had sent, with a detachment of light cavalry, for that express purpose. Czernichef had not only traversed the governments of Minsk and Wilna, without the least obstruction, but even been fortunate enough to retake General Winzingerode and his aid-de-camp Captain Narishkin, between the two cities of the above name, besides some couriers from Bonaparte to Paris, and vice versa. Winzingerode proceeded with Czernichef to St. Petersburg, where he arrived on the 22d, and from whence, we trust, he will soon again set out to resume a command. The corps with which he had so diligently watched and annoyed the French in Moscow, appears to have been divided among the other Russian corps; its cavalry, at least, under a Major-General Kutusow, has, by a rapid march, effected a junction with Wittgenstein, not without falling in, on its road, with sundry French stragglers, of whom it took 400, including two generals and one colonel.

VOLHYNIAN ARMY.

Admiral Tchichagoff, after having driven the army under Prince Schwarzenberg behind the river Bag, as related in our last Retro-

spect, has left a corps under General Sachen, in the principality of Warsaw, to observe the Austrian commander, and taken the direct road to Minsk, where, according to his own report, he expected to arrive about the 17th or 19th November, and whither he has likewise ordered the corps under Generals Oertel and Leiders, to direct their march, while he intended to detach parties of light troops on the side of Wilna, to keep up the communication with detachments on that flank.

Having thus brought down the operations of the several Russian armies to about the 20th of November, we shall, in the first instance, survey the momentous and almost incredible successes they have been attended with; and, in the next place, permit ourselves a prospective view of the ulterior results to be expected, not only from the dreadful losses the French army has already sustained through the skilful conduct of the Russian leaders, but also from the threatening posture of the different Russian armies at the dates of our latest intelligence.

To estimate more correctly the destruction of the French force, it will be essential to review its original strength at the passage of the Niemen, in June last. This we are enabled to do from the following recapitulation of the French army, and its auxiliaries, as it stood at that period. The subjoined return we can communicate to our readers as a paper of unquestionable authenticity, it having been presented to the proprietor of the *Repository* by a gentleman recently arrived

from Poland, who not only was on the spot at the time alluded to, but had the advantage of obtaining his information from the most direct and authentic sources; and to such of our readers as may have seen the return in question inserted in one of the daily prints on the 17th December, and copied into others on the day following, we can offer our pledge (*to prove which we possess the documents*), that this previous inscription proceeded from an unauthorised use made of the paper by a person to whom it had been *confidentially* communicated by the writer of this article.

French and allied forces acting against Russia in June 1812.

Poles	60,000
Saxons	20,000
Austrians	30,000
Bavarians	30,000
Prussians	22,000
Westphalians	20,000
Wurtemberg	8,000
Baden	8,000
Darmstadt	4,000
Gotha and Weimar	2,000
Wurtzburg and Franconia	5,000
Mecklenburgh, Nassau, and other small princes	5,000
Italians and Neapolitans	20,000
Spanish and Portuguese	4,000
Swiss	10,000
French	250,000

Total 498,000

Including 60,000 cavalry, besides 40,000 horses employed to draw 1200 cannon, the baggage and provision train, &c.

With this overwhelming mass of half a million of men, Bonaparte the more flattered himself to

crush, in one campaign, the Russian empire, as he had purposely and industriously concealed its real numbers, and greatly underrated them in the reports he promulgated as to the strength of his army. We can, therefore, no longer be surprised at the continued retreat of the Russian armies, which, in June, amounted to not one-half of the French; on the contrary, it is a matter of wonder and admiration, how, with such fearful odds against them, the Russian commanders effected that able retreat without having any one of their corps cut off, nay, without losing a single piece of cannon. The history of the human race records no instance of a country being invaded with so great a force of disciplined troops, excepting the contest of Xerxes with Greece, which not only in that respect bears similitude with the invasion of Bonaparte into Russia, but likewise resembles it in the disgraceful flight of both, and in the patriotic and noble defence of the two attacked nations, the Greeks and the Russians. Xerxes, however, had the good fortune to arrive safe in his dominions, and to bring back a considerable part of his army: whereas, on the 29th of November, at a moderate computation, not the sixth part of Bonaparte's army was in being; and a great probability existed of that remnant being still further pared down to an insignificant handful; and, what is more, of the usurper himself being caught by one or other of the armies around him. On or about the date, above-mentioned, the different Russian armies will have arrived in five or

six different points of the circumference of a circle of about 100 miles in diameter, with Bonaparte in the center; and considering the facility which the Russians possess for pursuit, by detaching their Cossacks in every direction, it must be allowed, that the chances of Bonaparte's escape are against him; although we are not sanguine enough to deny the possibility of his extricating himself principally from his dangerous situation by an extraordinary effort. All appears to us to depend upon the advance to Minsk of Tchichagoff's army.

The capture of Bonaparte would, of course, be a sovereign remedy to the woes of suffering Europe; but supposing he elude his enemies, what is the fear from the captain of a banditti, after his gang is extirpated? Will he soon again muster a formidable gang to give the law to the Continent? Will the youths of the conscription of 1815, supposing they willingly join his banners, dare to face the hardy northern warriors, and their able leaders, who hunted down, slaughtered, or captured, the veteran, and on all former occasions victorious soldiers of Bonaparte? Will the auxiliary sovereigns remain faithful to the compact of vassalage enforced upon them by necessity, when the protector of the confederation is no longer able to protect; when they have already spilt the best blood of their subjects in aid of his mad ambition, and when they have to dread the vengeance of the victorious and *now* immense Russian armies? Nought but a signal is now required, and the oppressed nations of the Continent will rise in open resistance to the

enfeebled power which so long bowed them down under the yoke of oppression.

This signal we expect from Prussia, as the power which, on the one hand, is nearest to the scene of action, and therefore has most to fear from persevering in its adherence to the tyrant; and, on the other hand, as having suffered and lost most from his wrath and oppression, and consequently expecting to gain most, and recover its losses, by breaking the compulsory bond in which it has been enthralled.

The future conduct of the Emperor of Austria, especially when we consider the lukewarm aid he has hitherto given to Bonaparte in this struggle, would be as little doubted by us, were it not for the unfortunate and weak act of sacrificing his daughter to the embraces of one of the greatest monsters of the human race. How far this devoted pledge may counterpoise the evident inclination of the court of Vienna to act an accessory and prominent part in the approaching deliverance of the Continent, it is impossible to anticipate. Our next Retrospect, perhaps, may solve this important question: for, according to the intelligence recently received, Lord Cathcart has dispatched the secretary of the British legation at St. Petersburg, Lord Walpole, on a mission to Vienna, in order to sound the inclinations of the Austrian cabinet; and, if found favourable, to commence a negotiation, which cannot but be attended with results of the utmost importance.

The disastrous retreat of the French from Moscow, therefore, must, at all events, form a momen-

tous epoch in the history of Europe. We consider it as the dawn of its returning liberties; and should, as we confidently expect, the sunshine succeed, the world will have to thank the British, Spanish, and Russian nations for the blessings which their energetic conduct will have caused to spread over the habitable globe. Spain has afforded to the eyes of Europe the first example of the invincibility of a great nation, that is determined to resist foreign aggression. Russia has done still more: she has not only shewn herself unconquerable, but she has destroyed her proud assailant in the space of a few weeks. This great result she has obtained solely by her own means, assisted, it is true, by her climate: but the rigours of her climate would have availed little, had the minds of the Russian population been tinged, like that of other nations, by the poison of Gallican doctrines. Bonaparte invaded a people uncontaminated, faithful to its country, to its sovereign, to its God. The great Kutusow himself, ere he proceeded to take the command of the army, went privately to a church in St. Petersburg, to invoke the success of the Almighty, and to receive the blessing of his minister, the metropolitan. The same religious devotion pervades the breast of every Russian peasant and artisan, of the whole army, and even of the Cossacks, whom Bonaparte, in his feeble rage, designates as barbarians. We have had an opportunity of seeing this formidable branch of the Russian force, on the Continent, and are enabled to contradict this assertion from personal observation. While in a friendly

country, the Cossacks are as mild and generous as any other soldier of the most civilized nation: they are jealous of their honour, and haughty in the consciousness of their own strength. An enemy's country, on the contrary, they consider as their own conquest, and treat it accordingly, plundering whatever comes in their way. Like the Arabs, their horse is their best friend, with whom they share their last morsel; and the fatigue these little and unsightly animals can sustain, under the most scanty nourishment, is beyond conception. As war is the profession of the Cossack, he receives the call to join the army with exultation. Hence we need not wonder at hearing that Kutusow recently received at once a reinforcement of twenty-four regiments, and that their aggregate number with the Russian army, is 50,000. Their total number, including the Cossacks of the Don, the Ukraine, of the Oural mountains, of the Kirgise, Calmuck, and Mongolian tribes, amounts to 350,000; and all these would set out at a moment's notice, and might be called into action, were there a sufficiency of forage and provisions to maintain them. The lance, sabre, and musket are their universal arms; but besides these, some of the Cossack corps carry a singular and no less formidable weapon. This is a rope, of about 15 or 18 feet in length, with a noose at one end, which they fling with such rapidity and expertness over a flying enemy, that, provided he be within reach, they entrap him in the noose as securely as the *Lasso-men*, on the river La Plata, catch the wild bullocks in precisely a similar mode. In this

manner the French General Ségur was recently caught, and dragged from his horse, after he had, with his sword, cut the Cossack's lance in two:

The Russian fleet mentioned in our last, consisting of fifteen ships of the line, six frigates, and one brig, has safely reached England, and is already moored at Chatham. This fact is not one of the least singular political phenomena of the present eventful crisis. When but a short time ago we saw the bitter language of Russian state-papers against Great Britain's imagined monopoly of the seas, could we have dreamt that, after a brief lapse of time, the safety of the Russian navy would spontaneously be entrusted to the honour and generosity of the British nation? Of that generosity the recent parliamentary proceedings exhibit the most speaking proof. The sufferings of the Russian nation, in consequence of the present campaign, have induced government to apply to the legislature for the means of assisting that people in the alleviation of their distresses. In consequence of a message from the Prince Regent, the sum of £200,000 has been proposed to parliament, to be appropriated for that purpose; and there is no doubt of the grant receiving the sanction of both houses.

In concluding our Russian article, we cannot help reflecting, with a glow of patriotic delight, on the proud and promising situation that Great Britain now maintains among the nations of the world. Ever the pivot, the sheet-anchor of the liberties of Europe, every nation has successively found refuge or

effectual aid in the attempt of emancipating itself from the iron rod of oppression. Through Great Britain, the first serious and successful resistance was presented to the strides of French ambition in Portugal and Spain. It was there that the French armies first found themselves arrested in their victorious career, and the rest of Europe taught, that the recovery of freedom depended upon their own efforts. Without the war in Spain, and the enormous losses inflicted upon the French in that country, Russia would not have ventured to commence the important struggle, which she has thus far so nobly and successfully pursued, and the consequences of which are already beneficially felt in this country, and will, ere long, be manifested in a more striking manner. Soon, soon, may we now reasonably hope to reap the advantages of the unremitting resistance which, at the cost of great privations, Great Britain has, for a series of twenty years, opposed to the torrent of French principles and the crafty ambition of the Corsican tyrant.

SPANISH PENINSULA.

Compared with the preceding details of the gigantic contest in the North, the cotemporary operations of the contending armies in Spain, appear like the combats of pigmies; and, fortunately, the happy tidings from the banks of the Dwina and Borysthenes afford more than a mere consolation for the disappointment of our best hopes from the shores of the Douro and Tagus. Indeed, in our opinion, the achievements of the Russian arms have vir-

tually, although not actually, operated the deliverance of Spain. We entertain not the smallest doubt that in a very short time the French troops, with the exception perhaps of some garrisons, will have left the Peninsula; and we should, therefore, hear with regret of any active operations on our part, as tending to a useless waste of British blood, for a purpose which, under the present circumstances, we confidently anticipate, will be attained by a merely defensive system. Not that we would be ungenerous enough to demand that Russia should fight our battles, while our army remained idle spectators of the French troops reinforcing their discomfited brethren in the North. On the contrary, in such an event we would wish France itself to become the theatre of British valour; but not from the side of the Pyrenees: along the Scine would we then have Lord Wellington's army proceed into the heart of France, to Paris itself. But speculations aside, let us proceed to a concise narrative of the few remarkable incidents of the last month's war in Spain.

Lord Wellington's head-quarters remained at Rueda until the 8th Nov. while General Hill, with the army under his command, continued his retreat towards the Tormes, for which river the marquis likewise broke up on the above-mentioned day. On the 8th both armies joined, and Lord Wellington took up a position at St. Christoval, in front of Salamanca, while General Hill remained stationed at Alba. On the 10th, the three French armies, viz. of Soult, Souham, and Joseph Bonaparte, formed a junction on the

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Tormes, almost in sight of the British position; combining, as Lord Wellington states, an aggregate force of 80,000, or more, probably 90,000 men, 10,000 of which were cavalry, and mustering altogether not less than 200 pieces of cannon. On the same day Sir Rowland Hill was attacked by a considerable force at Alba, which he effectually repulsed. On the 14th the whole French army crossed the Tormes, by different fords, above our position; upon which Lord Wellington broke up, with the intention of attacking them; but, finding the enemy too numerous and too strongly posted, he gave up that design. On the 15th the French manœuvred upon our right flank, extending their left to such a degree, that their intentions to separate our army from Ciudad Rodrigo, were evident. This induced Lord Wellington to abandon Salamanca, and put the whole army in retrograde motion, marching on the 16th, 17th, and 18th to the Agueda, which river our troops likewise crossed on the latter and following day, when head-quarters were established at Ciudad Rodrigo. In this retreat, not only our rear-guard sustained serious loss from the enemy, but the army in general suffered considerably from the severity of the weather, and lost one of its best officers (17th Nov.) Lieutenant-General Sir Edward Paget, who, in order to hasten the march of the seventh division, had rode to the rear alone, and was taken prisoner, in what manner is not known. It does not appear, that, subsequently to the above operations, the French continued their pursuit. Our head-quarters, however, were, on the 28d

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Nov. removed to Frenada, on the frontier, as a position more eligible for defence, and for the comfort and supply of the army; and it is from the latter place the most recent dispatch of Lord Wellington, of the 25th Nov. is dated; in which his lordship states, that the greater part of the enemy's force which had passed the Tormes, had again returned across that river, and, according to report, directed their march upon the Douro.

Thus a campaign, commenced under the most glorious and signal successes, has terminated in rapid and disastrous retreat; owing, on the one hand, to various faults on the part of the allies; and on the other, to the able conduct of the French commanders, and especially of Marshal Soult, whose military genius, by a simple, but well calculated and vigorously executed plan, in a very few weeks retrieved the fallen fortunes of his countrymen. Among the various features of the French operations which extort our admiration, is the point of view in which *they* estimated the value of the possession of the capital. The allies left their line of operations, in order to hasten to Madrid, which lay out of it. The enemy, in whose direct line of operations it was situated, enters the capital it is true, but in a few days abandons it (7th Nov.), to pursue the fugitive allies, and even leaves the capital directly in his rear, to be occupied by the partisan corps of the allies. The proceedings of the French, however, during their short stay in Madrid, although such as we anticipated, calls for the execration of every feeling breast: numerous arrests took place imme-

diately, and on the 3d Nov. twelve persons of the first respectability (among whom we notice the Count Cabresa and Chevalier d'Orense) were shot by the ruffians, because their patriotism had rendered them disaffected to the usurper's government. While we weep over the fate of these martyrs, we have the consolation to reflect, that, on the same day, a hundredfold vengeance was inflicted on the brothers of these savages at Wiasma.

No sooner had Jourdan evacuated Madrid to proceed to the Tormes, than the partisan corps of the Empecinado and Medico, made their appearance in it; and on the 11th, General Bassecourt, with his corps, marched in likewise. According to the latest advices from Madrid (17th November), these forces then continued in possession of it; the 2d and 3d armies were in St. Clementi and Villa Martin, and the 4th (late Ballasteros's) army, had reached Alcaez. All these troops were then intended to be united into one army, under the command of General Castanos.

In our last we expressed surprise and indignation at the inactivity of Ballasteros, and at his tarrying so long at Grenada. The cause is now explained, although little to the honour of a man who had long enjoyed our good opinion. At the suggestion of Lord Wellington, and with a view to assist in the defence of Castile and Madrid, Ballasteros had been ordered by *his* government to enter that province by Alcaez, and act under Lord Wellington's orders. Mistaken pride induced the haughty Spaniard to disobey these

directions, as he would not submit to serve under a foreign commander. The Regency, in consequence, has very justly deposed and arrested him, and ordered him to be removed as a state prisoner to Ccuta. A court-martial is spoken of; and when we consider the disastrous consequence of his silly conduct (for with the assistance of Ballasteros's army, Sir Rowland Hill certainly could, in his position on the Xacama, have arrested the progress of Soult), the fate of this otherwise meritorious chieftain appears to us as very precarious. He ought, at all events, to have marched his army as directed, sent in his resignation if he thought proper, but retained the command until relieved.

The command in chief over the Spanish armies conferred upon Lord Wellington, has received the sanction of the Prince Regent.

The French papers mention some obstinate affairs in Catalonia, on the 2d and 3d of November, between the French under General De Caen, and the patriots under Lacy and D'Eroles; as also an obstinate, but unsuccessful attack by the Spaniards on Durango, in Biscay, on the 29th October; but as we have no Spanish accounts of either, we surely cannot place any reliance on the proverbially false reports of the enemy.

It is stated, with what truth we know not, that our army at Alicante has put itself in motion, and advanced into the interior; and that Suchet has evacuated Valencia. At Palermo we find another expedition of 5000 Sicilian troops prepared to sail for the Spanish coast; and the same accounts state

the hereditary prince of Sicily to have recovered so much from the mysterious illness alluded to in our last, that the physicians have pronounced him out of danger.

AMERICA.

We have now the happiness to present our readers with a companion to our victory over the American forces at Detroit. That glorious event took place *above* Lake Erie; our fresh success occurred at Niagara, just *below* that lake. On the 18th October, the American General Rensselaer, not being able to restrain any longer the military ardour of his troops, who insisted upon being brought into contact with their enemy, or on being sent home, embarked part of his army, consisting of 1400 men, and sent them, under the command of General Wadsworth, against Queenstown, in Upper Canada. General Brock, the hero of Detroit, hastened to the spot, and with the flank companies of the 49th regiment, resisted for a long time the whole of the enemy's force, in order to give time for the arrival of reinforcements which he had ordered Major-General Sheaffe to bring up. Although this unequal contest produced the effect intended, it deprived the country of the valuable life of General Brock. He fell, as it has justly been remarked, like the Spartan Leonidas at Thermopylae. When General Sheaffe arrived with a body of troops, much inferior to that of the enemy, the tide of affairs instantly changed. By a judicious disposition of his little band, the Americans were gradually hemmed in; a short, but spirited contest ensued, the unfavourable

yourable aspect of which General Rensselaer had the mortification to behold from the opposite shore. In vain did he now appeal to the former warlike spirit of his army, to hasten to the assistance of their pressed brethren. That spirit had, of a sudden, evaporated; few were found inclined to step into the boats, the boats had no oars, the confusion and dismay was as great on that side as on the scene of action; and thus this second invasion of Canada ended, like the first, in the surrender, as prisoners, of the remains of the American corps, in number 900, with their commander, General Wadsworth, to an inferior force. General Sheaffe has received the honour of knighthood, and the memory of the brave General Brock will be handed down to posterity by a national monument.

Congress was opened on the 4th November, by a message from the president, Mr. Maddison, in which these reverses, and the late naval success against the *Guerriere*, are stated in an appropriate and decorous manner; but, upon the whole, the tendency of the address is hostile to Great Britain. The repeal of the orders in council is not considered a sufficient compliance with the demands of the American cabinet; the immediate discharge of all American seamen from British ships, and a stop to impressments from American ships, remain points still unconceded. We have no

doubt every thing will be done on the part of our government to bring to speedy conclusion a war, of all the most unprofitable to this country; since, although at present the American land forces are miserably deficient in every thing relating to tactics and warlike operations, a prolongation of the contest will be the best school for their raw militia, and will every day render it more capable of facing our veteran warriors.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

On the 30th November the session of the new parliament was opened by the Prince Regent in person. Want of room compels us to omit his Royal Highness's speech on the occasion, which adverts to every important feature of the external and internal situation of the empire, excepting the great question of Roman Catholic emancipation.

Among the proceedings of the legislature, we have to notice, besides the Prince Regent's message recommending aid to the Russian population, a grant of 100,000*l.* to be vested in trustees, for the purchase of an estate to be given to the Marquis of Wellington, in remuneration for his services in the peninsular war.

Count Liewen, the ambassador extraordinary of the court of St. Petersburg to this country, arrived in London on the 11th December, accompanied by Count Woronzow, the secretary of the Russian legation.

PLATE 4.—COTTAGE ORNÉE.

THE elegancies of life are the results of prosperity in all countries, but in none are the means of comfort so much cultivated as in our own. Splendour and magnificence are made subordinate to the calmer enjoyments of domestic felicity, and are far less the objects of an Englishman's desire, than the means of friendly intercourse and rational retirement. That our buildings should be designed with views peculiar to these objects, may be well expected; and they have been so successfully brought to effect this attainment, that all countries have acknowledged the superiority of our habitations for the purposes of life, and studiously emulate the arrangements of an English dwelling.

There is within us, also, a native aversion to assume beyond the limits of our means and of our powers; and every thing that seems to profess more than is warranted by its intrinsic merit, becomes repugnant to our feelings. The architecture of this country has very evidently been operated on by such impressions; for, except in what we may not improperly term our palaces, the external parts of our buildings are too often neglected, even to reproach, although the internal arrangements are studied and executed with scrupulous discernment; and there are few houses that do not surprise us by the size and number of the apartments, in proportion to the limited appearance of their elevations.

The design is made to conform to this feeling, but it is hoped

without conceding too much of its exterior claims. It is intended to effect the object of uniting architectural elegance with comfort, for an establishment within the confines of a moderate fortune.

This design is called a *Cottage ornée*; indeed we have no term suited to this character of building, which is certainly superior to the highest class of cottage, and as certainly below the importance of the villa: perhaps a term more suitable might be borrowed from the Italians, whose *Cassines* were those buildings in the Campagna which were prepared for retirement from the scenes of splendour, state, and ceremony.

OFFICES.

In forming this plan, care has been taken to avoid whatever experience has found to be objectionable relating to the domestic offices, and to afford facility of communication to the apartments, without subjecting them to inconvenience or offence. The door of separation in the hall completely divides the offices from the superior parts of the house. The pantry is near the dining-room, and commands the porch. The servants' hall is beyond the door leading to the yard, and has the effect of being detached from the house, though really within it. The kitchen is arranged with the same advantages; the door opposite the pantry is only in use for the service of dinner. The scullery is wholly removed from the house. The laundry and wash-house are yet more retired, and immediately under the inspection

of the housekeeper, who, in this arrangement, is considered as cook also. The knife and shoe room adjoins the servants' hall. The larder and dairy are farther removed from the inhabited parts; and the offices on this side are approachable by a trellis colonnade, so that at all seasons they are accessible with safety. The minor staircase leads to the chamber-landings and to the cellars; there is a stair to the cellar also, from the colonnade. The chambers contain three apartments for the men, three for the maid-servants, and a room for stores.

APARTMENTS.

From the porch, a hall of small dimensions communicates with a waiting-room, which is a receptacle for coats, hats, sticks, &c. Water should be laid on to a wash-stand near the window: this room contains a water-closet. The dining-room entrance is from this hall, and is favourably situated for the service of dinner. The dining-room is unconnected with the retiring apartments; but a jib door communicates with the vestibule, and precludes the necessity of passing through the hall to the drawing-room or gallery. The niches to contain candelabra at the side-board end, and the corresponding recesses at the other angles, are suited to an architectural decoration consonant with the purposes of this room. The withdrawing-room, breakfast-room, and gallery or library, are approached from the vestibule and from each other. The advantages of this arrangement are so obvious, that they are not treated of; but in the general adoption of the connected drawing-room

and library, the mind becomes highly gratified on contemplating the acknowledged influence of female intellect, and those charms of social loveliness, that have allured the apartment of study from its obscure retreat.

The drawing-room is so formed as to avoid the dark shades which invariably collect in the corners of all rooms, and affords the means of a very elegant decoration. The gallery is lighted from the top, as its purpose is to contain pictures, marbles, bronzes, and books, and thus admit a beautiful variety of arrangements. The vestibule is always a most desirable appurtenance to a dwelling, and is here situated so as to afford additional ventilation: it reaches to the top of the building, and is surmounted by a lanthorn light; a gallery round it, forms the approach to the chambers. The vestibule opens to the staircase, and the staircase to this gallery. A water-closet is contained in the retired part of the staircase. The chambers above, are four, three with a dressing-room, and one without it.

ELEVATION.

Simplicity of character has been the leading object of this design. It will be seen that the extent of the house is aimed to be defined by the pilasters, which are, in number, four on the porch front, four on the lawn front, and two on the returning end; the remainder being plain walls, would be planted against and hid by shrubberies, as there are no windows of the offices looking outwards.

The Palladian sashes of the dining-room and drawing-room, and the door of the breakfast-room,

open to a stone terrace, which descends by two steps to the lawn. The terrace is so elegant in its character, and so useful as a promenade after wet weather, that it should be reluctantly, if ever, dispensed with. Opposite the pilasters are pedestals supporting vases; they are distant from the building the width of the terrace: from the apartments they produce a beautiful contrast to the scenery; to the front of the house they are a substitute for columns; and, in connection with the pilasters, they af-

ford a portion of that variety which renders intercolumniations so fascinating by the motion which is transferred by the moving spectator to the building. This ever-varying effect was studiously aimed at by the Greeks and Romans in all their architectural works, except by the former in their temples, who perhaps rejected the lively variety of the column and pilaster in those buildings in which they were solicitous to unite and to express the greatness and the dignified awfulness of divine majesty.

FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

PLATE 5.—MORNING WALKING DRESS.

A ROUND robe of Cambric muslin, with long full sleeves, and simple short collar, confined in the center of the throat with a stud or broach; the same fastening the dress at the wrist. A robe pelisse of bright morone velvet, formed quite plain, simply meeting in front, with rounded collar; trimmed entirely round with spotted ermine, and confined at the bottom of the waist with a ribband of corresponding shades, tied in front. A Flora cap, ornamented with ribband and small flower on the left side. A village hat of morone velvet, with open edge of black chenille; a flower similar to that which ornaments the cap, placed on the opposite side, and tied under the chin with the same ribband. Half-boots of morone velvet, or kid. Gloves of pale tan, or amber kid. Ridicule of morone velvet, embroidered with gold.

PLATE 6.—OPERA DRESS.

A round superfine cloth robe, of the new Russian flame-colour, or

pale tan, with long full sleeve, ornamented at the feet with satin of the same colour, in deep vandyke. A fancy bodice, composed of pink satin, and trimming corresponding with the dress, finished with bows of ribband on the shoulders. A cap à la Mary of Scotland, composed of the same material as the robe, lined with pink satin, and covered with net-beading, which forms a most unique and becoming finish for the edge. The hair divided in the center of the forehead, and in full curls on each temple, blended with a small sprig of the winter berry. Necklace and cross of pearl; bracelets and ear-rings of the same. White satin slippers, trimmed with silver. White kid gloves; and long tippet of spotted ermine.

These dresses are from the house of Mrs. Gill, Cork-street, Burlington-Gardens, who has for some time past furnished us with those specimens of English costume which we have given to our correspondents, and for the superior elegance of which she has long stood distinguished and unrivalled.

MEDICAL REPORT.

AN account of the practice of a physician from the 15th of November to the 15th of Dec. 1812.

Acute Diseases.—Croup, 1... Measles, 5... Catarrh, 6... Sore-throat 2... Fever, 3... Enteritis, 1... Apoplexy, 1... Gout, 1... Acute diseases of infants, 4.

Chronic Diseases.—Rheumatism, 4... Pleurodyny, 3... Lumbago, 2... Cough and dyspnœa, 18... Consumption, 3... Scrofula, 1... Epistaxis, 1... Marasmus, 1... Hepatitis, 1... Enterodynia, 2... Gastrodynia, 3... Dyspepsia, 7... Diarrhœa, 6... Dropsy, 3... Calculus, 1... Worms, 3... Head-ach and vertigo, 5... Asthenia, 6... St. Vitus's dance, 1... Tic douloureux, 1... Cutaneous affections, 3... Female complaints, 2.

The prevailing complaints of the seasons, are coughs and catarrh. Measles have affected many children, and, in some cases, the consequent debility and cough have proved obstinate and very trying. One of the cases of consumption, in a young female, was remarkable for a peculiar and very distressing occurrence. Her brother had died of the same complaint, and when she found herself affected with symptoms resembling those which she had witnessed in his lingering illness, contrary to the usual habit in this complaint, hope entirely

forsook her; she desponded, refused all sustenance, wandered in her thought, and at length became completely insane. The paroxysms of phrenzy were, at times, extremely violent, till nature seemed exhausted, and a short interval of slumber restored sufficient strength to renew the convulsive fit, which, at length, terminated a scene of misery indescribably distressing. The singularity in this case, which is worthy of attention, is, that when the insanity declared itself, the progress of the consumptive disorder seemed to be arrested; the cough and expectoration nearly ceasing; and in her calmer moments she did not complain of the pains and stitches from which she had previously suffered so much. But she was evidently sinking; this seeming amendment offered no gleam of hope with which the wary physician might confirm the consolation that sorrowing friends were eager to indulge; and "the stream of life, scarce trembling through the vein," presently ceased.

"O thou soft natural death! thou art joint
twin

To sweetest slumbers — no rough-bearded
comet

Stares on thy mild departure—the dull owl

Bears not against thy casement—the hoarse
wolf

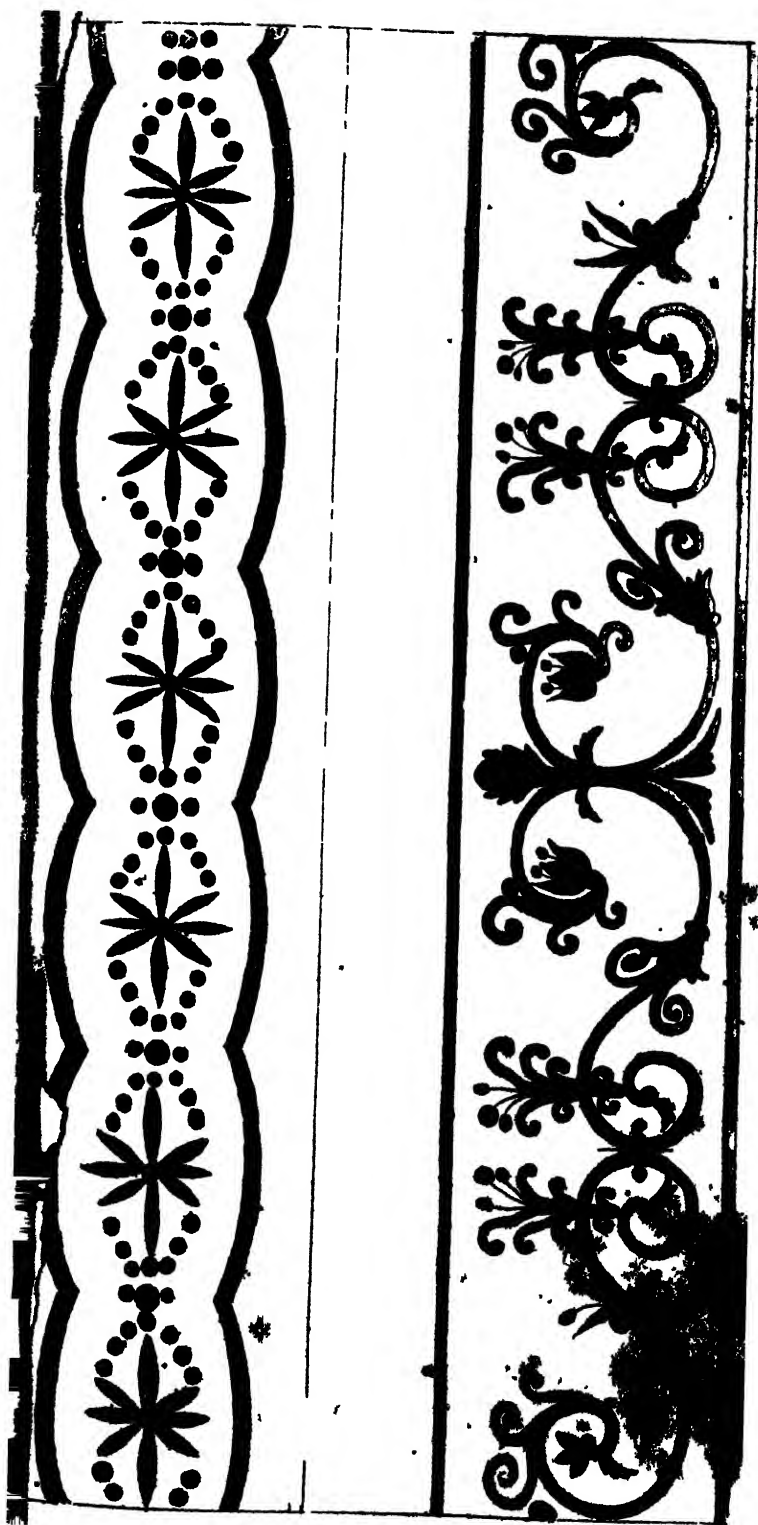
Scents not thy carrion—Pity winds thy corse!"

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE severe weather in the early part of last month has had varied effects on the pursuits of agriculture, the most conspicuous of which consisted in the change of employ-

ment among the working cattle upon the farm, by directing their labour from the plough to the cart; as the attentive farmer will not lose the opportunity of conveying the

PATTERNS FOR NEEDLEWORK



manure upon his tender soils at the moment it can be done without injury from the trampling of the animals and the track of the wheels: but the early frost, that is so propitious to this labour, makes great inroad into the winter stock of provisions.

The late fall of snow and sudden thaw has greatly revived the flag of the wheat plant, which had apparently suffered in point of colour from the preceding frosty nights. This change of weather may have been serviceable to the corn-bearing plants, but if frosty weather should return, it will be more fatal to the whole of the brassica tribe.

The late severe weather has increased the barn labour, to furnish

straw for the cattle; but the deficiency of corn produce in the year 1811, with the great demand for seed last autumn, has run so far into the last year's produce, as to prevent the price of corn from being reduced so much as was expected from the late apparently favourable season and productive harvest.

Barley has come more freely to market since the great demand for straw. The quality is strong, and the yield abundant.

The soiling crops for next spring had, before the frost set in, formed a strong flag and good covering to the soil; which, consequently, will protect the roots through the winter.

ALLEGORICAL WOOD-CUT, WITH PATTERNS OF BRITISH MANUFACTURE.

No. 1 and 2, an entirely novel and superbly attractive paper-hanging, invented by Messrs. Burket and Hudson; and is denominated *the Cimelium ornament*; for which they have obtained a patent from the Prince Regent. The effect of this superb decoration by candle-light, is singularly beautiful: it is manufactured in a great variety of patterns, for papers and borders, adapted for state-rooms, drawing-rooms, enriching cornices, &c. We have given as large a pattern as our limits will admit of, but must refer our readers to the specimens which Messrs. Burket and Hudson have fitted up, (at their warehouse No. 85, Cheapside), in large show-screens, by which means the general effect may be more immediately ascertained.

No. XLIX. Vol. IX.

No. 3 is a new embossed *gold seed-paper*. It is used, in a variety of ways, for ladies' fancy work—in card-racks, hand and fire-screens, chimney ornaments, boxes, watch-stands and cases, &c. It is manufactured by Mr. S. Solomon, and sold, wholesale and retail, at R. Ackermann's Repository, No. 101, Strand.

No. 4, a curious article, styled *rice paper*, imported from the East Indies. Its colours exhibit an uncommon degree of brilliancy, and may be purchased of every shade: in *white* it is very scarce, which occasions the great disparity of price, the latter being sold at sixpence *per sheet*, and the coloured at the same sum *per dozen sheets*. It is used chiefly for constructing

artificial flowers, which possess a superior degree of delicacy, and a nearer approach to nature, when composed of this material. It is sold, also, at R. Ackermann's, 101, Strand.

Poetry.

TO MIRA.

BRIGHT-EY'D maiden, list to me !
Love and beauty dwell with thee ;
On thy bosom bliss reposes,
Health has strew'd thy cheek with roses ;
Round thy neck fair tresses flow,
While sweet pleasure decks thy brow.

Bright-ey'd maiden, list to me !
Though all these belong to thee,
Let affection whisper truth
To the ear of lovely youth :
Guard thy heart 'gainst flatt'ry's snare,
Or 'twill fix a sharp thorn there.

Bright-ey'd maiden, list to me !
Rosy charms belong to thee :
Yet be cautious, gentle fair,
And of love's deceit beware ;
For the heart that breast contains,
Ne'er should feel false love's fierce pains.

J. M. L.

CANZONET,

In Imitation of Camoens.

Tell me truly, tell me truly,
Or to death my hopes consign ;
For thou know'st not what unruly
Passions rend this heart of mine.

Do'st thou now as ever love me ?
If my jealous doubts are vain,
Let some kindred glance disprove me,
And I'll doat on thee again.

But, oh ! sooner let me perish
'Neath th' afflicting weight of woe,
Than within this bosom cherish
Joys which it must never know !

Rather would I die, believe it,
Than feed on dreams of fancied bliss ;
My fate decide, let me receive it,
Or in a frown, or in a kiss.

METAPHRASTUS.

Kirkby Lonsdale, Westmoreland,
Dec. 17, 1819.

THE BEE AND THE ROSE.

Behold yonder rose-bud, dear maiden,
Behold ;

'Tis an emblem of beauty, as fragrant
and fair ;

The bee wooes the flow'ret, nor finds that
'tis cold ;

He sips of its nectar, no frown waits
him there.

He flies from the blossom, enraptured,
away ;

His kiss on the rose-bud no stain has
impress'd ;

And it smiles to the sun-beam as seem-
ingly gay,

As it did ere the bee was thus charm-
fully blest.

Then, sweet maid, why must I still so-
licit in vain ?

Why must I envy still the fond bee in
his flight ?

Thy lip, lovely fair one, my kiss would
not stain,

But its ruby-like brilliance would still
be as 'bright.

J. M. L.

LONDON MARKETS.

Return of Wheat from Nov. 30 to Dec. 5.
 Total, 5,297 quarters.—Average, 127. 1½d per quarter, or
 6½d. per quarter higher than last return.

Return of Flour from December 5 to 11.

Total, 17,508 sacks.—Average, 109s. 6½d. per sack, or
 1d. per sack higher than last return.

Average of England and Wales, December 12.

	s	d	Barley	s	d	Beans
Wheat	100	10	64	9	89	4
Oats	80	2	44	1	88	5

CORN, SEEDS, &c.

	s.	d.	Tares, per bushel	s.	d.
best white, per quarter	98	135	Turnip	13	15
red	90	120	Mustard	20	94
foreign	90	125	Canary, per qr.	84	42
white	70	78	Hempseed	10	28
grey, English	56	67	Linsced	103	130
alt	90	108	Flaxseed	78	80
In Feed	85	48	Flaxseed, red	115	147
Poland	—	—	Flaxseed, white	63	80
Potatoes	40	53	foreign	75	105
ant, Pigeon	50	58	Trifol	64	85
Horse	76	84	Caraway	84	110
sec, Boiling	100	190	Coriander	12	48
Grey	80	86	—	78	80
per sack	110	—	—	34	44
—	95	100	—	—	—
—	90	98	—	—	—

— per barrel of 196lbs.
 Rapeseed, per last — £50 a £64 a £68
 Oil Cakes, per thousand £18. 18s. to £20 0s.

SUGAR, &c. per Cwt.

	s	d	COFFEE, Bonded.	s	d
Muscovade, fine	84	88	Dominica, Sericose, &c.	—	—
good	79	83	—	—	—
ordinary	76	88	—	—	—
East India, white	82	90	Good	75	85
yellow	77	81	Ordinary	70	80
— brown	74	70	Triage	67	69
MOULASSES 45% od a 46% od.	—	—	Jamaica	30	50
REFINED SUGAR.	—	—	—	—	—
Double Loaves	145	160	Fine	75	85
Hambro ditto	116	132	Good	60	74
Powder ditto	116	132	Ordinary	40	59
Single ditto	114	118	Mocho	30	39
Canary Lumps	114	118	Bourbon	300	600
Large ditto	111	118	St. Domingo	60	70
Bastards, whole	78	80	Java	90	100
— faces	85	90	COCOA, Bonded.	—	—
— middles	80	84	Trinidad and	—	—
— tips	78	79	Carraccas	90	100
GINGER.	—	—	Plantation	65	80
Jamaica, white	82	200	Nutmegs	18	24
Barbadoes, ditto	75	80	Cloves	10	10
— black	70	75	Cinnamon	10	11
—	—	—	Mace	36	43
RICE, Bonded.	—	—	Pepp, white	5	3
Carolina	84	96	— black	2	2
Brazil	86	98	Pimento	2	2

Average price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of duty, 49s. 3½d.
 Sugars, though not very briak this month, have rather
 advanced in price

HOPS in the Borough.

	£	s	d	per cwt	£	s	d
Kent	—	8	0	13	6	10	0
Sumner	—	6	0	11	5	9	0
Essex	—	0	0	0	0	0	0

CORN, &c. per Quarter.

	s	d	Wheat, Barley.	s	d	Oats.	s	d	Beans.	s	d	Peas.	s	d
Newcastle	180a	128	62	a	67	40	a	59	90	a	100	—	—	—
Northampton	19	120a	124	60	a	61	48	a	48	70	a	76	74	a
Canterbury	19	120a	124	60	a	61	48	a	48	70	a	76	74	a
Lewes	19	120a	124	60	a	61	48	a	48	70	a	76	74	a
Chichester	19	120a	124	60	a	61	48	a	48	70	a	76	74	a
Ashborne	19	120a	124	60	a	61	48	a	48	70	a	76	74	a
Guildford	19	120a	124	60	a	61	48	a	48	70	a	76	74	a
Gainsboro'	15	112a	180	45	a	72	50	a	84	80	a	89	—	—
Louth	15	112a	180	45	a	72	50	a	84	80	a	89	—	—
Huntingdon	17	114a	126	50	a	69	44	a	56	80	a	96	—	—
Newark	16	111a	122	70	a	75	44	a	54	190a	—	—	—	—
Spisbury	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Reigate	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Derizes	17	112a	134	58	a	73	48	a	59	97	a	118	—	—
Reading	19	108a	145	44	a	68	59	a	49	52	a	97	105a	107
Swansea	16	183a	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Henley	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Maidenhead	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Salisbury	15	102a	122	54	a	68	38	a	54	88	a	194	88	a
Penrith	15	112a	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Hull	18	184	120	40	a	68	41	a	—	—	—	—	—	—
Beaumont	16	112a	123	55	a	68	46	a	49	80	a	110	—	—
Wakefield	18	115a	125	66	a	70	46	a	56	110a	190	—	—	—
Andover	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Warminster	19	97	a	38	0	70	a	73	40	a	53	90	a	196

SPIRITS, per Gallon (exclusive of duty).

	s	d	a	d	s	d	a	d
Brandy, Cogn.	8	9	a	9	6	Mol. Spirits,	—	—
— "panash	5	0	a	2	2	British	13	10
— "Hollandia Gin	8	0	a	8	6	Irish	0	0
— "Rum, Jamaica	4	6	a	6	9	Scotch	0	0
— "Low. Ind.	3	8	a	4	6	Spirits of Wine	4	0

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR NOVEMBER, 1812.

Conducted, at Manchester, by THOMAS HANSON, Esq.

1812.	Wind.			Pressure.			Temperature.			Weather.	Evap.	Rain
NOV.				Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.			
1	S	1		29,80	29,70	29,750	55,0°	47,0°	51,00°	rainy	—	—
2	S	1		30,03	29,70	29,865	55,0	43,0	49,00	cloudy	—	—
3	Var.	2		30,20	30,03	30,115	51,0	42,0	46,50	showery	—	—
4	W	2		30,30	29,08	30,099	50,0	44,0	47,00	showery	—	—
5	N W	1		30,30	30,20	30,250	49,0	30,0	42,50	cloudy	—	—
6	N	1		30,20	29,90	30,050	41,0	29,0	35,00	foggy	—	—
7	N	1		29,90	29,86	29,880	40,0	30,0	35,00	foggy	—	—
8	N	1		29,86	29,86	29,860	37,0	26,0	31,50	fine	—	—
9	N W	1		30,05	29,86	29,955	43,0	28,0	35,50	fine	—	—
10	W	1		30,30	30,05	30,175	41,0	34,0	39,50	cloudy	—	—
11	S W	1		30,30	29,90	30,100	45,0	40,0	42,50	rainy	—	—
12	W	1		29,90	29,58	29,740	40,0	37,0	38,50	rainy	—	—
13	S W	1		29,58	29,05	29,315	51,0	40,0	45,50	rainy	—	—
14	W	1		29,45	29,00	29,225	50,0	41,0	47,00	rainy	—	—
15	S W	2		29,45	29,40	29,425	49,0	43,0	46,00	variable	—	—
16	E	2		29,40	29,14	29,275	47,0	39,0	43,00	cloudy	—	—
17	S E	4		29,14	28,95	29,045	42,0	38,0	40,00	cloudy	—	—
18	N E	3		29,65	29,14	29,395	40,0	34,0	37,00	cloudy	—	—
19	N	2		29,90	29,65	29,775	41,0	32,0	36,50	fine	—	—
20	N	1		30,05	29,90	29,975	38,0	24,0	31,00	foggy	—	—
21	N	1		30,50	30,05	30,275	38,0	27,0	32,50	foggy	—	—
22	S E	1		30,57	30,50	30,535	33,0	29,0	27,50	foggy	—	—
23	Var.	1		30,57	30,18	30,375	43,0	27,0	35,00	thaw	—	2,750
24	S	1		30,18	29,75	29,965	40,0	40,0	41,50	rainy	—	—
25	S	1		29,75	29,65	29,700	52,0	43,0	47,50	cloudy	—	—
26	S	1		29,85	29,60	29,725	47,0	40,0	43,50	rainy	—	—
27	S E	1		30,40	29,85	30,125	43,0	40,0	44,00	cloudy	—	—
28	S	1		30,40	30,62	30,210	43,0	41,0	44,50	cloudy	—	—
29	S	1		30,02	29,90	29,960	47,0	40,0	43,50	fine	—	—
30	S	1		29,93	29,90	29,915	51,0	44,0	49,00	cloudy	—	755
				Mean 29,868			Mean 41,03					3,505

RESULTS.

Mean barometrical pressure, 29 868—maximum, 30.57, wind N. E. 1—minimum, 28 95, wind S. E. 4—Range 1.62 inch.

The greatest variation of pressure in 24 hours, is .65 of an inch, which was on the 18th.

Mean temperature, 41° 03 —Maximum, 55° wind S. 1—Minimum 22° wind N. E. 1—Range 33.

The greatest variation of temperature in 24 hours is 16°, which was on the 23d.

Spaces described by the barometer, 8 inches—Number of changes, 11.

Rain, &c this month, 3 505 inches.—Number of wet days, 13 —Total rain this year, 40,795 in.

WIND.

N	NE	E	SE	S	SW	W	NW	Variable.	Calm.
6	2	1	2	3	4	2	2	0	

Brisk winds 1—Boisterous ones 1.

The mild temperature and humid state of the latter part of October, continued to the 8th of the present, when the wind shifted from the south to the north quarter, which announced, for the first time this season, the chilling effects of winter, by introducing very foggy and frosty mornings, but which were of short duration: for, on the 11th, the wind blew south-west, and the minimum temperature was as high as 40°; whereas on the 8th, it was as low as 26°: clouds gathered, and rain fell very copiously for a week. On the 19th, the same changes occurred which happened previous to the rain, but the cold was more intense; for, on the 22d, in the morning, the thermometer was ten degrees below freezing: on the following day, the wind varied, and a thaw commenced. A mild and cloudy state, with occasional showers of rain, terminated the period.—The diurnal mean of the 30th, was only two degrees lower than that of the 1st. The mean monthly temperature is eight degrees below that of October.—The atmospheric pressure has presented few movements of note; the minimum occurred on the 17th, when the rain ceased to fall, and there blew a boisterous south-east wind: the maximum was on the 22d, twelve hours after the minimum monthly temperature took place; the mercurial column gained an increase of elevation of one inch and six tenths.—It is remarkable, that snow has not yet made its appearance this winter, and only one shower of hail, on the 19th of the preceding month.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR NOVEMBER, 1812.

Conducted by Mr. J. GIBSON, Laboratory, Stratford, Essex.

1812	Wind.	Pressure.			Temperature.			Weather.	Evap.	Rain.
NOV.		Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.			
1	SW	29.96	29.89	29.925	50°	42°	49.0°	cloudy	—	.51
2	N	30.05	29.96	30.005	54	45	49.5	cloudy	—	—
3	SW	30.09	30.05	30.070	50	39	44.5	cloudy	—	—
4	W	30.05	29.87	29.960	50	38	44.0	cloudy	—	—
5	NW	29.87	29.86	29.865	48	33	40.5	fair	—	—
6	SW	29.88	29.87	29.875	46	30	38.0	fine	—	—
7	W	29.87	29.86	29.865	43	25	34.0	fine	—	—
8	E	29.86	29.84	29.850	39	27	33.0	gloomy	—	—
9	E	30.07	29.83	29.950	44	27	35.5	cloudy	—	—
10	NE	30.14	30.05	30.095	44	29	36.5	cloudy	—	—
11	SE	30.05	29.86	29.955	47	38	43.5	cloudy	—	.40
12	E	29.86	29.67	29.765	45	40	42.5	rainy	—	.37
13	NE	29.67	29.35	29.510	52	45	48.5	rainy	—	.53
14	W	29.67	29.35	29.510	52	43	47.5	gloomy	—	—
15	SW	29.67	29.44	29.555	48	41	44.5	cloudy	.44	—
16	NE	29.44	29.14	29.290	46	42	44.0	cloudy	—	—
17	NE	29.24	29.10	29.170	46	40	43.0	rainy	—	.28
18	NW	29.69	29.24	29.465	43	38	37.5	rain	—	—
19	N	29.80	29.69	29.775	41	28	34.5	fine	—	—
20	N	29.97	29.86	29.915	40	28	34.0	cloudy	—	—
21	NE	30.26	29.97	30.115	38	28	33.0	fair	—	—
22	N	30.30	30.29	30.295	40	27	33.5	fine	—	—
23	SW	30.29	30.07	30.180	41	28	34.5	foggy	—	—
24	SW	30.07	29.89	29.980	48	39	43.5	cloudy	—	—
25	SW	29.89	29.80	29.845	48	35	41.5	cloudy	.39	—
26	E	30.04	29.78	29.910	49	37	43.0	cloudy	—	—
27	N	30.17	30.15	30.160	49	41	45.0	cloudy	—	—
28	NE	30.15	29.94	30.045	45	40	42.5	fair	—	—
29	SE	29.96	29.94	29.950	49	41	45.0	foggy	—	—
30	S	29.96	29.95	29.955	52	47	49.5	rain	.03	.41
		Mean		29.826	Mean		41.1	Total	.79in.	2.50in.

RESULTS — Prevailing winds, westerly. — Mean height of barometer, 29.826 inches; highest observation, 30.30 inches; lowest, 29.10 inches. — Mean height of thermometer, 41.1° — highest observation, 56° — lowest, 25° — Total of evaporation, .79 inch. — Rain, 2.50 inches — in another gauge, 1.32 inch.

Notes. — 1st. Rainy night — 2nd. Rainy morning. — 3d and 6th. Foggy mornings — 7th, 8th, and 10th. Hoar frost. — 13th. Foggy morning. — 19th. Fine morning. — 20th and 23d. Hoar frost and foggy in the mornings.

Prices of Fire-Office, Mine, Dock, Canal, Water-Works, Brewery, and Public Institution Shares, &c. &c. for DECEMBER, 1812.

Albion Insurance Company	£500 sh. £4 dis.	Grand Surry	£108 per sh.
Globe Ditto	105 per share	Leeds and Liverpool	205 & 207 do.
Hope Ditto	294 do.	Monmouthshire	106 do.
Imperial Ditto	Par.	Swansea	180 do.
Kent Ditto	£45 per sh.	Commercial Docks	135 do.
Rock	5 pm.	East India Ditto	105 do.
East London Waterworks	63 do.	London Ditto	101 do.
Holloway Ditto	25 do.	West India Ditto	146 & 147 do.
Kent Ditto (old)	58 do.	London Institution	55 do.
West Middlesex (old shares)	40 per sh.	Russell Ditto	18 18s. do.
Croydon Canal.	19 15s. do.	Surry Ditto	14 14s. do.
Dudley Ditto	50 do.	Beeralstone Lead and Silver	
Ellesmere Ditto	70 do.	Mines	55 pm.
Grand Junction Ditto	200 do.		

WOLFE & Co. 9, 'Change-Alley, Cornhill,

FORTUNE & Co. 13, Cornhill.

PRICES OF STOCKS.

Date.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3 pr. ct. 4 pr. ct. Red. Cons.	Navy 5 pr. ct.	Long Ann.	Onium	Impl. 3 pr. ct.	Impl. Anns	Irish 5 1/2 pr. ct	S. Sea Stock.	S. Sea Anns.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	Exchgr. Bills.	St. Loty. Tickets.	Cons. for ac Nov 2
Nov. 21	216	59 5/8	73 1/2	90 1/2	15	5 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	—	1 Dis.	2 1/2 Pm.	£98. 9s.	59
23	216 1/2	59 1/2	73 1/2	90 1/2	15	5 1/2 Pm.	56 1/2	—	—	—	—	163 1/2	2 Dis.	2 1/2 Pm.	Ditto	58 1/2
24	216 1/2	59 1/2	73 1/2	90 1/2	15	5 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	163	2 Dis.	2 1/2 Pm.	—	58 1/2
25	216 1/2	59 1/2	73 1/2	90 1/2	15	5 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	163	2 Dis.	2 1/2 Pm.	—	58 1/2
26	216 1/2	59 1/2	73 1/2	90 1/2	15	5 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	—	2 Dis.	2 1/2 Pm.	—	59 1/2
27	217	59 1/2	73 1/2	90 1/2	14 1/2	5 1/2 Pm.	56 1/2	4 1/2	8 1/2	63 1/2	—	—	2 Dis.	2 1/2 Pm.	—	59 1/2
28	—	58 1/2	73 1/2	90 1/2	14 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1 Dis.	2 1/2 Pm.	—	59 1/2
30	—	58 1/2	73	90 1/2	14 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	2 Dis.	2 1/2 Pm.	—	59 1/2
Dec. 1	216	58 1/2	73	90	14 1/2	4 1/2 Pm.	55 1/2	4 1/2	—	—	—	—	4 Dis.	2 1/2 Pm.	—	59
2	216 1/2	58 1/2	73	90 1/2	14 1/2	4 1/2 Pm.	55 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	6 Dis.	2 1/2 Pm.	—	59
3	216 1/2	58 1/2	72 1/2	90 1/2	14 1/2	3 1/2 Pm.	55 1/2	—	—	Shut	—	Shut.	5 Dis.	2 1/2 Pm.	—	56 1/2
4	216	58 1/2	73	90 1/2	14 1/2	5 Pm.	55 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	5 Dis.	2 1/2 Pm.	—	56 1/2
5	216	Shut.	73 1/2	90 1/2	14 1/2	5 Pm.	—	4 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	2 1/2 Pm.	—	59 1/2
7	—	—	73 1/2	Shut.	15	5 1/2 Pm.	56 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	6 Dis.	5 Pm.	—	59 1/2
8	218	—	75 1/2	91 1/2	15 1/2	8 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	—	7 Dis.	2 1/2 Pm.	—	59 1/2
9	—	—	75 1/2	92 1/2	15 1/2	7 1/2 Pm.	57 1/2	4 1/2	—	—	—	—	7 Dis.	Para 5 Pm.	—	59 1/2
10	218	—	75 1/2	92 1/2	15 1/2	7 1/2 Pm.	57 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	5 Dis.	2 1/2 Pm.	61 1/2	61 1/2
11	218	—	75 1/2	93 1/2	15 1/2	8 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	—	4 Dis.	2 1/2 Pm.	61 1/2	61 1/2
12	—	—	75 1/2	92 1/2	15 1/2	8 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	—	4 Dis.	2 1/2 Pm.	61 1/2	61 1/2
13	—	—	75 1/2	92 1/2	15 1/2	7 1/2 Pm.	57 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	4 Dis.	2 1/2 Pm.	61 1/2	61 1/2
15	219	—	75 1/2	92 1/2	15 1/2	7 1/2 Pm.	57 1/2	—	—	—	59 1/2	—	4 Dis.	2 1/2 Pm.	61 1/2	61 1/2
16	—	—	76 1/2	93 1/2	15 1/2	7 1/2 Pm.	58 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	6 Dis.	5 Pm.	61 1/2	61 1/2
17	223 1/2	—	77 1/2	94 1/2	15 1/2	10 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	60 1/2	—	6 Dis.	2 1/2 Pm.	62 1/2	62 1/2
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THE
Repository
 OF
ARTS, LITERATURE, COMMERCE,
Manufactures, Fashions, and Politics,
 For FEBRUARY, 1813.
 VOL. IX.

The Fiftieth Number.

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2. DITTO
3. DWARF TABLE
4. DESIGN FOR A GOTHIC HALL
5. LADIES' OPERA DRESS
6. ——— MORNING DRESS
7. ALLEGORICAL WOOD-CUT, WITH PATTERNS OF BRITISH MANUFACTURES
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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We earnestly solicit communications (post paid) from the professors of the arts in general, as well as authors, respecting works which they may have in hand. We conceive that the evident advantage which must accrue to both from the more extensive publicity that will be given to their productions through the medium of the Repository, needs only to be mentioned, to induce them to favour us with such information, which shall always meet with the most prompt attention.

Our readers will find, in the present Number, some descriptive observations on the great north-western entrance of the metropolis at Tyburn Turnpike, the engraving of which was introduced, by mistake, into our last publication.

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The remarks of an Observer, dated Boston, may be very well meant; but he certainly must know, that, were we to attempt to comply with all similar requisitions, we should soon be reduced to the same kind of dilemma as the poor man and his son with their ass, in the fable. We cannot forbear observing, in our turn, that, had he extended to the interest of others some portion of that solicitude which he feels for his own, he would not have left us to pay the postage of his letter.

The communications of Byronicus are received. We profess ourselves too dull to discover the point of the piece signed Letheus; but the Lover's Dream shall have a place in an early number. Any future contributions, consistent with the nature of our work, will be acceptable.

The Proprietor begs leave to remind such of his Readers as have imperfect sets of the Repository, of the necessity of an early application for the deficiencies, in order to prevent disappointment. Those who chuse to return their Numbers to the Publisher, may have them exchanged for Volumes in a variety of bindings, at the rate of 4s. 6d. per Volume.

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—The suffrage of the wise,
The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

ARMSTRONG.

CONVERSATIONS ON THE ARTS.—By JUNIUS,

(*Continued from p. 6.*)

Miss Eve. I have a cabinet of Grecian and Roman medals, which, at a future time, I shall be happy to submit to your inspection.—There are some of the Augustan age, that I think will merit your particular approbation. I have also Hebrew, Punic, Gothic, and Arabic medals. I observe that the heads on the best medals are in profile. Much historical knowledge may be obtained from medals.

Miss K. Yes; the best ancient medals, as you observe, represent the face in profile. It is remarkable that, till about the end of the third century, when all the arts of design were declining, there is not to be seen the head of a single Roman emperor with a full face. They always appear in profile, which gives the view of a head that

possesses intelligence, something very majestic, and is at the same time best suited to the dimensions of a medal. Besides this, it shews the nose and eyebrows, with the several prominences and fallings-in of the features, much more distinctly than any other kind of figure. On the coins and medals of the Lower Empire, we have abundance of broad Gothic faces, like so many full moons. Among those of the moderns, too, are some of both sorts, though the finest are made after the antique. In the next place, we find the figures of many ancient coins rising up in a much more beautiful relief than those on the modern. This, too, is a beauty that fell with the grandeur of the Roman emperors; so that we see the face sinking, by degrees, in the

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MISS K. Yes; the best ancient medals, as you observe, represent the face in profile. It is remarkable that, till about the end of the third century, when all the arts of design were declining, there is not to be seen the head of a single Roman emperor with a full face. They always appear in profile, which gives the view of a head that

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gradual declension of the empire, till, about Constantine's time, it lies almost even with the surface of the medal. After that period, it appears so very plain and uniform, that you would think the artist considered the flatness of a figure as one of the greatest beauties in sculpture.

Ancient medals are either of higher or lower antiquity: the former consist of such as were struck before the end of the third century of the Christian æra; the latter, of such as were struck between the third and ninth centuries. The ærugo of ancient medals adds greatly to their value; it is sometimes found of a blue, sometimes of a crimson, and sometimes of a violet colour. It is said to be inimitable by art; for, as to that produced by vinegar and sal ammoniac, it comes far behind it in beauty. The genuine sort insinuates itself, better than any enamel, into the finest strokes of the letters, without effacing them. This is only observed on brass coins; for, as to those of silver, the ærugo destroys them, and therefore ought to be carefully scowered off with vinegar or lemon-juice.

Modern medals are those struck within the last 500 years. Some authors imagine that the ancient medals were used for money, not excepting even the medallions; others maintain, that the medals now extant never had any currency as coins. It is probable that the medium between these two opinions approaches nearest to the truth, and that some were current as coin, and others not.

Here are some very excellent verses by Pope, occasioned by Addison's *Treatise on Medals*.

See the wild waste of all-devouring years!
How Rome her own sad sepulchre appears,
With nodding arches, broken temples spread!
The very tombs now vanish'd like their dead.
Some feel the silent stroke of mould'ring age,
Some hostile fury, some religious rage:
Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,
And Papal piety, and Gothic fire.
Perhaps by its own ruins sav'd from flame,
Some buried marble half preserves a name;
That name the learn'd with fierce disputes
pursue,

And give to Titus old Vespasian's due.

Ambition sigh'd; she found it vain to trust
The faithless column and the crumbling bust;
Huge moles, whose shadow stretch'd from
shore to shore,

Their ruins perish'd, and their place no more:
Convinc'd, she now contracts her vast design,
And all her triumphs shrink into a coin.

A narrow orb each crowded conquest keeps:
Beneath her palm here sad Judæa weeps;
Now scantier limits the proud arch confine,
And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile and
Rhine;

A small Euphrates through the piece is roll'd,
And little eagles wave their wings in gold.

The medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
Through climates and ages bears each form and
name:

In one short view subjected to our eye,
Gods, emp'rors, heroes, sages, beauties, lie.
With sharpen'd sight pale antiquaries pore,
Th' inscription value, but the rust adore.
This the blue varnish, that the green endears,
The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years.
To gain Pescennius one employs his schemes,
One grasps a Cærops in ecstatic dreams.
Poor Vadius, long with learned spleen driv-
vour'd,

Can taste no pleasure since his shield was
scour'd;

And Curio, restless by the fair-one's side,
Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.

Theirs is the vanity, the learning thine:
Touch'd by thy hand, again Rome's glories
shine;

Her gods and godlike heroes rise to view,
And all her faded garlands bloom anew:
Nor blush these studies thy regard engage,
These pleas'd the fathers of poetic rage;
The verse and sculpture bore an equal part,
And art reflected images to art.

Oh! when shall Britain, conscious of her
claim,

Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame?
In living medals see her wars enroll'd,
And vanquish'd realms supply recording gold?
Here, rising bold, the patriot's honest face,
There warriors frowning in historic brow

Then future ages with delight shall see
How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree;
Or in fair series laurell'd bards be shewn,
A Virgil there, and here an Addison.

Then shall thy Craggs (and let me call him
mine)

On the cast ore another Pollio shine;
With aspect open shall erect his head,
And round the orb in lasting notes be read:—
Statesman, yet friend to truth, of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear;
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend:
Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
And prais'd, unenvied, by the muse he lov'd.

Miss Ere.

Beneath her palm here sad Judæa weeps.

Judæa is often represented as a woman sitting on the ground lamenting, and the palm-tree shews that palms are the growth of that country. The Jews have suffered many afflictions, and have now no place among the nations that they can call their own. Jerusalem, though fallen from its ancient lustre, deserves attention. Her kings, her princes, her temples, were once the most magnificent in the world. This city was destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar, Vespasian, and Titus, who slew above 1,100,000 persons. Julius Severus, lieutenant to the Emperor Adrian, slew 580,000 Jews, laid waste their country, and the ruined cities became habitations for wild beasts. The captive Jews were transported into Spain, and thence exiled again, about the year 1500 of the Christian æra.

Miss K. In which interval the country was inhabited by other people, and, about the time of the Emperor Constantine, embraced the Christian religion: but in the reign of Phocas, the Persians overran the whole country of Palestine, inflicting unheard-of tortures on

the Christians. No sooner were they delivered from this yoke, than they fell under the still more severe scourge of the Saracens, under Omar, who were long afterwards expelled by the Turks. At length the Christians of the West sent an army for the recovery of the Holy Land, under Godfrey of Boulogne, who made an absolute conquest of it, and was elected King of Jerusalem. In the 89th year of that kingdom, and during the reign of Guy, the Christians were entirely driven out of Palestine by Saladin, the Sultan of Egypt, whose successors held it till Selim I. Emperor of the Turks, in 1517, added the Holy Land, together with Egypt, to the Ottoman empire. It is now governed under the Grand Signior, by two sangiacks, subordinate to the Pacha of Damascus, one residing at Jerusalem, the other at Naplous. The country is now for the most part inhabited by Moors and Arabs, those possessing the vallies, these the mountains; some few Turks, many Greeks, with other Christians of all nations, and some Jews, who inherit no part of the land, but live as aliens in their own country. The Jews have suffered much persecution in this and other countries, yet we find in the Scripture, that God declares them to be his peculiar people.

Addison, speaking of medals, says, that they shew us the faces of all the great persons of antiquity; and that a cabinet of medals is a collection of pictures in miniature. We here see the Alexanders, Cæsars, Pompeys, Trajans, and the whole catalogue of heroes who have, many of them, so distinguished themselves from the rest of

mankind, that we almost look upon them as of another species. It is an agreeable amusement to compare, in our own thoughts, the face of a great man with the character which authors have given of him, and to try if we can find in his looks and features either the haughty, cruel, or merciful temper that discovers itself in the history of his actions. We find, too, on medals, the representations of ladies, who have given occasion to whole volumes, on account only of a face. We have here the pleasure to examine their looks and dresses, and to survey at leisure those beauties that have sometimes been the happiness or misery of whole kingdoms. Nor do we only meet with the faces of such as are famous in history, but of others whose names are not to be found except on medals. Some of the emperors have had wives, and some of them children, that no authors have mentioned. We are, therefore, obliged to the study of coins, for having made new discoveries to the learned, and given them information of such persons as are to be met with in no other kind of records.

Miss Eve. It is humorously observed, that many antiquarians value themselves upon being critics in rust, and will undertake to tell you the different ages of it by its colour. Some of these are possessed with a kind of learned avarice, and endeavour to collect hoards of such money only as was current among the Greeks and Romans. Several of them are better acquainted with the faces of the Antonines than of the Guelphs, and would rather count a sum in

sesterces than in pounds sterling. I have heard of one in Italy, who used to swear by the head of Otho. Nothing can be pleasanter than to see a circle of virtuosos about a cabinet of medals, descanting upon the value, rarity, and authenticity of the several pieces. One takes up a coin of gold, and after having well weighed the figures and inscriptions, gravely observes, that if it were brass, it would be invaluable. Another falls a ringing of a Pescennius Niger, and judiciously distinguishes the sound of it to be modern. A third desires you to look well at the toga on such a reverse, and asks whether you can, in conscience, admit the sleeve of it to be of the true Roman cut. I have heard of an antiquary who, when discriminating between ancient and modern medals, would, among other trials, lick a coin with his tongue; and when laughed at for this, answered, with much vehemence, that there was as much difference between the relish of ancient and modern brass, as between an apple and a turnip.

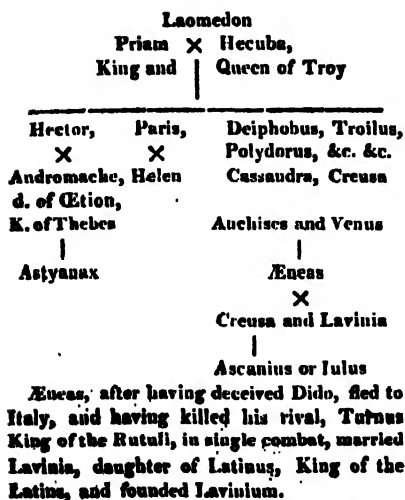
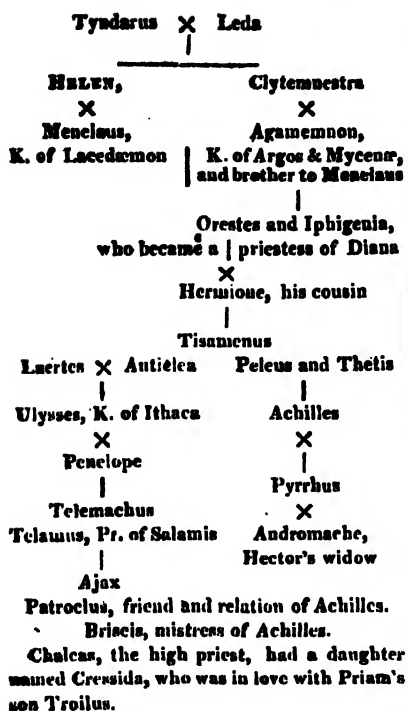
Miss K. The knowledge of medals has most of those disadvantages that can render a science ridiculous to such as are not well versed in it. Nothing can be more easy than to represent as impertinences any parts of learning that have no immediate relation to the happiness or convenience of mankind. When a man spends his whole life among the stars and planets, or lays out a twelvemonth on the spots of the sun, his speculations, however noble they may be, are very apt to fall into burlesque. But it is still more natural to laugh

at such studies as are employed on low and vulgar subjects. What curious observations have been made on spiders, lobsters, and cockle-shells; yet the very naming of them is almost sufficient to turn them into raillery. It is no wonder, therefore, that the science of medals, which is charged with so many unimportant parts of knowledge, and built on such mean materials, should appear ridiculous to those who have not taken the pains to examine it; yet, even in the most trifling parts of this study, the intelligence which it affords is interesting. Should any one, with gravity, advance that, without the help of coins, we should never have known which was the first of the emperors that wore a beard, or rode in stirrups, he would run the risk of turning the science into ridicule; yet it is certain that there are a thousand little impertinences of this nature, very gratifying to curiosity, though perhaps not very improving to the understanding. To see the dress that such an empress delighted to be drawn in, the titles that were most agreeable to such an emperor, the flatteries to which he lay most open, the honours that he paid to his children, wives, predecessors, friends, or colleagues, with the like particulars to be met with on medals alone, is certainly not a little pleasing to that inquisitive temper which is so natural to the mind.

Miss Eve. I am very fond of dates. I am thoroughly convinced of the great utility of the study of medals. I know that a depth of research in this science contributes much also to the formation of a

great artist; and that the most celebrated names in the highest departments, owe great obligations to the study of medals. It is judiciously observed, that chronology, geography, and biography are the eyes of history. A Jew rabbi, one of those who wear such long beards, took some trouble with me, in early youth, to instruct me in the Jewish history, religion, manners, and ceremonies. There are people of all sorts among the Jews, as among other nations: some are, indeed, very liberal, benevolent, and learned; others are bigotted, superstitious, and stupid; while the bulk form different classes between these extremes. Because I am one of the richest Jewesses, I am treated on this account with great respect by many, especially the meanest minds; for wealth and rank, as it is called, are the sublime of weak minds. There are three girls about our age, named Levi, Solomons, and Da Costa, with whom I am particularly intimate, that possess qualities strongly entitled to love and respect. They are also very beautiful and genteel, and have a taste for dress, that is to say, so far as it combines the elegant and simple. I will introduce you to them: they will know how to appreciate the advantage of your acquaintance: they have no bigotry, no prejudice; they look upon all mankind as the children of one great benevolent father, and whether with Jew, Christian, or Mahometan, they shew none of those prepossessions so common to ordinary minds.

Miss K. This is the way in which I first began to study Homer.



Romulus, the founder of Rome, was said to be descended from **Æneas** and **Lavinia**;—hence the star **Venus** on the Roman coins.

Miss Eve. I think you are right. This method of beginning gives a general idea that extremely enlightens the mind on the subject.

Miss K. The destruction of Troy

is said to have happened 1184 years before the Christian æra. A little more than 400 years after this event **Romulus** and **Remus,** the founders of Rome, were born; and about 400 after the building of that city, **Alexander the Great** came into the world.

Alexander was a great promoter of the arts. **Dryden's** poem, entitled *Alexander's Feast*, is one of the finest pieces in the English language; and **Thais** firing **Persepolis**, by **Reynolds**, is one of the most spirited pictures painted in this country.

Apelles, the prince of painters, was a great favourite with **Alexander the Great.** He is said to have conceived a passion for **Campaspe**, the beautiful and fascinating mistress of **Alexander**, whom the monarch had presented to him, and from whom he is supposed to have copied his **Venus Anadyomene.** It is observed, that the particular characteristics of **Apelles** consisted in grace and in knowing when he had done enough; that he surpassed all who went before him, and did not leave his equal in the world. **Alexander** strictly commanded, that no other master should presume to paint his portrait; that none but **Lysippus** of **Sicyon** should cast his statue in brass; and that **Pyrgoteles** only should engrave his image on gems and precious stones.

Miss Eve. How highly our antiquaries would value **Pyrgoteles' gems!**

Miss K. Antiquaries do not consider either the material or the size of the coin, medal, &c. but the scarcity of the head, or the reverse, or the legend. Some medals are common in gold, but very rare in copper; while others are very rare

in silver, but common in gold and copper. The reverse is sometimes common when the head is singular, and some heads are common whose reverses are very scarce.

The Greek medals are the most ancient. Those struck about the time of Alexander the Great have a design, accuracy, force, and delicacy that express the minutest parts with such neatness, and the whole together is so excellent, that they are very superior to the productions of the Romans or any other nation. Well may Reynolds say, "These have been the fathers of modern art, and when they cease to be studied, art will again relapse into barbarism."

The ancients seem to have had more prudence than the moderns in the care they took to perpetuate the memory of great actions. They knew that medals of silver and gold might fall into the hands of the covetous or ignorant, who would not respect them for the device they bore, but for the metal of which they were made. Nor were their apprehensions ill founded; for it is not easily imagined, how many of these noble monuments of history have perished in the goldsmiths' hands before they began to be collected by the learned men of the last three or four centuries. Inscriptions, victories, buildings, and a thousand other pieces of antiquity, were melted down in those barbarous ages when people thought that figures and letters served only to spoil the gold that was charged with them. A medallist looks upon this destruction of coins with the same feelings as a scholar considers the burning of the Alexandrian library, and would be content to compound

for them with the loss of a Vatican. To prevent this destruction as much as possible, the ancients placed the greatest variety of their devices on their brass and copper coins, which are in no danger of falling into the hands of clippers, or of being melted, till the general conflagration of the world. Modern medals, on the contrary, are mostly in silver or gold. There is a gold one of Philip II. at Vienna, which weighs 22 pounds, and which probably will not be able to keep itself long out of the furnace when it leaves the emperor's cabinet. There is another, in the King of Prussia's collection, that contains three pounds weight of gold.

The ancient gold medals are the least numerous, consisting of not more than 1000 or 1200 of the imperial. Those of silver comprehend about 3000 imperial; and the brass or copper of the three several sizes, the great, the middle, and small, amount to 6000 or 7000, all imperial. There are medals very scarce in some sets, and very common in others. There is no Antonia in the sets of large copper, so that the middle copper must supply its place. The Otho is very rare in all the copper sets, and yet common in the silver ones. The large copper Othos are valued at an immense price, and those of the middle copper at 40 or 50 pistoles each; and the Gordians Afric. are rated nearly as high. Unique medals are invaluable.

Vaillant has collected all the medals struck by the Roman colonies; Hardouin those of the Greek and Roman cities; Noris those of Syria. Morel also undertook an Universal History of Medals, and promised

prints of 25,000. He ranged them under four classes. The first contains medals of kings, cities, and people, which have neither the name nor the image of the Roman emperors; the second, the consular medals; the third, the imperial; and the fourth, the Hebrew, Punic, Parthian, French, Spanish, Gothic, and Arabic. He brings the imperial down as low as Heraclitus, and places the Latin in order above

the Greek. Occo, a German physician, and Count Mezzabarba, have endeavoured to range the medals in chronological order, but that is impracticable; for on many of the imperial medals there is no mark either of the consulate or of the year of the reign; and few of the Roman medals since Gallienus bear the least traces of chronology.

JUNINUS.

DR. GOLDSMITH.—A VISION.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

THE other evening I was belated in a coffee-house not a thousand yards from the north door of St. Paul's cathedral. The regular customers had begun to retire, the waiters were getting drowsy, the candles seemed in the same humour, and in all the twelve boxes there were only five persons remaining. The dull hum of the watchman, drawling out *Pa-ast le'v'n o'clock*, did not rouse me from the lethargy that had stolen upon me in the course of five pages of an old pamphlet, and so near was I to a slumber, that I actually dreamt I saw Dr. Goldsmith sitting on the opposite side of the table in the same box with me. His wig seemed to have been well powdered in the morning, but his literary buffetings through the day had signally disordered it, so that it looked like the head of a thistle on a windy morning, with half the down blown off, and the rest awry. Finding that I beheld him with reverence and awe, he very complacently (perhaps a little vainly) drew from his pocket a manuscript, and,

after a few common-place interlocutory phrases, unrumpling the leaves as well as he was able, produced to me a series of supplementary letters to *The Citizen of the World*.—"Sir," said he, "here is a paper which I have written *since dinner*, with the view of sending it to the first brother of the tribe whom I may happen to meet to-morrow in want of that essential meal. You know, perhaps, that in my life-time I was so often 'promise-cramm'd,' that I became accustomed to the diet of a 'camelion.'" He said a great deal more in his desultory way, and, as near as I could guess, his drift was, to entreat my attention to a project he had formed for a new Review, on a principle long practised by the booksellers, namely, that of reviewing manuscripts. He said his good friend Arthur Murphy derived no mean part of his subsistence from this honourable and conscientious employment. The principle of the thing struck me: For why, thought I, may not an author submit himself privately to the scrutiny of review-

ers by his own consent, instead of being dragged forth, pinioned, and cut up, against his will? Why may he not avail himself of the suggestions of a critic, and amend his works accordingly, instead of seeing what he fondly deems a complete and perfect performance, condemned and executed? The doctor understood my mental soliloquy, and, encouraged by the sympathy it breathed, hurried over, in his usual uncouth way, the following *tirade* against a critical journal on British literature, which once obtained some celebrity, and lost it by an unfortunate disclosure, of which he unfolded to me all the particulars. But here, sir, I must remind you and your readers, that you are not to understand the following to be the exact words and style of the inimitable Goldsmith. I only give you a report of them, which, if defective, must be pardoned on account of the doctor's *kaköpy* (will that do as a contrast to *orthoëpy*?) and the treachery of my memory.—It was a letter to *Fum Hoam* from *Lien Chi Altange*.

"The present race of English authors, whether historians, philosophers, or poets, is more oppressed than was ever the Spanish nation under the thumb-screws and pincers of the Inquisition. A sect of writers has arisen which threaten to subdue the provinces of literature, and hold them under a subjection a thousand times more slavish than that to which the Prophet of Mecca reduced the burning territories of Africa and the fair fields of Spain. Their operations are as secret, and quite as fatal, as the plots of the Secret Tribunal of Germany, or the machi-

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nations of the Illuminati, who have infected the country in later times. How many buds of genius have they blasted! how many venerable cedars in the forest of literature have they shivered to the very roots! Safe because unknown, audacious because they strike with impunity, and unprincipled because they have no character of their own, they spare neither youth nor talents nor experience. Thou believ'st thou art gifted with a profound knowledge of the human character, that these despots hold their empire by the slightest of all tenures, the infatuation of the victims of their usurpation, and the blind credulity of the people, who stand aloof and look on? The decrees they hurl forth periodically, like tropical tempests, are called *critiques*; they are written like the acts of that light of science, our sublime emperor:—We have no hesitation in saying, that this is the work of a writer utterly ignorant of the subject on which he treats: We recommend to this author to lay down his pen, and betake himself to the rudiments of learning, &c. &c. Thou wouldst suppose that the *We* were a venerable set of schoolmen, in council assembled—no such thing. The *We* is a solitary individual, who sits down in his chamber in London, writes his dictum, and sends it by post to be printed a hundred leagues off. Five or six of these individuals, congenial in spirit and habit of thinking, conspire to form the knot called a Review, in which knot they belabour the writings, brethren of theirs, who are forth in public. Some of the knot is hired out to quarrel with the parties; and a blow is now and then

L

given at hazard, just to try the temper of the public. If the blow gives offence, who cares? for no one knows who gave it. Thou wouldst smile to see the supreme horror with which authors have till lately beheld these pamphlets, and the implicit faith which the nation at large hath placed in them. But the force is nearly over: authors turn reviewers, and cut up another; one attacks the other; till at length a general suspicion prevails, and (in the language of their great poet Shakspeare) 'each takes his fellow for an officer' (that is, a reviewer)."

The doctor ran on; but I inter-

rupted him by wishing he would allow me the pleasure of a farther hearing on the following night.

In venturing to offer this preparatory report of a conversation, I build my hopes on the opinion which Mr. Southey has given of miscellanies such is yours.—"Magazines are excellent for young persons who are beginning to write: they are little fishing-boats, which the buccaneers of literature do not condescend to sink, burn, and destroy." Should this paper please you, a further report of the conversation shall follow it.

Your's sincerely,
DEMOCRITUS MINOR

THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

No. XXIII.

A curious wish which did corrupt their will.—DAVIE.

THE word *curiosity*, as applied to an object, cannot fail to excite an agreeable sensation, as it suggests the desire or expectation of receiving satisfaction or improvement. Thus the *curiosities* of the Tower, or Westminster Abbey, or Salmon's Wax-Work, or Bullock's Museum, offer to different ages and characters a pleasing and useful source of information. But when we apply this self-same word to a disposition of the mind, we do not always feel a similar sensation; and, perhaps, among all the troublesome neighbours with which a studious, inoffensive man may be pestered, *curiosity* is the most disagreeable; and though it cannot be classed among the definitive vices of human vices, its operations are sometimes attended with the most violent and even

fatal consequences. I shall not enter into the examination of those causes which have so generally led to the opinion, that this principle of curiosity, when considered as a failing, is unreservedly applied to the lovely sex. But so it appears to be; and with all my regard for those ornaments of creation called women, and indebted as I am for the chief happiness of my life to one of them, I cannot altogether deny, that there is something more than plausibility in the imputation. I shall not enter into distinctions that may appear invidious or illiberal; but the fact is, that when we speak of a *man of curiosity*, and a *woman of curiosity*, two very opposite characters are generally understood. It marks a spirit of scientific research and enquiry in the one sex; while, I fear, it describes in

the other an anxiety to pry into affairs in which they have no allowable concern themselves. But to proceed a little further on this interesting, but tender topic: there is a similar difference in the terms, a *curious* man and a *curious* woman. The former excites the idea of a person distinguished by some odd peculiarities of character or conduct; while the latter adds nothing to, or diminishes nothing from, the female disposition to which I have already ventured to allude.

The account which the following letter contains, in much simplicity of narrative, and no common testimony of facts in its support, appears to confirm my introductory observations; and I cannot deny the reasonableness of the complaints which accompany it: at the same time, I am fully prepared to receive from any of my fair correspondents such arguments against my present opinion, as their cultivated minds and fascinating pens may be pleased to produce; and shall consider a conviction of my error, under the influence of their reasoning, as an improvement of my understanding, and consequently as an addition to the happiness of my life.

The complaining narrative to which I have alluded, will now be presented to my readers.

TO THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

SIR,

I am a gentleman of studious character, scientific pursuits, and independent fortune. My residence is in a narrow street, in a retired part of the town, which I preferred from the circumstance of a large house and handsome gardens, and some other conveni-

ences suited to my favourite occupation, which the noise and bustle of London could not afford me. But I have now to the subject of my complaint, and the cause of this intrusion upon you.

I have already observed, that the street where I have taken up my residence, and propose to pass some years of my life, is narrow. Indeed, so limited is the breadth of it, that it is no difficult matter for any of its inhabitants, if they should be so disposed, to make themselves acquainted with the concerns of their neighbours.

This leading complaint, Sir, I must beg leave to inform you, that the family who occupy the house immediately adjacent to mine, seem to have little or no employment, but in watching my door, and peeping into the several rooms of my house which front the street. This they do with a regularity and a perseverance sufficient almost to justify a suspicion, that some real and most essential benefit was derived to them from their unremitting vigilance. Indeed, they carry their curiosity to such an extraordinary degree of minuteness, that they are not merely content with flying to their windows whenever there is a rap at my door; but, as my laundry is at the top of the house, they will mount to their garrets to examine the periodical occupations of it. But before I proceed to give a more particular detail of their proceedings, I will endeavour to present you with an account of the parties from whom they originate.

This family consists of Mr., Mrs., and the two Miss Quickhairs; an

old, and a young female servant, with a little smart girl of about ten years of age, who is said to be the grandchild of the elderly domestic, a circumstance on which I make no other observation, but that none of the neighbours believe it, and that the milkman who serves both families, has figuratively declared to my wife's *femme de chambre*, a very chattering kind of body, that the girl is as like the eldest miss as two drops of cream. But this by the way.

Mr. Quicksight is an elderly man, of a respectable appearance; his good looks seem to be at least as old as his dress, which dresses rather smartly for his age and state of life. The two Misses Quicksights have little to boast as to wit or beauty, but they are very attentive to the changes of fashion, and constantly appear in all the cuts and colours of it. Our Kitty Pry, whom I have already mentioned, and who will sometimes tell a bit of news of our neighbours, in spite of the continual prohibitions of her mistress, positively asserts, that they make all their dresses themselves, which I think is much to their honour, though probably they may not be of the same opinion; but however that may be, they never fail to be the smartest figures in the chapel which we frequent, and from whose morning duties they never absent themselves.

The father of this family is seldom at home; he goes out soon after breakfast, and seldom returns till the hour of dinner; and within an hour after his meal, he issues forth again, rather better dressed, as it may be supposed, to some evening club or coffee-house. They

sometimes have company, and whenever that is the case, their windows are thrown open to let their neighbours see the preparations that are making, and the quantity of plate that is brought forth on the occasion, and in no common abundance. Kitty Pry says, that Mr. Quicksight has been a silversmith, and that this display is the remains of his stock in trade. She also has been informed, that at these entertainments a journeyman watchmaker officiates as a servant out of livery. This talkative minx has also another pretty little opinion, which is, that this poor man must be glad to get out of his house, as she is sure he has a terrible life among them; for that on Sundays they stuff out his pockets with their prayer-books, and, if it looks like rain, they send him forward with all their umbrellas.

As for the ladies, against whom I have to make my complaint, their principal employment seems to be that of watching every circumstance without my house, and, as far as their penetrating eyes can reach, every thing that passes within it. If my door is saluted with a single rap, it is a summons for one or other of them to come to the window; but if the signal should be of a more gentlemanly sound, then the two misses never fail to appear; and if a coach should stop, then the mother is sure to be of the party. It was but yesterday that I happened to be at the window, when the carriage of a noble lord who sometimes does me the honour of a visit, stopped at my door, with a petition at it that thundered through the

neighbourhood. This important event happened at the moment when the Quicksights were at dinner; and the whole family instantly appeared at the windows, and, as it seemed, in such haste, that they came with their mouths full of meat; so that they continued, father, and mother, and misses, looking with all their eyes, and chewing with all their jaws, at least till the arrival of my visitor drew my attention to a better object. It might be almost supposed that a kind of sympathetic impulse existed between the knocker of my door and the heads of these opposite neighbours of mine. But this curiosity never gave me any concern; my wife, who is a woman of superior understanding, used sometimes to pity the folly of it; and we never considered this idle attention to our concerns with the least sense of displeasure, till, from a particular circumstance, I began to suspect, and some subsequent, as well as very peculiar information convinced me, that an envious malignity was blended with their over curious attention to us.

It has long been a practice with me to give an handsome dinner every Sunday to my literary friends, and I seldom have less than a dozen persons of learning and science at my table on that day: but as my invitations are not particularly addressed to men of fashion and fortune, but to those who are distinguished by intellectual eminence; and as it too frequently happens, that such persons are not so much the favourites of Plutus as they are of Apollo, and not so attentive to exterior appearance as to interior attainments, my visitors

are sometimes, in their figure and fashion, not exactly suited to the fancy of young ladies, who judge of a man from the cut of his pants, loops.

Sunday, therefore, was a day of great curiosity to the Quicksight family; and as my company arrive, they make their observations, let loose their shoutings, and indulge their laughter, in a way that is not only unpolite, but actually illiberal and indecent. One of my particular friends, whom I see frequently, and can never see too often, at my weekly table, is unfortunately very deformed; but those who know him, lose all sense of the imperfection of his figure in the perfection of his mind. It came to my knowledge, very accidentally, that in the last spring, when these misses had thrown open their windows for a more complete indulgence of their reigning propensity, they offered their insults, and indulged their mockery, on this excellent man's unhappy shape, with so little reserve, that it must have reached his ears, as it did those of every casual passenger. He probably pitied their folly, and forgot it; for it was not from him that I received the intimation of such unfeeling ribaldry.

I was not without a sense of resentment at this abominable conduct, but I thought that a complaint to the offending parties would rather gratify their malignity than remedy the evil, so I let it pass, and continue without any apparent attention from me. My life, I thank Heaven, is too happy to be disturbed, and my pursuits too important to be interrupted, by such ignorant vagaries. I have, however, lately discovered, that these idle,

silly, vulgar people, not only watch every action of me and my family, count and observe upon every person who comes to my door, but that they make regular minutes of every thing they see, in a daily register; and accompany these curious items with such observations as may be suggested by their low minds, uncultivated understandings, and envious dispositions.

It so happened that my baker, who also serves the Quicksights in that necessary capacity, received a cake from the little girl in that family, with orders to bake it with great care. It was closely covered with a sheet of paper, and the baker happening to see my name upon it, shewed it to my cook, whose curiosity induced her, very unceremoniously, to strip the *gâteau* of its clothing, and hurry into the kitchen; where its contents underwent, I need not say, a very severe examination; for it was discovered, that the servants were treated with as little reserve as their master and mistress. This paper proved to be a loose sheet of the *Quicksight Diary*, which had thus accidentally come into the possession of the very persons who were certainly not intended to have been favoured with the perusal of it.

I shall hope to amuse you with a specimen of this extraordinary family journal.

"THE BONHAMS.

"*Saturday*, May 1. — Nobody called all this morning but tradesmen, who seemed to have very *dun-*
ning faces. Some people had better lay down their coach, and pay poor honest people what they owe them.

"Mrs B — went out in her

carriage at one: she looks very mild, and gentle, and all that: but I much doubt her gentleness; for the children, who are charming little cherubs, look, poor things, as if they were very ill treated. — Ordered to drive to Kensington Gardens. To be sure we must appear to be persons of fashion!

"Not a creature called during the evening. — A pretty stupid *tête-à-tête*, I'll warrant you.

"*Sunday*. — The Bonhams all walk to church, with their servants in their cock'd hats and best liveries. — A pretty deal of pride with all this humility!

"Sunday is the grand dinner day: a fine Christian way of keeping the Sabbath, with their stuffing, and guttling, and drinking! — Their usual ragamuffin company came from four till five. The ordinary succession of rusty black coats, shabby hats, and oil-skin umbrellas. A gentleman arrived late, very well dressed; the coach very handsome — who can he be? — The lady with him a fashionable-looking woman, rather handsome; but if she does not paint red and white, I don't know the colour of chalk and brick-dust. — Who can these people be? The company staid late: as *Fusty Bonham* had, for once, got a gentleman to dine with him, he was determined to keep him as long as he could.

"*Monday*. — The cook scolded the baker for at least five minutes. I'll be whipped if that woman does not drink.

"A coach with a mitre came about two, with a fine looking man of a bishop. I'll be shot if I should not like to be confirmed by him. How come *Fusty Bonham* to be acquainted

ed with a bishop?—He must be some distant relation; for we saw him very plainly in the drawing-room, take the two children upon his knees, and fondle them. He must be a good-natured, delightful man! O heavens, how I do wish to be confirmed by him! Looked into Debbrett's Peerage, to see the coats of arms of the bishops, to discover who he is: found him to be an *Irish* bishop. O dear heart!—well I do think that I would go to Ireland to be confirmed by him.—He staid two hours.—I'll be hanged if I have not found it out:—Fusty Bonham is an Irishman.—*Mem.* Mrs. B——'s woman talked with the bishop's servant for three quarters of an hour, by our clock, through the rails of the area. She had a word or two also for the coachman; but she has a word or two for any body.

"*Tuesday.*—Nobody called this morning, but a milliner with a band-box. She looked as if she did not like to leave it without the money. About three, a lady arrived in a handsome post-chaise and four, with a woman servant and two riders.—On entering the drawing-room, how Fusty Bonham did kiss her! and then he drew the curtains. The port-boy at the Dragon says, it is Bonham's sister, arrived from Yorkshire: but I will not believe it; brothers don't kiss sisters in that way.

"*Wednesday.*—*Mem.* Neither butcher, nor butterer, nor fishmonger, has called at the B——'s this week. They have of course been living for these three days on the remains of Sunday's dinner. Some people may be satisfied with a good dinner once a week, so that they ride in their coach the other six."

I shall trouble you, Mr. Spectator, with none more of this *curious* manuscript, without suffering my country to be affected by such ignorant and worthless people, I cannot help considering their conduct as a nuisance, which ought to be removed. Now, as there is no method of presenting them by a grand jury, suffer me to present them in this manner to you; and I am confident that you will receive the acknowledgments of many others besides those of

Your obliged, humble servant,
AUGUSTUS BONHAM.

I cannot, Mr. Spectator, resist calling your further attention to a circumstance which took place within a couple of hours after I had written the rough draft of the foregoing letter.

Being in my laboratory, pursuing some chemical experiments, a smart young man was introduced to me on the part of the Quicksights. He stated, that he lately made acquaintance with that respectable family, and had a very tender interest in the happiness and honour of the young ladies, by one of whom he was received as a lover; and that she had been very much insulted and distressed by one of my servants, who, from one of the upper windows in my house, had exposed a part of himself which ought to be kicked as long as a foot could be found to kick it. In short, he came to inform me, that he was an attorney, and had received instructions from Mr. Quicksight to proceed against me. I knew nothing of what had happened, and assured him, it was without my approbation or connivance; at the same time, I did not hesitate to observe, that the

ACCOUNT OF THE RUSSIAN EMBASSY TO CHINA IN 1805.

‘continnal’ gazing and ‘inquisitive’ faces of the Quicksight family from every window in the house, was equally unpleasant to me; I also added, that it would be a curious question for a court of law to determine—what parts of the human body it was illegal to expose from a window, as eyes might be as offensive as any other portion of it. He said, he loved Miss Wilhelmina Quicksight, and would not suffer her to be insulted while he had power to take out a writ in her defence. I observed, that he certainly proved himself a very fond and generous lover, as the first present he made to the lady and her family, was that which he most valued himself, a litigious and expensive suit

at law. My gentleman was now beginning to be impertinent, when, as I was about my chemical process, by which I could, without any danger, cause a considerable explosion, I immediately produced a very serious bounce; when the attorney instantly burst out of the room, darted through the street door, overturned a baker’s basket into the dirt, tumbled himself into the gutter, and sought, amidst filth and fear, the condolence and cleansing attention of Miss Wilhelmina Quicksight. Of the threatened prosecution I have heard nothing, but I understand that the baker has summoned the attorney to the court of conscience for the injury done to his bread.

ACCOUNT OF THE RUSSIAN EMBASSY TO CHINA IN 1805.

SINCE the mission of Lord Macartney to China, we know of no European power that has sent a formal embassy to that country, except Russia; and the circumstances connected with the embassy of the last-mentioned country, as well as its result, are so little known in England, that we gladly avail ourselves of an opportunity put in our power to gratify the curiosity of our readers on a subject of, we flatter ourselves, considerable general interest; especially as the great work of Dr. Rehnann, who accompanied that embassy, is not yet completed, and may, to judge from its probable extent and graphic magnificence, not be presented to the public for some time to come.

We have been favoured with the

perusal of a late, but extremely scarce tract, from St. Petersburg, containing an account of the Russian Embassy to China, by an eyewitness; and in presenting our readers with the following extract, containing the substance of that little work, as far as we deemed it interesting to an English reader, we could not omit some of the author’s observations on the character and conduct of certain individuals connected with the embassy, since the very result and failure of that diplomatic enterprise, is ascribed to those persons who bore the most conspicuous share in it; and since we have been assured by authority we have no reason to doubt, that our author’s statements, in that respect, are by no means exaggerated.

Since the year 1762, when the Empress Catherine II. put a stop to the Russian caravans which every three years regularly proceeded to Peking, the Russian trade with China was carried on in the two frontier towns, Kiachta and Maimatshin, of which the former belongs to the Russian, and the latter to the Chinese empire; and the same channel of commercial intercourse has continued to this day, with casual interruption, but upon the whole with increasing success.

In the year 1804, the Governor of Irkutsk, Mr. De Kartwelin, in making the tour of the southern governments under his charge, arrived at Kiachta; and his curiosity to see the commercial town of Maimatshin, induced him to pass the Chinese frontier incognito. But the Chinese having received an intimation of his journey, sent two officers of rank to meet him at the frontier, and to pay him every attention due to his high station. In his intercourse with these and other persons of distinction at Maimatshin, he was informed, that the court of Peking felt surprised at the lapse of time since a Russian embassy had appeared in China; that this was considered as a proof of indifference and unfriendliness on the part of Russia, as the Chinese government felt conscious of having given no cause for the interruption of the former amicable footing between both countries.

The substance of this conversation was, by Mr. De Kartwelin, communicated to the cabinet of St. Petersburg; and the Emperor Alexander, who, since his accession to the throne, has ever lent a

willing ear to any suggestions tending to add to the lustre of his benevolent reign, and to improve the condition of his subjects, immediately determined upon sending a magnificent embassy to China, the purport of which should be, to impress the Chinese with an adequate idea of the power and opulence of Russia, to obtain an advantageous treaty of commerce, and, if possible, to prevail on the cabinet of Peking to give up the river Amur, against an equivalent in money, or a territorial compensation in some other quarter.

The greatest efforts were made by several grantees of the first rank, to obtain the appointment as chief of this embassy. Count Golowkin, chief master of the ceremonies, proved the successful candidate. This nobleman is represented by the author of the account of the present embassy, as a man possessed of a considerable fund of various knowledge; combining, with a promising and imposing exterior, the charms of witty conversation and refined breeding; but his talents for business, and for the intricacies of diplomacy, are rated by the same author very moderately; while he expatiates on the unbounded vanity and love of splendour, which he describes as the leading feature in his character, and as his sole motive for courting the appointment to so important a mission.

This passion of the count's appears to have been amply gratified by the munificence and liberality of his sovereign. His suite consisted of three hundred persons, including a number of young sparks of the best families (whose wild

pranks during the mission are, so-
 verely animadverted upon); of se-
 veral literati, interpreters, dra-
 goons, Cossacks; and of fourteen
 musicians of the emperor's chapel,
 who were probably intended to as-
 sist the count's diplomatic opera-
 tions with the grave mandarins by
 the charms of sweet sounds. The
 presents destined for his imperial
 majesty, consisted of costly furs,
 looking-glasses, mirrors, glass chan-
 deliers, clocks, curious watches,
 &c.: and here our author observes,
 waggishly, that the great number
 of looking-glasses probably pro-
 ceeded from the count's supposing
 the Chinese as vain as himself.
 But what is worthy of remark, is,
 the success with which the trans-
 port of them was attended, not-
 withstanding the immense distance
 from St. Petersburg to the Chinese
 frontier, and the dreadful roads
 across the Oural and Baikal moun-
 tains. The carriages for their con-
 veyance are stated to have been of
 the most ingenious construction,
 and persons were expressly ap-
 pointed to hold the glasses by
 ropes in every passage of any dif-
 ficulty.

We ought likewise not to omit,
 that the count's choice of first secre-
 tary fell upon Mr. De Baikow, one
 of the gentlemen of the emperor's
 bedchamber; since our author as-
 cribes to him principally the failure
 of the embassy, observing, that,
 although Mr. De B. was not desti-
 tute of what the French call *esprit*;
 a prominent feature of his charac-
 ter answered to another French
 word, for which, fortunately, our
 language has no perfectly adequate
 expression—we mean *étourderie*.

In May, 1805, the embassy left

St. Petersburg, and proceeded by
 Moscow, Casan, Perm, Iecath-
 erineburg, the Barabinski Steppes,
 Tomsk, Krasnoyarsk, Nishney-
 Udinsk, to Irkutsk; from whence,
 after being joined by a number of
 persons that had received their ren-
 dezvous in that Siberian city, it
 once more set out on its way to
 Kiachta, across the Baikal moun-
 tains. As soon as the embassy ar-
 rived at Kiachta, the general, or
Wann, commanding the stationary
 military camp of the Chinese, on
 the banks of the Tuba, *Junedon-*
dorski (a brother of the present Em-
 peror *Dzia-Zinn*) dispatched the
 commandant of Maimatshin to wel-
 come the embassy, and to ascertain
 the number of persons it was com-
 posed of; for Junedondorski had
 been charged by the emperor, to
 receive the ambassador and his
 retinue, and conduct them to the
 imperial residence.

It is an invariable custom with
 the Chinese to defray every ex-
 pence of an embassy they receive
 from foreign sovereigns, from the
 moment it sets foot on their terri-
 tory, not only as far as regards the
 means of conveyance, but also in
 the article of living, nay even, in
 clothes, if they are denuded.
 Hence we need not wonder at the
 objections which were started on
 the score of the numbers of Count
 Golowkin's suite, which, consider-
 ing the great distance to Peking,
 must have entailed an enormous
 expence on the Chinese govern-
 ment. One hundred persons were
 the utmost the deputy of the *Wann*
 declared admissible. The count,
 on his side, persisted on the in-
 tegrity of his original numbers: This
 question, already, led to a nego-

ciation of two months duration, which terminated in the concession of 28 additional individuals. This failure in the outset greatly soured the ambassador's disposition, and lowered his sanguine expectations considerably. The time, however, of the two months stay at Kiachta was spent in a variety of festivities, amusements, and frolics among the gay members of the embassy. The poor Mongolian town was attempted to be converted into a second St Petersburg: the count had his court-days, his body guards in the anti-chamber, and received very inferior Chinese officers in his gala dress. The diplomatic youths found their pastime in the pleasures of the bottle, relieved by that of the chase; which latter proved extremely fatal to the house-dogs at Kiachta, almost the only game they slew in their nightly excursions.

The Chinese have a most laudable habit never to discuss two distinct points at the same time. The count, imagining by his acquiescing in the reduction of his travelling suite, to have removed every further obstacle, was on the point of giving orders for the departure; but two grave Chinese now made their appearance, to enquire if the ambassador consented to conform to the ceremonial required on occasions like the present. The count, unwilling to produce a second negotiation, which might lead to another and perhaps much greater delay, bethought himself of a guarded reply on this question. His answer was, *that he would perform the points of ceremonial in the same manner as had been done by former Russian ambassadors.* The Chi-

nese were agreeably surprised by so unexpected a compliance on the part of the count. They required no more; for, it is more than probable, that the former Russian ambassadors, rather than fail in the object of their mission, had had prudence enough to submit to the Chinese etiquette of prostration, and discretion enough not to say a word about it on their return. Be this as it may, the promise unwarily given by the present ambassador restored good-humour on both sides; the Chinese general instantly sent a courier to the Tribunal of Uraiges at Peking, with the joyful tidings that the Russian ambassador would make no difficulty in submitting to the *Ka-tou* (a ninefold contact of the forehead with the floor), and fixed a day for the departure of the embassy.

On the day appointed, the whole train, after assisting at a *Te Deum* (a favourite holy function of the Russians), paraded through the streets of Kiachta with the greatest possible display of pomp, the military under arms, bands playing, cannon roaring, &c. and then set out on their important journey. On reaching the frontier, salutes of cannon were exchanged on both sides, and the Russians hailed with joy the sight of Muimatslin, the first Chinese town through which they were to pass, but through which unfortunately they did *not* pass, for the following remarkable reason:—In front of the gates of every Chinese town a high wooden screen is invariably erected, which prevents a sight of the interior street, and of course admits only a side entrance by going round the screen. Now,

although the track of diplomacy is seldom what is called straight forward, Count Golowkin insisted on entering the gate of Maimatshin in a direct line, pleading the inconvenience, or perhaps impossibility, of his carriage clearing the screen in the curvilinear track required for this operation. The commandant of Maimatshin was therefore requested to have the screen removed. Unluckily for the count, the Chinese attach to these screens a variety of superstitious notions, one of which is, that they ward off evil influence from abroad. Hence we may readily account for the refusal our ambassador met with on this head, a refusal which offended his dignity so much, that, in order not to appear to give way to Chinese whims, he, on *his* side, declined to go through the town at all, and, as the Chinese afterwards philosophically observed, instead of making the required small curve round the screen, he now made the great circle of his own, round one half of the town.

* In their progress for several days through Chinese Tartary, the gay beaux of the embassy were exposed, not only to severe cold, but to privations of various kinds; no warm food during the whole of the day, and no other shelter in the night than the felt *Yurts* of Mongul Tartars, whose horses were far too wild and unbroken to go into the shafts of the fine European carriages belonging to the embassy. These, therefore, were conveyed in a remarkable manner. Ropes were fastened to the carriage, and attached to a large transverse bar, which the Tartars, on horseback, held before them; and thus them-

selves, rather than the horses, drew the carriage.

In this way the mission at last reached the great frontier camp (*urga*), commanded by Junedondors, the frontier *Wann*, or general above-named; so completely, however, out of humour by the constant delays, want of European comforts, and severe fatigues, that every individual wished himself back at St. Petersburg, and had already conceived a rooted contempt towards every thing Chinese. Hence, a sumptuous breakfast which the *Wann* sent them by way of welcome, was not thought worthy of the gentlemen's palates, but, in presence of the Chinese officers who had accompanied the present, delivered to the voracious appetite of the Cossacks and musicians. This was, and not with injustice, considered as an unpardonable insult on their liberality and hospitality.

Although the camp, or *urga*, was still about 140 geographical miles from Peking, a few days after the arrival of the embassy, a government courier arrived with a reply from the Tribunal of Usages, to the *Wann's* report of the proffered compliance of the count's with the Chinese ceremonial. These couriers, although they never change their horses, proceed with great celerity, there being always two who travel together, so that if an accident befalls one, the other takes the dispatch and goes on. The tribunal appears to have entertained strong suspicion of the sincerity of the count's declaration; to remove which, and to put his professions at once to a trial, the dispatch received by the *Wann* contained an order

to give to the ambassador a solemn and sumptuous entertainment before the throne of the emperor in the *argæ*, in order to ascertain whether

or not he would perform the *Kæten* before the throne. "

(*The conclusion is the same.*)

MISCELLANEOUS FRAGMENTS AND ANECDOTES.

OSSIAN.

MR. WHITAKER agrees with Macpherson, as Gibbon observes, that the Caracul, son of the King of the World, said by Ossian to have fled from the arms of Fingal, was Caracalla, the son of Severus. At the same time Mr. Gibbon adds, "That the son of Severus, known only by the appellation of Antoninus, at the time of the Caledonian war, should have been called by Ossian by a nickname, invented four years after, and scarcely used by the Romans till after his death, is a strange circumstance."—See vol. I.—XII. p. 232.—Surely it is more; it is a strong argument for the spuriousness of the poems.

The author of the *Essay on the Principles of Translation*, says, that Mr. Macpherson's translation of Homer in prose, "is valuable, as containing a most perfect transfusion of the sense of his author; but he has generally adopted an inverted construction of words, which is incompatible with the genius of the English language." His reviewer, in the *European Magazine*, vol. xxiv. p. 279, Oct. 1793, adds, "He has generally suppressed all those *appellative epithets*, as we may call them, which are perpetually recurring in Homer, and are so strikingly characteristic of him; though the same recurrence appears in his own *Ossian*, and though one of those

epithets, *hippodamos*, is exactly correspondent with *car-borne*. He has thus, in spite of authority, given up the very principle on which he undertook this translation."

Now does not this circumstance afford a strong presumptive argument against the authenticity of Ossian? If Mr. Macpherson forged the poems of Ossian, he would naturally look to Homer as a guide, and borrow from him this characteristic circumstance; but when he came to translate Homer, conscious of the theft himself, he would suppress these epithets, lest the resemblance should lead the reader to say, "This is the source of Ossian—Ossian was evidently copied from Homer." On the contrary, had he merely translated the Ossian of ancient times, he could not have avoided the reflection, that this coincidence was a strong argument in favour of the authenticity of the Gaelic poems; for the language of two poets of similar genius, writing in the same stage of society, would naturally be the same in its leading features, only modified by local circumstances.

JOHN DE MABUSE.

The old and well-known adage, "Necessity is the mother of invention," was never perhaps more curiously exemplified than in the following anecdote of John de Mabuse, a celebrated Flemish painter of the fifteenth century.

lities, procured him an excellent patron in the Marquis de Vèren, for whom he painted several fine pictures, from whom he received a pension; but unfortunately being very much addicted to drinking, no sooner was he in possession of his money, than he spent it in gratifying this inclination. The Emperor Charles V. intending to pass a day with the marquis, great preparations were made by him to receive and to entertain his illustrious guest according to his rank. No expence was spared, by which he might increase the splendid appearance of his establishment. His servants and principal officers had new dresses; and those of the latter class (amongst whom was Mabuse), as a mark of distinction, were to consist of white damask. When the person who was deputed to make the dresses, came to Mabuse, to receive the necessary orders, the painter, under pretence of inventing some new and singular costume, kept the stuff. No sooner had the robe-maker departed, than Mabuse sold it for wine. But as he was obliged to appear on the arrival of the emperor, he made a robe of white paper, and painted it in imitation of the damask; and when the procession of officers was arranged, Mabuse passed with the rest under a window at which the court was seated. The peculiar beauty of his dress immediately attracted general notice; and at dinner, when (as was the custom) Mabuse waited at table with his fellow-pensioners, it was again carefully examined by the emperor, and still more admired. The only person to whom he confided his secret

happened to be present, and observing the attention which he gained, informed the marquis of his contrivance. The latter immediately presented Mabuse to the emperor, and explained the deception.—Charles was much amused, laughed heartily, and highly commended the skill of the painter.

BLANK VERSE.

The late Lord Orford thought blank verse so easy to compose, that he said, "He wondered how a man who had ever begun to make it, could possibly be tempted to leave it off." This remark includes pretty strong praise. But Cowper, whose poetical genius cannot be disputed, and whose experience in writing both in rhyme and in blank verse, was extensive, found blank verse more difficult to compose than rhyme. Probably, however, Cowper had the talent of rhyming so as to render it comparatively easy to him; and to compose good blank verse requires considerable care and attention, though a man whose ear is well attuned to it, will write it with much more facility than another. Besides, the very faculty of rhyming that Cowper possessed in so high a degree, would be an additional difficulty to him when writing verse, from which rhyme was to be wholly rejected. Be this as it may, I cannot but agree with that excellent critic, Dr. Blair, when he says, "The boldness, freedom, and variety of our blank verse, are infinitely more favourable than rhyme to all kinds of sublime poetry."

MONEY.

What is the cause of the cheapness or dearth of the necessaries of life? It is a favourite maxim, that all things will find their level; and

that the price of commodities of every kind will be proportionate to their abundance or scarcity, compared with that of money, or the general circulating medium, and the demand from population. Is not this questionable? Malta, under the knights, appears to have abounded with money, to have been extremely populous, and to have required extraordinary exertions to render its soil productive, which still could not furnish a supply adequate to the consumption: yet the necessities of life, and even luxuries, appear to have been cheap there. How was this? We read of immense treasures, and almost unbounded expence in jewels, dress, pictures, statues, architecture, and every article of luxury, in places, and at times, in which the necessities of life appear to have been beyond comparison cheaper than with us. All these facts are in contradiction to the maxim cited above.

RHYTHM—METRE

Twining, in a note to his translation of Aristotle's *Poetics*, 8vo. vol. II. p. 142, says, that we have no English word answering to the *rhythmos* of the Greeks so well as *time*; and for this he quotes Harris. At p. 230, however, he has the following quotation from Aristotle's *Rhetoric*:—"In prose composition there should be rhythm, but not metre—for then it will be a poem." Does ~~not~~ our word *cadence* answer to ~~rhythm~~ here? and will it not ~~wherever~~ *rhythmos* occurs? *Time* is equivalent to *metre*: the difference is, we employ the word *time* when we refer to music, *metre* when we speak of verse.

READING VERSE.

Some modern critics maintain, that, in reading poetry, we should

not use what I believe Sheridan calls the suspensive pause at the end of a line. Similar critics apparently existed in Shakspeare's time; and the punctuation of the prologue in the 5th act of his *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, was no doubt designed to hold up to merited ridicule this practice of running one line into another, in reading ~~what the poet~~ intended to be verse to the ear, as well as to the eye.

TIME.

Time is an exquisite statuary: there lies the statue in the block, and Time will strike it out by the collision of circumstances. But, alas! he knows not when to hold his hand! No sooner is it finished, than every stroke of the persevering chisel mars a beauty, till at length one hard blow dashes it to pieces.

WIT.

Wit is the caricature of judgment. The judgment traces the similitudes and dissimilitudes of objects with closeness and accuracy, and nicely balances them against each other. Wit also catches the similitudes and dissimilitudes of objects, but it is in the remotest parts, and frequently in distorted views, where few would have looked for them, though all acknowledge the likeness or disparity, when thus exhibited. Hence it gives pleasure by surprise, while it either really or seemingly extends our knowledge; and it is commonly flat, unless it comes upon us suddenly.

MOLL FLANDERS.

Was not Diana, the daughter of ——— Beaucherk, who married Baron Moll, of Flanders, the Moll Flanders of De Foe?

THE CONSULTATION.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

BEING the other day at the house of a lawyer, a friend of mine, I was permitted to be present at a consultation on a subject that appeared to me not a little curious. It is my opinion, that a good citizen ought not to withhold any thing capable of affording instruction or amusement to the public; I am therefore induced to send you the particulars of this affair, lest the knowledge of them should be confined within the circle to which they immediately relate.

The persons who came to consult my friend were two brothers, who, though not wealthy, had much greater reason to be thankful to Fortune than to Nature; for the latter had treated both like a real step-mother. The elder was deaf almost from his birth, and the younger was blind; so that between them they had but two ears and two eyes that could perform any service. This was not enough; and such too was the reflection that occurred to a neighbour whom chance had given them. This neighbour was an original, of whom I must take some notice, as he acts an eminent part in my story. He is not exactly an oculist, nor a physician, nor a surgeon, but he is all three at once, and a great many things besides. Though of no profession, yet there is no science in which he does not dabble. He never sees a sick person but he feels a desire to cure him;—not from any interested motive, for he would rather pay his patients, if they required it; nei-

ther from a spirit of benevolence, but merely for the pleasure of the thing.

No sooner did he hear of the two brothers than he conceived the idea of curing them. He first began with saluting when he met them; he behaved to them with the greatest politeness; he seized every opportunity of rendering them any little neighbourly services in his power; he soon stopped them as he passed, and engaged them in conversation; next followed visits of civility; and at length, when he had brought matters to sufficient maturity, he requested to be allowed to cure them, but offered his services with the same anxious timidity that a real lover declares his passion. They were accepted, and what is still more astonishing, this wonderful fellow succeeded in the attempt. What methods he employed, I know not; so much is certain, that almost the very same day on which the younger was restored to sight, the elder recovered his hearing. But what were the consequences of these two astonishing cures?

The junior brother, though blind, had formed an acquaintance with a young woman, who often came to chat with him. Her voice was so agreeable, so fascinating, that he absolutely fell in love with her. She felt a reciprocal passion, and he had reason to think himself happy; for as there was nothing to prevent him from being almost always in her company, he was a stranger to ennui. But, alas! the poor fellow, on recovering his sight, lost all his pleasures at once, because this female,

the tones of whose voice so delighted his heart, was far from handsome either in face or figure. To him, however, she was every thing but plain; his imagination pictured her resplendent with charms; the magic of her voice adorned her whole person with graces. All these illusions are now fled; what he sees spoils what he hears; and he regrets the recovery of sight, which has thus deprived him of all the joys of life.

Let us now turn to the elder brother, who, as I have already observed, was deaf. He also had fallen over head and ears in love; but his mistress bore no resemblance at all to his brother's. You never beheld a more enchanting face or a more elegant figure. He could not hear her, it is true, but so exquisite was the pleasure which he received from looking at her, that he wished for nothing farther. Besides, two sparkling eyes apprized him that he was beloved, and what more did he want to know? In short, he had the satisfaction to think her perfect in every respect, when this sorcerer, by restoring his hearing, enabled him to discover that she was insufferably stupid. He now heard what his mistress said, but he heard only a series of the grossest absurdities. In a word, this cure stripped his mistress of all her beauty; for since the ear heard, the eyes of the lover perceived no charms in her, and all the pleasure that she afforded had vanished for ever.

The two brothers, having mutually communicated their vexations, regretted the happy days when they were yet subject to their respective infirmities. "What fools

we must be," said they one to the other, "to let that cursed fellow take the trouble to make us miserable!" They went to him, and complained bitterly of their cure. They gave full scope to their anger; but their officious neighbour, after remaining for some time profoundly silent and absorbed in thought, at length drily pronounced these words: "So true is it, that by conferring on man additional means of enjoyment, you do not always increase his happiness."

This philosophic reflection, which was quite unexpected, threw the two brothers into a still greater rage. "A pretty way of comforting us truly," cried they, "by retailing your frigid moral reflections, which will never restore to our mistresses either beauty or good sense!"

They left him burning with rage, and ran to a lawyer, to enquire whether they would not be justified in commencing an action for damages against their physician: "for," said they, "he has done us more injury than if he had robbed us of all we are worth in the world." You may easily guess what was the lawyer's answer. He informed them, that the law had not provided a remedy for their case; and the two brothers went away as dissatisfied with him as if he had given each of them an additional sense.

For my part, this adventure suggested to me many important reflections, and I concluded with saying to myself: Gracious God, if I should ever happen to be in the same kind of situation as these honest people, preserve me from physicians!

PLATE 3.—TYBURN TURNPIKE.

THE impression made upon the mind of a traveller on his first visit to the metropolis of England, depends, in no inconsiderable degree, upon the road by which he makes his *entrée*. Should it happen on any of those eastward of the city, the impression would not be very agreeable; long dirty, narrow, crowded streets hail his approach; and the appearance of the passengers that perambulate this end of the town, generally bespeak habits not very flattering to metropolitan pride.

The entrance through Tyburn Turnpike, represented in plate 3, may be considered the grandest passage into our immense metropolis: for although Piccadilly is adorned on the north side with noble mansions, and on the south side with St. James's Park; yet Oxford-street, from its uniform breadth, its commodious and spacious foot-way, and great extent, being one mile and a quarter in length, justly claims the pre-eminence, and is allowed to be one of the finest streets in Europe; the effect of which, when lighted in the evening, is very magnificent.

The spot from which this view was taken, *Tyburn*, derives its name from an ancient brook or bourne, called *Tybourne*, on the eastern bank of which stood a village: here also were the conduits, of great antiquity, being erected about the year 1703, for supplying the city of London with water. The great work, however, projected and finished by Sir John Rennie, the formation of the New River, with its geni-

ous water-engine, in process of time produced a sufficient supply of water, and the chamber of the city, in the year 1703, let the water of these conduits on a lease of forty years for the sum of £700 per annum.

Tybourne brook at this place had a bridge over it, near to which stood an ancient fabric, called the Lord Mayor's Banqueting-House: hither it was occasionally the custom for his lordship to repair, with the aldermen and other officers of the city, on horseback, accompanied with their ladies in waggons, to view the city conduits, performing certain ceremonies, that ended with a splendid banquet. Beneath this edifice were reservoirs for the water supplied by the conduits. This custom having been discontinued for many years, and the building being left to decay, it was taken down in the year 1737.

The improvements that have been made in this neighbourhood within a few years, have added greatly to the beauty of the metropolis. Dust-hills, and the general soil and refuse of the streets, spread over acres of ground, surrounded this spot. These nuisances, and many miserable huts that bespoke the wretchedness of their inhabitants, have given place to a noble row of houses, which are named *Trafalgar*, in honour of the great Nelson. The memory of this hateful battle, which so many years was the price of ignominious death for those who had violated the laws, is obliterated by so grateful a monument to the memory of the patriot and hero who

life had been one uniform series of services to his country, and with whose death his country obtained the highest glory.

The high house with the verandah, is one of the finest for situation in the town, commanding a view of Hyde Park, Kensington Gardens, the river Thames, and a considerable stretch of horizon, comprehending parts of Surry and Kent. Lord Cawdor formerly resided in this house, which contained a fine collection of antique marbles, pictures, and other works of art. His lordship has long ranked

amongst those noblemen who have distinguished themselves by their munificent patronage of the fine arts.

In one of the houses, a short distance from this, resided that pattern of conjugal fidelity, Lady Dacre, whose affectionate regard for the manes of her much loved lord, during several years of widowhood, together with her goodness of heart, her general benevolence, and amiable eccentricities, will cause her name to be long remembered with admiration and esteem.

THE WITCH-FINDER.

AMONGST the many now obsolete offices once held necessary by the wisdom of the rulers of our country, for the preservation of peace and quiet amidst its worthy people, and to protect them from the machinations and mischievous pranks of that wicked race of preternatural beings, ycleped witches and wizards, was included that of the WITCH-FINDER. It is clearly due to the memory of those useful and active servants of our forefathers, to rescue their merits from oblivion; as it is owing to their vigilance that we can venture beyond our thresholds by owl's light, without peril, or can sleep in our beds undisturbed by the obtrusive visits of the "midnight hags."

At what period of the world these malignant intruders first bestrode their wooden brooms and journeyed through the air, or navigated the Northern Ocean in their "sieves," or other equally sea-worthy vessels,

to form a colony on our island, it would be vain now to enquire;—this epoch is not recorded in our oldest chronicles. But that they made incursions into Scotland many centuries ago, is certain, for we have the authority of the gravest Scottish historians in evidence of the fact.

Hume tells us, upon the authority of King James I.—and who will feel inclined to doubt royal authority? particularly as this monarch was a scholar and a "Defender of the Faith," that witches did molest his reign; and James's *Book of Demonology* sets the question beyond a doubt, even in the mind of the sceptic.

This enlightened historian, Hume, relates, that James, after being disappointed of the eldest daughter of the King of Denmark, was constrained to solicit the hand of the young princess her sister. He still found obstacles from the intrigues of Queen Elizabeth, who,

merely with a view of interposing delay, proposed to him the sister of the King of Navarre, a princess much older than himself, and entirely destitute of fortune. His impatience, however, broke through all the politics of Elizabeth. The articles of marriage were settled with the object of his desire; the ceremony was performed by proxy, and the princess embarked for Scotland, to meet her expecting spouse, but was driven by a violent storm into a port of Norway.

This tremendous tempest, and some others that happened about the same time, were *universally believed*, in Scotland and Denmark, to have proceeded from a combination of Scottish and Danish witches; and the dying confessions of the criminals were supposed to put the accusation beyond all controversy.

The description of these disturbers of good people's repose, as given by Spenser, Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, and others, would savour of poetic fiction in our days, now that the foreign intruders have quitted our shores, had we not upon record the trials of these malignant sprites, these busy workers of malice, who caused innocent babes to suck pins and crooked nails from the nurse's breast; who carried man and horse not only out of the road, but over houses and steeples; and who tempted the midnight mariner to toss himself headlong into the boiling sea.

Sir Matthew Hale, and many other enlightened and upright judges, have left us memorable examples of what may be done by a vigilant police. These formidable

pests were hunted out, and brought to justice, were hanged and burnt, and the country was at length cleared of them and all their mischiefs.

Matthew Hopkins, of Manningtree, who was *witch-finder* for the associated counties, hanged in one year no less than sixty reputed witches in his own county of Essex.

Granger, although a very interesting writer, and an amiable man, had his prejudices, and it is evident was no proselyte to King James's *Dæmonology*, nor a believer in the existence of witches. This author says, "The old, the ignorant, and the indigent, such as could neither plead their own cause, nor hire an advocate, were the miserable victims of this wretch's credulity, spleen, and avarice. He (Hopkins) pretended to be a great critic in *special marks*, which were only moles, scorbutic spots, or warts, which frequently grew large and pendulous in old age, but were absurdly supposed to be teats to suckle imps. His ultimate method of proof was by tying together the thumbs and toes of suspected persons, about whose waist was fastened a cord, the ends of which were held on the banks of a river by two men, in whose power it was to strain or slacken it. Swimming, upon this experiment, was deemed a full proof of guilt, for which the *sage* King James, who is said to have recommended, if he did not invent it, assigned a ridiculous reason, namely—"That as such persons (witches) have renounced their baptism by water, so the water refuses to receive them."

Sometimes those who were accused of diabolical practices, tied neck and heels, and tossed in

a pond; if they floated, or swam, they were consequently pronounced guilty, and therefore taken out and burnt; if they were innocent, they were *only* drowned.

But to be serious, who but must feel blessed by living in an age like this, when "The old, the ignorant, and the indigent, such as could neither plead their own cause, nor hire an advocate," in a case affecting life, would have every advocate at the bar struggling for the honourable preference of spontaneously pleading their cause! Or who but must rejoice, even at this distant period, to find, that the gentle experiment of being thus *ducked*, with thumbs and toes tied, was at length tried upon the *witch-*

finder himself, who was subsequently condemned and executed as a wizard!

There are those who delight in praising the habits and manners of former days, and who will contend that little improvement in civilization has been made since the time of Charles I. As a specimen of the state of society in those days, compared with the present, it were sufficient to state, that Dr. Zachary Gray had seen an account of betwixt three and four thousand persons who suffered death for witchcraft, in the king's dominions, from the year 1640 to the Restoration of Charles II.!

(To be continued.)

OBSERVATIONS ON THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF PAINTING IN WATER COLOURS.

(Continued from p. 27.)

IN enumerating the many means by which this new art has attained its present excellence, it would be unjust to withhold the praise due to two ingenious manufacturers, whose improvements in their respective branches contributed to the advancement of painting in this style. Mr. William Reeves, about thirty years ago, turned his attention to the preparation of water colours, and, by his successful experiments, produced the elegant invention of forming them into cakes. Until this period, every artist was obliged to prepare his own colours, which, generally for want of sufficient knowledge of their chemical properties, and leisure to grind and prepare the pigments, gave much trouble, and produced but indifferent success. Indeed, so lit-

tle understood was this necessary branch by the colourmen themselves, that not only the worst colours were manufactured by them, but even these were so ill prepared as scarcely to be fit for use. Reeves's new process of forming them into cakes, at once removed this inconvenience; and he was not only rewarded by the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, but the whole body of professors patronized his invention, and spread his fame, until his reputation of his colours extended over the world, and for many years the sale of them returned immense sums to his manufactory.

Upon this invention others have made considerable improvements, until the preparation of water colours has almost attained perfection.

Shortly after this discovery by Reeves, Whatman produced, at his manufactory in Kent, a paper of a new quality, called vellum paper, which was so superior to every other species, that it at once superseded all other fabrics. Its texture was calculated to receive the water colours, and to bear out with a vigour of effect that the wire-marked paper could never be brought to possess. It must be in the memory of many professors, with what timidity the operation of making a coloured drawing commenced. Outlines were carefully drawn, and the first process was to wash the sky, which was fearfully done; a small blot or sinking of the paper was considered an irremediable misfortune, and many a drawing, that had taken hours to prepare, was in consequence laid aside. This accounts for the recommendation as indispensable in the former lectures upon drawing, for completing the sky as the first operation. If rich and deep colouring was attempted upon paper with the wire-marks, blackness and obscurity were the certain result: and to this cause must be ascribed the prevalence of penned outlines and weak tinting of the drawings, until the discovery of this new paper.

The process of preparing drawings is now fearlessly commenced: the colours are boldly laid; however unevenness may occur in spreading the washes, is rendered even by the sponge, and various other means; and so completely unfettered is the mode of proceeding, that if it be necessary to alter the arrangement of light and shadow, the whole may be subdued with a sponge, and the effect

duced thereby may be an improvement of the picture.

Scarcely had Turner accomplished his first fine works in water colours, when an artist of rival powers appeared in the late Thomas Girtin. In the same year the council-room of the Royal Academy, then first appropriated to the reception of drawings, exhibited the *Caernarvon Castle* of Turner, and the *Beth Gellert* of Girtin, besides other fine works from each of those artists. Turner's works were the most admired for sentiment, and Girtin's for boldness and spirit: yet each adhered so closely to nature, and possessed such original merit, that it became difficult to decide which was the greater genius. The dissimilarity of style, in no small degree, depended upon the paper: Turner preferred the white wove paper, and Girtin the cartridge; Turner united the highest finishing with his beautiful effect, whilst Girtin aimed at effect and colour alone. Many mountainous scenes from the pencil of Girtin have a character of light, shadow, and colour, of unrivalled excellence. Contrary to the practice of the artists who preceded him in his walk, he commonly made his back-grounds dark and grand; and the effect of the mountain perhaps was never so well described as in his works: all his lights of light and shadow were given with the truth of nature. The views of many of our cities, towns, castles, cathedrals, &c. were treated by his pencil in a manner entirely his own; a depth of shadow, a brilliancy of light, and a magical splendour of colour, characterised his drawings, and dis-

played a vigour of inherent genius that promised to raise the art to the highest summit of excellence. In the works of too many artists we perceive only the labour of the hand, but in Girtin the hand was obviously directed by superior mental power and capacity.

The premature death of this highly gifted artist, has left the world of taste to deplore his loss, not only on the score of his talents, but from a feeling of esteem for the candour and generosity with which he communicated all he knew of his art, and the earnest desire which he evinced for its general improvement. After suffering from an asthmatic complaint for nearly three years, Girtin was advised to try the climate of the Continent; and during his visit at Paris, he made a series of drawings of that city, which were etched in soft ground by himself, on his return to England, and aquatinted by the Lewis's, and form a folio work, that will remain a monument of honour to himself and the arts of his country. Not experiencing any benefit from the change of climate, he remained but a few months in France; and it must be lamented, that when there his constitution was so much weakened, as to prevent his making many studies in the open air; and, on his return home, his health so rapidly declined, that he produced but very few works; yet those, to the very last subject, which he left incomplete, betrayed no symptom of decline in his genius, and prove, that although the corporeal part was fast sinking to the grave, the mental part was unimpaired. Girtin died on the 9th of Nov. 1802; at the early age of twenty-seven, and

was interred in the burial-ground of St. Paul's Covent-Garden.

The facility with which this artist executed his coloured studies from nature, surprised all those who accompanied him on his travels, and who witnessed his practice. Perhaps no artist was so little careful in the choice of his materials; any sort of paper, however coarse its fabric, or, however absorbent its texture, was the same to him: and such was the magic of his pencil, that, although it was not uncommon to have a crease intersecting the sky of a finished landscape, in a vertical line, which produced a sinking of the colour that obviously marked so great a defect; yet the world became so enamoured of his beautiful colouring, and stupendous effect of light and shadow, that this carelessness of the artist formed no impediment to the sale of his works.

For some few years previous to the decease of Girtin, a little society was established, of which he was a member, if not the projector, who met alternately at each other's apartment one evening in the week during the winter, for the laudable and friendly purpose of mutual improvement. A slight code of laws was formed for the regulation of the society: one invariable and excellent rule was, that a landscape should be chosen from the descriptive part of some poem, and that each member should produce a drawing from it. The passage to be described, was written upon as many slips of paper as there were members, so that each might have no excuse for a departure from the subject. The ancient and modern poets furnished abundant ma-

materials for the exercise of their talents; and many beautiful sketches, in sepia, or some other powerful colour, were produced on these evenings. The drawings became the property of the member at whose apartment they were made, in regular rotation, by which means each became, in the course of a season, possessed of a valuable portfolio. It should be observed, that their society did not confine its members to professors of the art;

amateurs of taste were interpolated, and visitors were admitted, upon condition of making a drawing for the evening conformably to the existing regulation. The members of this society were, Girtin, Samuel, Francia, Worthington, Underwood, Sir R.K. Porter, Munn, Hayward, Denham, and others, whose works have since contributed to advance this art to its present unrivalled state of perfection.

(To be continued.)

ON COMMERCE.

No. XXVII.

UPON both species of the commerce mentioned in our last as having been carried on by the inhabitants of the Island of Bourbon, the French East India Company levied a tax of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Trade being thus cramped and confined, it is evident, that the inhabitants of this island must hitherto have depended upon the culture of their lands for their chief support: this, together with the breeding of cattle and other live stock, which they disposed of to such ships as occasionally touched there, constituted the whole of their support. It is, however, but reasonable to suppose, that having changed their masters, their condition with respect to commerce will be much ameliorated, and that they will be enabled to extend it, not only to the East, but also to Europe, and many other parts of the habitable globe.

We shall now proceed to the Mauritius, or Isle de France, situated 400 miles to the eastward of Madagascar, and about 60 miles

from Bourbon. It is about 45 miles in circumference; was first discovered, in 1505, by the Portuguese, under Peter Mascaregnas, who were succeeded by the Dutch. The former never made any settlement; but the latter landed here, in Sept. 1598, under Admiral Cornelius Van Neck, who named it Mauritius, in honour of Maurice, Prince of Orange: but it was not until 1644 that they made any settlement; and they continued possessed of it till 1712, when they finally evacuated it. At this time the population of the Island of Bourbon had become too great for its extent, and by this evacuation of Mauritius by the Dutch, an opportunity was offered to them of forming a settlement here, which they gladly embraced, and a number of them landing, took possession of it, and again altered its name to that of L'Isle de France. It was not, however, taken formal possession of in the king's name till 1721, by the Chevalier Fougerey.

Hurricanes occur in this island

as well as at Bourbon, and at the same season, although not always at the same time; neither are they quite so destructive, as the ports afford better shelter for the shipping. These ports are two in number; the largest called Bourbon, or the Grand Port; the smaller Port Louis; and their situation, the one to windward and the other to leeward, affords the greatest facility in going from, or returning to, this island. These ports not only furnish the necessary shelter to the shipping, but also every accommodation for careening, refitting, and equipping.

The shores of the Isle of France, like those of Bourbon, afford ambergris, coral, and shells. Internally, it produces maize in great abundance and perfection; wheat also flourishes here, but its flour (probably from its being carelessly manufactured) is not so white as that of Europe, though it is preferable to it for making bread for long voyages. It also produces barley, oats, rice, and millet. The manioc root is grown here in great

plenty, and has at different times proved of the utmost utility even to the white inhabitants (otherwise it is used only to feed the slaves), when all their crops above-ground have been destroyed either by locusts or the hurricanes. The former of these pests committed horrible devastations at different times, destroying, with their accustomed voracity, all vegetation wherever they came; but, extraordinary as the case may seem, they have not made their appearance during the last forty years. The only reason that has, or indeed can be given, for the extirpation of this plague, is, that a species of martin, a bird providentially, it may with truth be said, and perhaps accidentally, imported hither from India, and which has multiplied to an almost incredible degree, has destroyed the locusts. Thus much is certain, that these birds fed upon them with the greatest avidity at all times, but more especially when just bursting into life, and before they acquired wings.

MERCATOR & Co.

PLATE 12.—FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

A PERFECTLY new and very useful piece of furniture is contained in the plate of the present month: it is a dwarf table, suitable to the library, sitting-room, or boudoir. Its application is to hold books, or the articles of study and amusement, in aid of the secretary or work-table, and is placed on the right of the person so engaged. At other times, it affords an elegant support for vases of flowers, and other useful or ornamental pur-

poses. The top is of marble, and the frame is decorated with or-molu and ebony.

The remaining portion of the plate represents a design for a cabinet. It may be formed of mahogany, satin-wood, or rose-wood, inlaid with brass and ebony: the embossed ornaments are in or-molu.

The interior may be fitted up with shelves, drawers, or in compartments, suitable to the medalist and the antiquary.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

In the press, and shortly will be published, a romance, in four volumes, entitled *Anselmo, or the Day of Trial*, by Miss M. Hill, authoress of the *Forest of Comalva*.

It gives us pleasure to observe, that the public approbation of *The Healthful Cookery-Book, written by a Lady*, confirms the just commendations which we bestowed on it upon its first appearance, and has been unequivocally expressed in the demand for a second edition, which is just published by Messrs. Crosby and Co.

The same publishers have likewise rendered an acceptable service to the rising generation, in presenting it with what promises to become a popular introduction to the study of natural history, under the title of *A Description of more than Three Hundred Animals*, including Quadrupeds, Birds, Fishes, Serpents, and Insects, forming a Compendium of Natural History, confirmed by actual and personal observations; with original remarks, and interesting quotations from ancient and modern authors: to which is subjoined a new and curious Appendix on Allegorical and Fabulous Animals. On an inspection of the contents of this volume, it will be found, that it fully justifies the pretensions here advanced. It possesses the farther recommendation of being handsomely printed, in octavo, and embellished with wood-cuts, executed with such taste and elegance, as to render the work altogether a worthy companion to the productions of the celebrated Bewick.

In the autumn of last year, Dr. Thos. Thomson travelled through Sweden, principally with a view to geological and other scientific researches. He is about to lay before the public an account of his tour; and in the present peculiar situation of this country with Sweden, his political observations cannot fail to excite general interest.

Mr. Alexander Bower will publish, early in March, a *History of the Life of Martin Luther*, with an account of the Reformation in Germany.

G. J. Parkyns, Esq. has in the press, *Monastic Remains*, in two octavo volumes, illustrated by numerous engravings.

Mr. Britton will shortly publish the third volume of the *Beauties of Wiltshire*.

The Rev. J. Hewlett has in the press, in a duodecimo volume, a concise *History of the Jews*; designed for young persons.

Archdeacon Coxw will speedily publish, in three quarto volumes, *Memoirs of the Kings of Spain of the House of Bourbon*, from 1700 to 1788; with an introduction relative to the government and state of Spain; drawn from original documents and secret papers, many of which have never before been published.

Dr. Bradley has a small volume nearly ready for publication, on *Worms and other Animals that infest the Human Body*; with the most speedy, safe, and pleasant means of cure.

In the press, and will be published in the course of the present

season, *A Critical and Satirical Exposition of the Errors and Prejudices of Mankind*, as they have prevailed from time immemorial, and are still cherished by certain classes of society in the present enlightened age; illustrated by numerous anecdotes, calculated to display the folly, credulity, and superstition of ancient writers, and of those persons who have improperly obtained the appellation of philosophers. The translation will be accompanied by elucidatory and general notes on the errors and prejudices of the English, which have escaped the notice of the French author.

The *Culloden Papers*, with a Life of the Lord President Forbes, will shortly be published.

The Rev. Robert Walpole is preparing for publication, *Memoirs of European and Asiatic Turkey*, from the manuscript journals of modern travellers in those countries; in a quarto volume, illustrated by engravings.

Mr. F. Accum has nearly ready for publication, *Elements of Christology*, after the method of Haüy, with or without a series of geometrical models, both solid and dissected; and with plates and wood-cuts.

Mr. Custance, author of a View of the Constitution of England, will publish early in February, *A Popular Survey of the Reformation, and Fundamental Doctrines of the Church of England*, in an octavo volume.

Mr. William Bullock is arranging the materials of a splendid work relative to the most recent Discoveries in Natural History, with engravings coloured from original drawings.

The Rev. H. B. Baber, of the British Museum, has issued proposals for publishing, by subscription, the *Pentateuch in Greek*, from the text of the Alexandrian manuscript. The work will be printed in imperial folio, in the same facsimile manner as the *Psalter* and *New Testament* have already appeared, and be published in three parts.

The Queen's Wake, a legendary poem, by James Hogg, the Etterick shepherd, will shortly be published in an octavo volume.

Mrs. H. Moore has a work in the press, entitled *Christian Morals*.

Mr. Capper is printing a new edition of his *Topographical Dictionary*; in which will be included the population returns of 1811.

A History of Windsor and its Environs, is printing in an imperial quarto volume, and will be accompanied with many elegant engravings.

The Rev. Mr. Eustace's *Classical Tour*, in two volumes, will appear next month. The work is the result of much research and observation, exhibiting a comprehensive view of modern Italy, with its varied beauties of natural scenery, and its numerous works of art; and in which, also, some new light will be thrown upon the language, literature, politics, and character of the Italians.

The lovers of Grecian sculpture must be pleased to hear, that this country will receive a great and important accession to its stores, in a frieze of alto relievo, 100 feet long, found by Messrs. Legh, Cockrell, Foster, Baron Haller, and Mons. Linkt, at the temple of Apollo Epicynthius, Phigalia, evidently

one of the works of Phidias. From the unconnected state in which the different parts were found, the gentlemen who have examined it have not yet been able to unite it sufficiently well to form an idea of the subject; but, from every opinion formed at present, it appears to contain the two subjects, of the quarrel which arose at the marriage of Pirithous with Hippodamia, and the battle between the Amazons and Athenians. Of the former there can be no doubt, since many of the events which there occurred are too remarkable to be mistaken, particularly where the Centaur, Eurythion, endeavours to carry away Hippodamia, and is prevented by Theseus; also the two Centaurs, who are seen forcibly carrying away the virgin, and the youth her lover. The latter subject is more difficult of divination; and the suggestion of its being the above-mentioned, arises only from the persons of Apsiope and Theseus being very conspicuous in the group. The whole formed the frieze of the interior of the Cella, which was of the Ionic order, and the relief is even higher than that of the temple of Theseus. The opinion of its being the work of Phidias, independently of the style of sculpture, is also strengthened by the circumstance of the temple being built by Ictinus, who generally gave the preference to the above sculptor.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

AI-OBQBHAR, &c. or COSSACK LOVE SONG, *an original Russian National Air, translated into English Verse, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte or Harp.*

Price 2s. 6d. Published at R. Ackermann's, 101, Strand, where the Original may be seen.

Such of our readers as have paid any attention to our notices of the few musical publications with which the proprietor of the *Repository* occasionally has presented the public, will do us the justice to acknowledge, that no undue motives have ever guided or influenced our observations thereon. On the contrary, sentiments of delicacy have more than once restrained us from bestowing the full measure of deserved commendation; while, on the other hand, we have had too much regard for the credit of our critical functions, not to point out fairly any faults which happened to fall under our observation; an assertion which, to mention but one instance, we can vouch by our analysis of Mr. Ackermann's *Tyrolese March*, which, notwithstanding the few grammatical flaws of arrangement censured by us at the time, has had so successful a sale as to require a second edition.

Having premised thus much, we feel ourselves more at ease to give our opinion on the publication before us. In the present age of book-making and music-making, it is no small recommendation for a work to be accompanied with a testimonial of its authenticity; and such a testimonial we can the more readily grant to this publication, since we not only have seen the Russian original (both music and words) from which it is taken, but also know the channel through which the publisher has procured it. The air itself possesses that easy melodious originality which

we have at all times found in foreign national songs, and which, like Columbus's egg, *after* having once heard it, we wonder why we could not have produced one equally natural and pleasing. It fully confirms the very favourable statement of several travellers, in regard to the musical ear and disposition of the Russians, and has every characteristic mark of a popular national song: it is short, pleasing, free from all intricacy, and well rounded in its phrases. Any body will readily seize the lively artless melody; and the accompaniment is so contrived, that a six-months player will find no difficulty in executing it. As to the text (a free translation of the Russian words), it is, as the title imports, of an amatory description; and shews, that the rude breast of a Cossack warrior is as susceptible of the softer passion of love, as his arm and aspect have proved terrible to his enemies. In every verse his flame towards the fair Tettiana, whom he courts, is eloquently depicted; and the burden of every verse contains the Russian damsel's chilling rejection in rather uncourteous language:

"Go! get thee, get thee gone! cease, O
cease your am'rous play!—"

"Go, get thee, get thee gone! not one word
have I to say."

But in the last stanza, when the bearded and hardy warrior takes the foregoing advice, and is on the point of seriously departing, Miss Tettiana, on consideration, thinks proper to change her *note*:

"Go, go . . . nay, prithee stay! Hark! one
word have I to say!"

"Bring me but Hymen's ring, and we'll hail
the nuptial day!"

a stipulation so prudent, that we

are sure our fair readers cannot but approve of Miss Tettiana's discretion. No love without marriage—*c'est tout comme chez nous!*

We had almost forgotten to mention a valuable embellishment of this publication. The title-page exhibits a masterly engraving of the Cossack Adonis on his horse, with his formidable lance, &c. We suppose it was meant to represent him in progress towards Miss Tettiana's habitation; but, to judge from his terrible countenance, one would rather think his piercing eye was following some of the "lads of Paris," and that he was devoting them, in thought, to his patriotic vengeance.

"*If the treasured Gold,*" a Glee
for three Voices, composed by J.
Mazzinghi. Pr. 2s. 6d.

This convivial glee consists of two movements in D major, the first in $\frac{4}{4}$, and the last, a spirited finale, in $\frac{6}{8}$ time. It requires but a cursory inspection to perceive the skill with which the author has wrought the three parts into each other: in more than one instance, the three voices fall in successively with the same subject, so carefully contrived as to produce the happiest effect. Of this kind are the passages in the 2d and 3d lines,—4th and 5th,—p. 5, ll. 3 and 4, &c.; and in the 2d line, p. 6, at, "Why should we vainly sigh," the melody, by a clever arrangement, falls into a pause in the chord of B with great effect. The finale, p. 7 et seq. claims equally our unqualified approbation; its *bon-vivant* liveliness, its excellent *canonic* and alternate passages, and brilliant conclusion, cannot fail to interest the common as well as the scientific

ear. To the vocal amateurs, therefore, we can recommend this publication as a means of affording them a rich musical treat.

"*Doubt not, sweet Maid,*" a favourite Song, sung with distinguished approbation at the Theatre Royal Lyceum; the Words by J. M. E. Esq.; the Music composed, and inscribed to Miss Mary Westby, of York-street, by Sir J. Stevenson, Mus. Doc. Pr. 1s. 6d.

The melody of this air is soft and expressive, especially in the commencement, which, however good in itself, is really too often repeated throughout p. 2, especially as that is done without variation. The D, in the last demi-semiquaver of the voice (p. 3, b. 5), is incompatible with the succeeding accompaniment; and the beginning of the 4th page exhibits a very extraordinary modulation: we allude to the descent of the bass towards D, which appears to us a bold stride, greatly exceeding our conception of harmonic licence.

Poor senseless Emma, a Ballad, written by D. A. O'Meara, Esq. the Music by Sir John Stevenson, Mus. Doc. Pr. — (?)

In this short ballad we observe, among some traits which partake of Sir John's usual elegance, others, that operate in qualification of our praise. The F sharp in the bass (p. 2, b. 2,) intended probably to render the accompaniment more select, is out of its place, inasmuch as it produces concealed fifths; plain E would have been much better. Equally objectionable is the accompaniment to the descent of the voice in the latter half of the 7th bar of the same page: in order

to fall in, duly, with the next following inverted chord of A, it certainly ought not to have been accompanied by thirds, which again give rise to concealed fifths. A very different series of chords was in this instance required: even a range of common sixths would have been preferable. The pause on the first syllable of "believe" (b. 11,) is improper.

A Collection of favourite Airs for the Harp, arranged, composed, and dedicated to Miss Chambers, by John Michael Weippert. Price 3s. 6d.

Mr. W.'s well known skill on the elegant instrument for which this publication is intended, is of itself a strong recommendation in its favour. Indeed, on perusing its contents, we have found it a very entertaining miscellany of a variety of short pieces, such as some beautiful airs from the Magic-Flute, andantes, with and without variations, two or three neat waltzes, a good Spanish bolero, a rondo, several preludes, &c. That Mozart's pieces are the best of the collection, is casting no slur on the rest. On the contrary, Mr. Weippert's variations to the air, "The first time at the looking-glass" (especially the third, which possesses much originality), are praiseworthy; the rondo too is pretty, and displays considerable skilful contrivance. With the preludes we are upon the whole equally satisfied, although we must except the first line of the first prelude from our general approbation. A few typographical errors are observable, which, as they are easily found out and corrected, we shall not individually notice.

The Russian Camp, a new Medley Rondo, adapted for young Beginners on the Piano-Forte, by T. Smith. Pr. 1s. 6d.

This trifle is, what it professes to be, a patchwork of scraps from five or six different movements, beginning with a bit of the overture to *La Cosa rara*, and loyally ending with *God save the King*. Upon the whole, it may be recommended to beginners, on the score of its ease, variety, and pleasing nature. The harmonic arrangement, however, even allowing for a laudable aim at simplicity, is not always what it ought to be: in the 3d line, *p. 1*, for instance, where the right hand proceeds to a full cadence upon the contemplated bass of (f, g G, C) the author's left hand erroneously continues the repetition of his pastoral (C g c)—barpeggios to the very end.

The new Overture to the revived Opera called the LORD OF THE MANOR, as performed at the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden, composed and arranged for the Piano-Forte by Henry R. Bishop. Pr. 2s.

Four short movements. The introductory pastorelle in G major sets out with a very sweet melodious subject: the accompaniment, however, of the 5th bar, and of subsequent corresponding ones, we could have wished otherwise; since it produces the effect of successive fifths. The latter part of the pastorelle is highly impressive; indeed the whole movement is a creditable specimen of Mr. B.'s taste. The same praise is due to the succeeding allegretto in G minor; its hardy motive, and the science displayed in the course of its progress, render this an interesting performance.

The descending passage, *l. 5*, bars 4 and 5, might have been more smoothly contrived. We are much pleased with the final chord of the seventh, as the means of a neat transition to the succeeding violin solo, which is graceful and expressive in a high degree. The rondo is sprightly, without any particular feature of originality.

"Ah! can I e'er forget thee, Love," Cavatina, sung by Mr. Sinclair in Ditto, by Ditto. Pr. 1s. 6d.

This is a very beautiful air. Among its several excellencies we will only mention the charming passage expressive of the burden of the song—"Ah! can I e'er forget thee,"—the fine part in the dominant from "*When thy charms,*" &c. and the short pathetic minor, *p. 3*.

The Dashing White Sergeant, sung by Miss Bolton in Ditto, by Do. Pr. 2s.

A most lively military song, full of martial energy, well connected in melody and effectively accompanied. We observed much *éclat* in the passage, "*No, no, no, not I,*" and the burden, "*March away,*" is of determined brilliancy.

"Hark, hark, the merry Peal," a Duetto, sung by Miss Bolton and Mrs. Liston in Ditto, by Ditto. Pr. 2s.

This is an agreeable, simple duet, appropriately supported by the introduction of a set of bells. The melody, which partakes of the "bell"-style, is spirited and gay; some respectable responsive passages are interspersed; and the beginning of the conclusion, at "*While all the burden of my song,*" &c. has a good effect: although in that place, as well as in one or two other instances, we think the second

voice too plainly and monotonously set. There were several opportunities for counter-movement, which, if taken advantage of, would have much improved the complexion of this smart composition.

An Anthem for Christmas-Day, most respectfully inscribed to Dr. John Clarke of Cambridge, and composed by George Guest, Organist of Wisbech, formerly of his Majesty's Chapels Royal. Pr. 3s.

Although we met in this publication with nothing which could excite superior interest on the score of pathos or originality, we must do the author the justice to say, that his anthem is set with propriety, and betrays considerable familiarity with the requisites of sacred composition, independently of its grammatical correctness. Mr. G., like most of the writers of sacred music in this country, up to the present day, appears to tread closely in the footsteps of Handel. This universal adherence to one common standard-model, is probably the cause of the great sameness that prevails in most of our church compositions that have appeared since; many of which exhibit the same plainness and obsolescence of turns as if they belonged to a period of sixty or seventy years ago. Why not study, too, the scores of Mozart, Joseph and Michel Haydn, Graun, Pergolesi, Hasse, and other foreign authors, whose works have immortalized their names on the Continent? To do so, Mr. Latrobe's collection of foreign sacred music may be recommended as a valuable resource for such as have not the means of procuring the complete scores of the classic masters above-mentioned.

Emma's Rose, the Music composed by T. D. Thomas. Pr. 1s.

This little production (in A maj.) impresses us with a favourable opinion of the author's taste; it is plain, yet neat, and the second part, setting out with four sharps, gives a heightened effect to the melody. The accompaniment is not at all times the most apt; the common chord, for instance, is in two or three places adopted in lieu of its inversions, such as p. 3, bb. 5 and 13; and the last E in the bass of bar 3, l. 3, p. 2, had better been D.

MUGNIE'S Grand Overture, composed for a full Orchestra, arranged for the Piano-Forte, and inscribed to Miss Sarah Wilson, by the Author. Pr. 2s.

The effect this overture (an allegro in C) must produce, with a full band, we are enabled to anticipate, by the very excellent arrangement it has undergone for the piano-forte; for the present extract, although by no means crowded, contains, we will venture to say, a faithful condensation of everything essential in the full score. In the two first pages Mr. M. dwells a proper time on his vigorous motive, in both the tonic and dominant, with occasional intermixture of neat obligato passages for the flutes or clarionets (we suppose). P. 4 deserves the careful examination of the student: in the very outset, the author, by a bold, but strictly correct transition, launches from one sharp to four flats; and from thence, after another short solo in the latter key, further proceeds, by a similar chain of original modulation, half a tone higher, to arrive in the key of A natu-

ral, p. 5, in which the same solo passage is repeated. The two last pages (8 and 9) are equally worthy of the composer's investigation; some interesting solos for the wind instruments are powerfully relieved by a range of scientific chords, and after a striking horn passage or two, a rapid succession of a set of wild chords carries the overture to an imposing and brilliant conclusion.

Rondo for the Piano-Forte, "Pray Goody, please to moderate," sung by Mr. Sinclair at the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden, composed by W. H. Cutler, Mus. Bac Oxon. Pr. 2s.

An introductory largo, and a moderato, exhibiting the popular revived air above named, both in F. In the former we observe a steady, regular progress in melody, and some effective crossed-hand passages. The moderato has been put together with care and judgment; some creditable modulations are introduced in the 3d and 5th pages; the part is in D minor, as well as the subsequent digression in D major, and the return to the original key, have our approbation. In the harmonic arrangement, attention has been paid to the convenience of both hands, so as to render this rondo acceptable to players of limited capability. In short, the whole of this publication bespeaks great improvement in style and in compositorial contrivance.

NATIONAL MARCHES, consisting of the most celebrated airs of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, arranged as Standees, or with Variations for the Piano-Forte, and an
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introductory Movement to each, composed by the most eminent Authors. No. XII. Pr. 2s. 6d.

Do. Do. Do. No. XIII. Pr. 3s. 6d.

The twelfth Number of *Musical Chappell and Co's* above-named publication is founded on the Scotch air, "*Down the burn, Davis*," converted into a larghetto with variations, and preceded by an introduction, both from the pen of Mr. Graeff. Considering the difficulty of devising suitable and pleasing variations from a theme which does not modify itself into many protean shapes, we must give Mr. G. great credit for his labour, and for the fidelity with which he has adhered to his subject. But our especial praise is called for, by the two extremities of the present publication. The introduction, an adagio, is scientific, especially the 3d line; and the end of the larghetto bears distinguishing marks of excellence.

The thirteenth Number is by Mr. J. B. Cramer, who has chosen the popular English air of *Dulce Domum* for his subject. The name of the author is a promise of excellence, and accordingly we find all the characteristic features of Mr. Cramer's style in this production:—tasteful expression, and a rich fluency of harmonic arrangement. Witness the pleasing introduction, with its fine running bass passages and fanciful cadence. The air itself is admirably harmonized, and the varied shape in which it presents itself, in the "*Dolce espressivo*," (p. 6.) excites real pleasure by its elegant smoothness. In that place, however, we meet with one bar (l. 5, b. 3,) which has less profu-

sions to our critical patronage. The minor (p. 6,) and the transition to 3 flats, bear the author's masterly stamp; and the subsequent deductions, especially in the last page (which leads to a chaste termination in the original subject), merit our unqualified approbation.

The favourite Spanish Air by Steibelt, with an Introduction, arranged as a Duet for two Performers on the Piano-Forte, by J. B. Cramer. Pr. 2s. 6d.

The Spanish air (in E b) is ushered in by a short allegro maestoso, full of harmonious vigour, and well supported by an excellent second part. The air itself, which many of our readers are probably acquainted with, recommends itself by the originality of its tremulant construction in the treble, accompanied by a bass, imitating the theme in more sober progress. Mr. C.'s share of the labour is worthy of the celebrated rival from whom he has borrowed the subject: the neatness of style, fertility in devising variety, and the adequacy, yet simplicity, of harmony, observable in all that proceeds from Mr. C.'s pen, are merits which likewise attend this performance. The second part is highly effective, and, together with the first, presents no difficulties which ought to deter a moderate player from attempting the execution of either.

A favourite Andante, with Variations for the Piano-Forte, composed by L'Abbé Gelinek. Pr. 2s.

We were much gratified with this production of the reverend author. The theme of the variations is an andante in C minor, of peculiar softness and plaintive expression, especially in the second

part, where some well-placed discords heighten the effect of the minor strain. The several variations which succeed, are alternately in C major and minor, an idea with the novelty of which we are well pleased. Executed by a skilful hand, they will be found attractive in a high degree. In the second variation we have to notice the elegant fluency of the quick passages; the third strikes the ear by its harmonious richness; No. 4 is replete with pathetic expression and scientific modulation; and No. 5 boasts a well devised bass.

A favourite Rondo for the Piano-Forte, composed by L'Abbé Gelinek. Pr. 2s.

Favourite, by all means! To us, at least, this appears as neat, elegant, and skilful a composition as any of the kind we know of. The theme itself is highly delicate and interesting, pretty in the extreme, and the deductions from it are in the best modern style. The various preparations for recurring to the theme are particularly neat; and of the several good modulations we have met with, we will only notice p. 2 at bottom. In the 3d page we remark a beautiful *dolce*, and lower down a capital set of running passages, in counter-movement, for both hands. These, as well as some other fanciful flights, will require an active performer. The conclusion, too, p. 5, is brilliantly wound up.

"To, To, Caruso," or, "Il étoit un petit Homme," the most favourite Ballad in Cendrillon, arranged as a Rondo for the Piano-Forte, with Imitations, by I. L. Dussek. Pr. 2s. 6d.

The recent death of the above-named celebrated composer, cannot but render every new publication bearing his name, doubly interesting; especially, when, like this, it offers such incontrovertible proofs of genuineness. The rondo before us, containing nine very close pages, is reared upon a most original subject, eminently fitted for the scientific superstructure given to it. What a consummate, inimitable bass throughout! what fine fugued evolutions, profound

modulations, such as in *pp. 4, 7,* and indeed every where! What a luxuriance of full harmony, by means of three and four distinct parts assigned to the two hands! and what a beautiful termination, *p. 9!* But all these excellencies, we ought to add, require first-rate executive excellence; no *médiocre* player need to give himself the vain trouble of attempting the performance, except by way of study and gradual practice.

PLATE 9.—ARCHITECTURAL HINTS.

THE design for a Hall, of which the following observations are illustrative, is the first of a series purposed to be given in a few successive numbers of this publication. They are intended to display the decorations of some of the principal apartments of a mansion in the Gothic style. It is presumed, that they may be acceptable to the encouragers of the *Repository of Arts*, as affording hints for works on an enlarged or a contracted scale; and not more on account of the general designs, than as they apply to the arrangement of the parts, and to the suitableness of the furniture.

These designs are submitted to the public with a hope, that they may in some degree further the progress of art; and they are presented with a full conviction, that this object is facilitated by all who demonstrate its principles and unveil its obscurities, since every art is most valued as it is best understood. As sculpture and painting are the handmaids of architecture, so are they immediately affected by all its diversities of state. In the decline

or advancement of a country, architecture is the first to feel their influence, which is quickly imparted to its dependant branches. Indeed, the scions of art are so tenderly constituted, that they flourish only in the summer of a country's success, and are shrinkingly sensitive of the first blast that bespeaks the autumn of its glory.

The artist, in all ages, has, in his search after variety, rather preferred to adopt as models the works of former times, than dared to foster the offspring of his own imagination, although perhaps equally suited to the object, and no less consistent with the principles of art and nature: thus, in our own time, the French style gave way to the Roman, that to the Greek; and as if the earlier ages must of necessity afford purer sources for research, the Persian and the Egyptian have been brought forward, and have failed to supersede those chaste models of harmony and truth that we yet contemplate with admiration, and imitate with respect.

The style of architecture called

the Gothic, has fair claim to be considered as legitimate art, although so long rejected as an adventitious mixture of beauty and deformity. Probably the very term by which it has been known, has done much to injure its reputation, as we may have associated with it ideas of ignorance and barbarism. It is now almost rescued from these calumnies, by the means that have been afforded for the cultivation of its beauties in the vast growth of foreign intercourse, riches, and leisure, which are the ostensible patrons of genius and taste. The greatness of outline, the delicacy of parts, the gracefulness of curvature, inexhaustible variety, and the contrasts of light and shade, in Gothic architecture, afford ample means for those beautiful combinations, which captivate and delight, and which will ever command a large portion of our highest estimation, by the fulness of its powers to interest and to controul the feelings of the human mind.

Modern improvement in the executive department, has greatly diminished the expence of structures in this style of art: the plastic apparatus has done much to supersede the chisel; and the advancement of geology and chemistry has been attended by results in the composition of cements and artificial stones, that have formed an æra in the history of our architecture unexampled in other times. Advantage has been taken, in forming these designs, of the simple means thus afforded, and by which the burthen of expence would be avoided. These and other considerations, however, need not be dwelt upon, as the good sense of every person

who builds, will intimate the propriety of consulting the ability, judgment, and taste, that distinguish the architects of the present day.

Speculations on the origin and progress of this style of art, do not necessarily form a part of these observations; it may not, however, be improper, to introduce a short sketch of its history.

After the Eastern and Western Empires had been overrun by the Goths and by the Saxons, Theodoric, King of the Ostrogoths, restored the city of Rome, and about the year 500, raised a considerable contribution for the purpose of completing this great object.

Of these buildings, however, which the Italians distinguished by the general term *Tedeschi*, or German, there exist no specimens correspondent in character with what is now called Gothic.

The Saxons, we may reasonably conclude, became impressed with the beauties of Grecian symmetry and *cantour*, and endeavoured to ingraft some of those excellencies upon their own former style, rather than abandon it altogether: to this source, then, indicative as it must appear of intellectual darkness, and of the prejudices of education, we may ascribe that reversion and debasement of art so conspicuous in the architecture of the subsequent times.

Of that character of building termed Saxon, many vestiges yet remain; but so debased by a gradual decline of art through many ages, that at this time the vestiges of Grecian excellence scarcely admit of recognition. The columns, nevertheless, are round, have capi-

tals and bases, and the arches are semicircles. Out of this corrupted germ of Saxon artsprang that beautiful and sublime imagery which we call Gothic; and although it may not be so amenable to rule, or so governed in its parts by laws of proportion hitherto understood, as the orders of the Greeks and Romans, it has, notwithstanding, been cultivated in an equal degree by men possessing the most brilliant fancy and soundest judgment.

However slow and uncertain the progress of this art may have been, the enlightened antiquary is enabled to mark the ages of its improvement, and frequently to deduce the means by which it develops its perfections.

The origin of the pointed arch, and the ornaments which decorate the Gothic structures, have afforded abundant opportunity for learned enquiry, and much hypothesis has been indulged upon these subjects.

Intersections of two or more Saxon arches, as frequently seen in buildings of this style, may easily be supposed to have suggested the pointed arch, on which great improvement may have been made by observations amidst groves of trees, which intermix their branches, not unlike to the windows and the vaultings of these edifices. Separated from Grecian models, the designers of these times appear to have sought principles of art in nature herself, and to have taken vegetation for their example. The principal lines, and those which indicate strength and support, are therefore always upright, and mark the peculiar character of Gothic architecture, in contradistinction

to the Grecian and Roman, whose character is composed of horizontal lines.

The ornamental part has evidently been suggested by such plants as have been found in the neighbourhood of these buildings, since they can be traced in most instances to the local plants; and these are generally disposed as in nature, where they trail along the ground, or cling to a fostering tree for protection; the neighbourhood also supplied models for their statuary.

It has been ingeniously observed, that the crescent tracery is of Saracenic origin, having been introduced on the return of the Crusaders from the Holy Wars. It is not, however, necessary to seek it in the eastern part of the globe, when it might have been found in the trefoil, the cinque foil, and the thistle at home.

The riches afforded by the ample revenues of the church, aided by the studies of the enlightened monks, brought this art, by an irregular progress, to so high a degree of perfection towards the beginning of the sixteenth century, that it was said, in an exclamation of rapture, on beholding a building of the Gothic style—"This surely was knit together by the fingers of angels!"

The sun dries up the balmy dews of the heavens, at the same time that it dispels the noxious vapours of the earth: so did the reformation of our national religion despoil and lay waste the architectural genius of the country, at the same time that it spread the light of reason, by dispelling the clouds of superstition. In revolutions so ge-

neral and so extensive, every thing must give way; but it cannot be too severely lamented, that high talent at length joined issue with ignorance and folly: our great architects, Inigo Jones and Sir Christopher Wren, blended and associated with the Gothic, the Roman and the Grecian orders of architecture; seemingly determined to avenge their debasement in the fourth and fifth centuries, by as

completely debasing the Gothic in their own times.

The necessary limits of this publication do not admit the insertion of the observations that relate to the plate of the Gothic Hall. The number of next month will contain them in connection with those of the succeeding design; and as the subjects relate to each other, the descriptions will best appear together.

(To be continued.)

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS.

RUSSIAN WAR.

THE FRENCH ARMY EXISTS NO MORE!—The colossal power of Bonaparte is rapidly crumbling into dust, and ere long, we trust too, will be swept away from the face of the earth. That immense host of veteran warriors, which, under the conduct of numerous, able, and experienced captains, and under the guidance of the (supposed) first military genius of the age, had passed the Niemen in the latter days of June, had, by the superiority of their numbers, overthrown every thing before them, and, with gigantic strides over an extent of upwards of five hundred miles, penetrated into the heart of the Russian empire, and fixed their abode, for a time, in its capital;—that immense force of nearly half a million of men is destroyed or taken, with the exception of a few thousands, who, in the latter days of Dec.—only six months afterwards!—skulked across the Niemen.

Our last monthly report, which reached to the 20th Nov. related the flight of Bonaparte and his

army as far as their arrival on the Dnieper; and, in recapitulating their immense losses thus far, predicted, from the nature of their desperate situation, the ulterior deplorable fate which awaited them, and which we now shall briefly condense into the shape of historical record.

From Smolensk, Bonaparte had intended to reconvert the remnant of his army by the way of Minsk, to Wilna; when, to his astonishment, he learnt, that Admiral Tchichagoff, instead of being fully occupied in repelling the attacks of Prince Schwarzenberg, in the direction of the river Pripecz, had vigorously assailed and driven to the rear the Austro-Saxon corps, left a detachment of his army, under General Sacken, to watch the motions of the Austrian commander, and, with the rest of the Moldavian army, put himself in full march upon Minsk, and was certain to arrive before him, not only there, but perhaps even at Borissov, on the Berezyna, the next river the French had to pass in their retreat.

Upon this fatal intelligence, Napoleon caused the whole of the remnants of the different dispersed corps within his reach, hastily to move in concentration towards Borissov; while he himself, with all the forces still left him, took the same direction from Orsha on the 20th Nov.—But Tchichagoff was beforehand with him. His advanced guard, under Count Lambert, had already passed Minsk, crossed the Berezyna, and arrived at Borissov on the 21st, just in time to prevent one of the above corps, under Dombrowsky, who had hastened thither from Mohilew, from taking possession of the town. This corps, in its attempt to retake Borissov, was completely defeated, with the loss of six cannon, two stands of colours, and 3000 prisoners, and the remainder driven in the direction of Orsha. On the 22d and 23d of Nov. the body of Tchichagoff's army, likewise, reached Borissov, and awaited the arrival of the "*Grand*" army. Including the above prisoners, the sick found in the hospitals at Minsk, and 3000 men taken at Kodonow, Count Lambert had, in eight days, gained 11,000 prisoners. Thus, and by a strong *tête-de-pont*, the main road from Orsha to Minsk was completely cut off for Bonaparte.

In the mean time, the remains of Oudinot's corps, joined to that of Victor (which latter, next to the French guards, was the least broken), had moved likewise towards the Berezyna; and, pretty closely followed by Wittgenstein, who had broken up after them, had joined Bonaparte in his march thither; and the Russian main army, under the commander in chief,

Kutusow (now created Prince of Smolensko by his sovereign), had crossed the Dnieper at Kopyss, in the rear of the "*Grand*" army, on the 25th and 26th Nov.; and its advanced guard, under Generals Miliradovitch and Platoff, immediately set out in pursuit of the enemy. Now the plot began to thicken; destruction stared in the face of Bonaparte on all sides. To pass the Berezyna, with an enemy on his right flank, another on his left, another on his rear, and a fourth in his front, was the momentous question; and, with however severe a loss Napoleon accomplished this difficult object, we must do him the justice to say, that in this *very last* of his military manœuvres in the Russian campaign (perhaps the last of his earthly career!) he once more displayed the talents of a great captain. Finding his attempts to force Borissov fruitless, he manœuvred on various points on the left bank of the river; while, as if by enchantment, two bridges were thrown across at Studentzy, only 13 *wersts* (7 or 8 miles) from Borissov, and a *tête-de-pont* of 30 pieces of cannon erected in defence of the passage, and another on the right bank. This was done on the 26th. During the 26th, 27th, and 28th, the French troops passed: Victor's corps, however, forming the rear-guard, and protecting the baggage, was, ere it reached the bridge, come up with on the 27th by Wittgenstein and Platoff, and not only completely defeated, with the loss of 67 officers and 3000 men prisoners, in the first instance, but so separated by the activity and skill of Platoff, that full one half

found themselves cut off from the passage, and compelled to surrender, to the number of 7800 privates, 224 officers, 19 colonels, and lieutenant-colonels, Generals Blamont, Canins, Elert, and Bilier, and their commander, General Partonneaux. —On the next day (28th), Count Wittgenstein marched to Studentzy, and attacked such of the French under Victor as had not yet crossed; while Tchichagoff, on the other side, assailed those that had made good their passage. But according to the reports of the two Russian generals, carefully compared with the French accounts, we are disposed to think, that the issue of this twofold contest was upon the whole favourable to the French. By sending back reinforcements to Victor, the attacks of Wittgenstein were successfully resisted; and Tchichagoff, in accounting for the little impression *he* made on *his* side of the river, asserts that the French collective force then amounted to 70,000 men in fighting condition. This statement was probably overrated in some degree; at the same time, it ought to be considered, that the draft of the army left behind at Slonym, under General Sacken, must have greatly weakened Tchichagoff's force, and rendered him less able to dispute the passage of the Berezyna. Upon the whole, however, a candid judge, on considering the extreme difficulty and danger Bonaparte was in at that critical moment, will allow, that he extricated himself better than could have been supposed. As may be imagined, the greatest part of the enemy's train and baggage was left behind; and Count Wittgenstein states the number of

waggons seized to have been so great, as to cover an extent of ground of nearly a square mile, in the closest contact.

In short, with the sacrifice of nearly 20,000 men, killed, wounded, and prisoners, the greatest part of his baggage, and some cannon, Bonaparte cut his way through the Russian armies in the passage of the Berezyna, left all his enemies behind him, and pursued his march towards Wilna, closely pressed by the different Russian armies.

THE TWENTY - NINTH FRENCH BULLETIN, dated Molodetchno, 3d Dec. the farewell record of Napoleon's mischances, relates the events just recited—*à la bulletin*, it is true; but with sufficient frankness to acknowledge, that this army, which entered Russia with 60,000 cavalry, and 1200 cannon, had lost its cavalry and its artillery; and that for the protection of the august person of the emperor, it had been necessary to club the officers' horses, in order to form a "sacred squadron" of a few hundred men to rally round his majesty. But this safeguard, it seems, was not sufficient to inspire the hero of the age with confidence in his personal safety. At Smorgony, about half way towards Wilna, Bonaparte abandoned this devoted army to its fate (5th Dec.), and having named Murat generalissimo of the still "grand army," fled, with the rapidity of lightning, in disguise, and under the assumed name of Duke of Vicenza, not to Warsaw, or Dresden, or Cassell, or Mentz, or Strasburg—(the tiger thinks himself safe in his den only)—to PARIS, where he arrived on the 18th December. His flight, as may be imagined,

did not better the situation of his little army. The miserable remnants of the once formidable host were now hunted down like wild beasts by Tchichagoff, Wittgenstein, and Platoff.—The late arrival of five Gottenburg mails, which, after a detention of many days, reached England at the usual time of the close of our Political Retrospect, prevents us from giving a digested detail of the pursuit of the French to Wilna. The work of destruction was again carried on wholesale: and as the sum total is a clear minus of about 35,000 men more, out of perhaps 60,000 that crossed the Berezyna, leaving an *ostensible* balance of 25,000 that may have escaped from Wilna, it scarcely matters to sum up the daily losses, amounting to that total of rapid diminution.

A Bavarian corps, in its march to join the grand army, was attacked, 2d Dec. near Veleika, by Adjutant-General Kutusow, and defeated with the loss of 1000 prisoners; and a few days afterwards, the remainder, consisting of 2150 men, together with the Bavarian commander in chief, Gen. Wrede, were also taken with little resistance.

Independently of those, the numbers taken by the Russian generals, between the Berezyna and Wilna, amount to about 10,000 men, and the cannon to about 150.

On the 9th Dec. at night, the harassed wreck of the French army reached Wilna, the promised quarters of refreshment and refitment. Alas! the next morning, a Russian column appeared in sight, and, after an ineffectual resistance, entered the town along with the

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retreating enemy. The prisoners made on that occasion, including the sick in hospital, fell little short of 15,000 men: but the most important acquisition at Wilna, was the capture of immense magazines of biscuit, barley, arms, ammunition, and accoutrements of all kinds, which had been deposited there, and which the enemy had not had time to destroy. On the 12th the head-quarters of the Prince of Smolensko were established at Wilna, where they remained on the 14th, the latest date of the Russian reports in our possession; but the advanced guards had continued their pursuit beyond Wilna, towards the Niemen. The commander in chief was employed in re-establishing order in the reconquered Polish provinces, and had already published a general act of amnesty to the Poles. The fate of that turbulent, because injured, nation, will probably forthwith undergo a change beneficial to themselves as well as to Russia. The Emperor Alexander left St. Petersburg on the 19th Dec. in order to repair to Wilna, and to settle by his presence the embroiled affairs of Poland. A reorganization of the government is held out to the people; and we hope that the result of the new measures in contemplation will be, to give the Poles a government (if not a sovereign) of their own, under the immediate protection of Russia.

We should have had to conclude our monthly narrative of the Russian campaign with the 14th December, but for the arrival of French papers of a late date. Although these have, ever since the insertion of the 29th bulletin, observed a

mysterious taciturnity over the successive subsequent disasters of the French army, a catastrophe of portentous importance has broken the gloomy silence of the French government. In our last Retrospect we declared, that nothing but a signal was now wanting; to rouse the oppressed nations of Germany, and the Continent in general, into an open vindication of their liberties; and we predicted, that that signal would forthwith be given by Prussia.—The Prussians HAVE GIVEN that signal!—the tocsin of emancipation is sounding its funeral knell in the distracted ears of the tyrant!

We have already stated, that our Russian accounts terminated with the 14th Dec. The chasm between that date and the 30th we shall have to fill up in our next Retrospect; but, on the latter day, as the French official documents themselves inform us, the defection of the whole of the Prussian auxiliary army from the French banners took place; not by desultory insurrection, but through a well matured plan of its commander in chief, General D'York. It seems, that on the rapid advance of Count Wittgenstein towards the Niemen, Macdonald hastily broke up from the vicinity of Riga, to avoid being cut off from that river. The Prussian auxiliary troops formed his rear-guard, or to speak perhaps more correctly, constituted the substance of the whole corps. Macdonald himself, attended, among others, by six battalions and six squadrons of Prussian troops, under the Quarter-Master-Gen. Massenbach, seems to have forced his way to Tilsit; but the bulk of the Prussian force, under General D'York,

was still considerably behind, and left to shift for itself. On the 30th Dec. General D'York concluded a capitulation with Count Wittgenstein, at Poschernu, the *ostensible* terms of which were, that the Prussian troops under him should be free from molestation; should occupy, between Memel and Tilsit, a neutral territory; yet open to the march of the Russians; that General Massenbach and his troops should be included in this stipulation, if it was in their power to join; and that if the King of Prussia should not confirm this capitulation, the troops should be at liberty to depart, provided they abstained for two months from committing hostilities against the Russians. No sooner did Massenbach receive the news of this treaty, than he set out, in the face of Macdonald, and joined the army under D'York.—If this were “all the truth,” it is clear, that the Prussian troops might, according to the letter of the capitulation, have been ordered to rejoin the French Generalissimo (for French army there is none left,) under guarantee of their being kept out of the field for the stipulated time. But instead of that, the French official documents inform us, that this unexpected news distressed the King of Prussia *in the extreme*; that he ordered Gen. Kleist to take the command of what troops could be mustered; and that he declared Generals D'York and Massenbach traitors to their country, and ordered them to be tried.

In Paris these untoward tidings caused the greatest panic. The report of the minister of war, and the speech of the government orators before the Conservative Senate, dwell

with indignation on "an act so atrociously perfidious;" declare, that although yesterday not a man was required to fill up the blanks in the French army, the defection of the 22,000 Prussians now rendered it necessary that 350,000 men should be placed at the disposal of the minister at Paris. Accordingly, the conservative *Journal* forthwith re-echoed the proposal in a decree dated the 11th Jan. by virtue of which,—1st. 100 cohorts of national guards, raised for the service of the interior, are to be sent to the army; 2d. 100,000 men are to be levied from the conscriptions of the last four years; and, 3dly, 100,000 more are to be raised of the conscription of 1814: and, in order to replace the annihilated cavalry, the municipality of the good city of Paris, that revolutionary *caput mortuum*, has decreed to furnish their beloved sovereign with—500 "lads of Paris," and 500 nags to sit upon, fully mounted and equipped.—*Parlez moi de cela!*—This is doing things *en gros*—UPON PAPER: but it remains to be seen, 1st, whether the *fiat* of the humiliated despot has still the power of commanding such an enormous levy; 2dly, whether, supposing the men found, his treasury is in a state to equip and pay them; and, 3dly, whether, supposing both possible, they will make a better stand against the victorious Russian warriors and great generals, than the 450,000, and more, veterans disposed of, one way or another, in this campaign. The following is an official return of the French casualties up to the 30th Nov. only, published at St. Petersburg:—

CAPTURED.

726 Pieces of cannon.
49 Standards of colours.
1200 Baggage-waggon.
2000 Carriages of different kinds.

PRISONERS.

Privates	95,000	
Officers	1,385	
Generals	20	
		96105

KILLED.

Privates	150,783	
Officers	1,800	
Generals	40	
		152,623

Total 249,034

When it is considered that the above total includes not the wounded, which the French may have saved from falling into the hands of the Russians, nor the immense losses from the Berezyna to Wilna and the Niemen; of course not the apostate army of General D'York, and probably not those that have died of hunger, fatigue, or sickness, our estimate will not be overrated. According to Admiral Tchichagoff's report, the number of dead Frenchmen, met with on the road, frequently obstructed the progress of the Russian army, and the places where they halted in the day-time (for they marched at night), were invariably to be traced by the multitude of corpses left behind on every one of these stations; and more than once did the Russians ascertain the fact, of these corpses having been fed upon, by the mangled state in which they found them. This horrible fact we state with the less hesitation, as a letter recently received by a Russian friend of ours, from a brother with the army, positively

asserts the circumstance of the French having, for many days, fed occasionally upon dead horses and men; and of their having preferred the human flesh to that of horses. The same letter adds, as an instance of the hatred the Russian population bears to the French name, that a whole village had fled into the woods at the approach of the enemy, and formed itself into a guerilla party, acting, not only against the invaders, but even against such of their own countrymen as had afforded any shelter to the French soldiers; and that, having, in their predatory excursions, entered a village which, from fear, had given the French a hospitable reception, they forthwith formed a summary tribunal, condemned every third male to death, turned out the remainder, and burnt the village to the ground.

The preceding facts are fully confirmed by another private letter from St. Petersburg, with the perusal of which we have just been favoured. It states, that, during the pursuit from Malo-Yaroslavetz to Wilna, a distance of upwards of five hundred wersts, the Russian armies discovered from 50 to 100 frozen French bodies in the space of every werst; but that in the places where the French had *bivouaqued*, that number generally amounted to 2 or 300; and that, in such spots, they frequently met with human bodies half carved (if human nature will permit the expression), or roasting by a large fire. This letter further solves one or two questions, which had often been a matter of wonder to us. It seemed to us surprising that, among the capture of so many officers and generals, there

should not be the name of one French marshal.—The truth is, that the marshals, on all occasions of real personal danger, took to their heels, even in the presence of Bonaparte, who, in fact, did no better. The truth of this assertion is evident, from the occurrences at Krasnoy, and the escape of Ney and Davoust from their troops, the latter of whom even threw his *bâton de maréchal* away, to disencumber his flight.—The vigorous and unremitting pursuit of the Russian armies, was another circumstance, which exceeded our most sanguine expectations, considering that the same hardships of climate and bad weather must have affected them as well as the French, and that an army moving from its resources has infinitely more difficulties to encounter than one retiring upon their magazines. This is equally satisfactorily explained, by the enthusiasm with which their patriotism and successes inspired, not only the soldiers, but also every class of inhabitants, who gratuitously brought to, and carried after, the army, their all. Besides this, the booty which was gained at every step from the enemy, in plate, coin, jewellery, &c. is stated to have been so immense, that, on an average, every Russian soldier had, as far as Wilna, earned upwards of one thousand roubles. Watches, in particular, are now so abundant among privates, that the finest watch by Bréguet, frequently is disposed of for from five to ten roubles (5s. to 10s.), and often by the Cossacks for a glass of brandy.

By an ukase, dated the 12th Dec. the Emperor Alexander has ordered an immediate further levy of eight

out of every 500 males, a measure which is estimated to produce 800,000 men. Not but that the armies already in the field are more than sufficient to secure the Russian frontier from future insult: the enlightened mind of Alexander fully coincides with the system so long, and at last successfully persevered in by our government. "The arm of the giant is broken," says the emperor's proclamation,— "but his destructive strength must be prevented from reviving, and his power over the nations who serve him out of terror, must be taken away. Russia, extensive, rich, and pacific, seeks no conquests, wishes not to dispose of thrones; she desires tranquillity for herself, and for all!— But she will not suffer the wicked so to abuse her moderation as to endanger the well-being of herself and of other nations."—Here, then, have the oppressed nations of Europe the word of the great monarch, that he will not stop short in his victorious career, until he has crushed the oppressive yoke which the impious ruffian has imposed on them!—A sacred pledge of deliverance, which Alexander has the power of fulfilling, and which will load him with the blessings of millions, and of a grateful posterity.

Of the decision of Austria at this critical moment, we have no intelligence whatsoever, nor are we aware of the result of Lord Walpole's mission to Vienna. As to the Austrian contingent, under Prince Schwartzberg, its operations, from the beginning of the campaign, have been so insignificant and passive, that we are implicated, from that circumstance

alone, to infer a secret understanding between the Russian and Austrian cabinets. In the retreat of the French to Wilna and the Niemen, Prince Schwartzberg might, if he had chosen, have come to their aid, or at least have operated a seasonable diversion in their favour; but he kept, purposely we suppose, at a distance, and contented himself with some insignificant demonstrations against General Sacken, whose corps was greatly inferior in numbers. The advance of the Russians may now probably, as with the Prussians, lead to a declaration on the part of Austria; and it is stated, that Prince Schwartzberg's corps is already in full retreat to regain the Austro-Polish dominions. Whatever may be the determination of the Emperor Francis, we have one consolation, which is, a firm conviction that his brave army will never submit to march seriously in the cause of France, or rather of the Corsican usurper; nay, the known loyalty of the Austrian nation at large would, in our opinion, not be proof against such a resolution on the part of its sovereign, however beloved; especially if the flame of patriotism should kindle into open blaze in the north of Germany, an event we now look to as a matter of certainty, and as the natural consequence of the noble and patriotic step taken by General D'York and his loyal Prussians. Their separation from the French power is a windfall for Great Britain, which the wisdom of our government will not fail to take instant advantage of. Here is an army ready appointed for British pay; the nucleus of an immense force to be raised for the

deliverance of Prussia, Hanover, the Hanse Towns, Westphalia, Hesse, and all the north of Germany, without the necessity of sending one British soldier thither. The restoration of our continental commerce, which will instantly follow from the operation of such an army, will enable us to keep up that force to any required numerical amount, and leave an immense balance in our favour, which will reconduct the vanished gold into this country. A small proportion of the aid we have almost fruitlessly (by no means improperly!) bestowed on the ill combined efforts of southern Europe, will suffice to produce the most glorious results in Germany, where all is ready for insurrection, where all is used and injured to war, where there will be found as many soldiers, officers, and generals, as Birmingham, &c. can manufacture muskets and swords for.—*Now, or never!*

In addition to the aid granted by the legislature to the Russian sufferers, London has come forward with two subscriptions to the same effect, one in the city, and one in Westminster. The sums already contributed shew, in their true light, the generosity and wealth of this great nation; and the example so nobly set by the metropolis, has been imitated by many of the great cities of the empire.

SPANISH PENINSULA.

Our last Retrospect closed with the termination of Lord Wellington's disastrous retreat to the Portuguese frontier, and reported headquarters at Frenada. There it has remained since; the British and Portuguese troops having gone into cantonments, some on the fron-

tier, and others, especially cavalry, into the interior of Portugal, as far as Coimbra, Oporto, &c. Not only was repose necessary for our army, after the fatigues of the last very active campaign, and particularly its lamentable close; but the shocking state of indiscipline into which our troops had fallen, would of itself have incapacitated them from effective service. "The officers had lost all command over their men; irregularities and outrages were committed with impunity." These are Lord Wellington's own words, in a circular letter of the 25th Nov. addressed to the commanders of battalions: his lordship frankly declares, that the army had fallen off, in point of discipline, to a greater degree than any army with which he had ever served, or of which he had ever read!—We hope and trust, that the wise and energetic regulations given on this head by his lordship, and the good sense of the officers and men, will, during the present interval of tranquillity, tend to restore the character of the British army.—The head-quarters of General Hill have been fixed more to the southward, at Coria, an excellent central military point, from which the motions of the French on the Tagus may be watched without being out of communication with our more northern positions.

Lord Wellington, after having made the above arrangements for the safety and comforts of the army, has imitated the example of the great Duke of Marlborough, who, during the winter respites, never failed to exchange the sword for the pen, and to concert, both at home and with the allied courts

abroad, the operations for the next campaign. Accordingly, his lordship proceeded to Cadiz, where he arrived on the 24th Dec. and whither General Castanos had likewise repaired. The reception of the British general was suitable to his distinguished rank and talents. His lordship has had several conferences with the government, and presented himself before the Cortes, to whom he addressed an impressive and dignified harangue, which was received with the loudest acclamations. It is stated, that his lordship had devised an entirely new military organization for Spain, according to which the kingdom was to be divided into four military districts, with a captain and intendant general, of his appointment, at the head of each; the former to conduct the military, and the latter the financial department; and that, with the adoption of this plan, his lordship had almost pledged himself to liberate Spain in the ensuing campaign. But the same advices add, that the Spanish government refused their consent to that proposed measure; yet do not inform us, whether any other plan is likely to be substituted in its stead, or whether the old defective and fruitless system is once more to be persevered in. Greatly as we lament these frequent manifestations of unseasonable national pride, we have the consolation to reflect, that Spain is already virtually reconquered from the French by the valour of the Russian arms; to resist which, Bonaparte cannot do without recalling his only veterans from Spain. For ~~as~~ we wish that he were informed enough to do otherwise. ~~An~~ refusal of the Spanish government to adopt

the remedy prescribed by Lord Wellington, we can only say, that if a patient rejects perversely the physician's prescriptions, the latter, if he be wise, leaves the patient to his fate. There are other nations now panting after British aid, who would hail the arrival of Lord Wellington and his army with open arms.

The military occurrences of the last month are totally unimportant. The French army, satisfied with having driven the Anglo-Portuguese forces to the frontiers of Portugal, appears to have made several movements in its rear. One of these, is their re-entry into Madrid on the 3d Dec. with 21,000 infantry and 5500 cavalry, accompanied by Joseph. That the Spanish troops, which had reoccupied the capital, did not wait the arrival of so great a force, may easily be supposed. On the 10th, the enemy remained in possession of Madrid, having some divisions encamped in the neighbourhood; other divisions had proceeded towards La Mancha. On the 7th they entered Toledo, where Soult's head-quarters were established; some of the troops extend on the Tagus, beyond Talavera, and recent demonstrations indicate an intention of crossing to the south of that river.

The Spanish troops, composing what is called the 2d and 3d armies, under General Elio, were last in Albacete; and the 4th army, under the Duke del Parque, at Infantes; being both within junction, so as to form a total of about 30,000 men.

From Alicante, we have no certain intelligence of any movement of the Anglo-Sicilian expedition. It is stated, that the expected se-

cond armament of 5000 men from Sicily, had arrived, which, together with Roche's and Whittingham's Spanish divisions, in and about that city, would swell the Alicante army to about 25,000 men, at no great distance from the 30,000 just mentioned. Suchet is still at St. Felipe, in the kingdom of Valencia, watching the motions of our Alicante army, and busy in demolishing the fortifications of the city of Valencia.

That the patriot bands in different parts of Spain are not idle in this season of inactivity, we learn from some of the latest French and Spanish reports. According to the latter, a French column of 4000 men, which, under General Fromant, had been levying contributions in the valley of Sedano (north of Burgos), was attacked on the 29th Nov. by the partizan Longa's corps, and completely routed, with the loss of 700 dead, near 500 prisoners, two pieces of cannon, baggage, &c. and of the cattle and other articles of provision of which they had robbed the inhabitants.

A report of Suchet mentions an unsuccessful enterprize of the Catalonians, under the partizan Villamil, on the fort St. Felipe (Catalonia!) On the 11th Nov. Villamil is stated to have nearly succeeded in getting possession of the fort by the stratagem of dressing his men in French uniforms. Having failed in this attempt, the brave Catalan once more ventured an open attack on the 17th at night, assisted by a debarkation from the *Blake*, an English ship of war, when, according to the French accounts, the patriots were once more repulsed with loss.

AMERICA.

We have the mortification to announce a second naval victory of the Americans. The British frigate, the *Macedonian*, Capt. Carden, was, on the 25th Oct. attacked and taken, in W. long. 29½. N. lat. 29. by the American frigate *United States*, Commodore Decatur. The action was desperate, and lasted two hours and a half, during which the *Macedonian* had 36 killed, 36 severely and 32 slightly wounded, her mizen-mast shot away by the board, her top-masts cut away by the caps, rigging and sails cut to pieces, all the guns on the quarter-deck and fore-castle but two disabled, several shots between wind and water, and altogether was rendered an unmanageable wreck by the superior fire and infinitely superior strength of the *United States*, which was built with the scantling of a seventy-four, mounted 32 long 24-pounders on her main-deck, 22 42-pound carronades, with two long 24-pounders, on her quarter-deck and fore-castle, howitzer guns in her tops, &c. with a complement of 478 picked men. To such odds, and after such a loss, it is no stain on the character of the British captain and his brave crew, to have struck the British flag; however painful it may be to our national pride to have to record defeat after defeat, on an element which British valour had, as it were, annexed to the British empire; and on which the collective mass of our naval strength exceeds that of our opponents in as great a ratio, as the former gigantic military power of France stripped the puny body-guard of a petty German prince.

Strangely that at sea, where our

hopes were most sanguine, we should have met with reverses; and that by land, where our fears were most alive, we have been indemnified by the most glorious repeated successes. The former disappointment is, perhaps, in a great measure, owing to the reluctance with which our government entered upon the American war, and to the infinite forbearance which it used towards a new enemy, whom it wished, by every means of lenity and concession, to conciliate. This system, perhaps too long persevered in, considering the disposition of the rulers of the Transatlantic government, we are happy to find, appears now to be abandoned; and the future prosecution of the war, on our part, will soon let the enemy feel the crushing weight of the British maritime power.

A declaration was published, on the 9th of January, on the part of Great Britain, clearly setting forth the causes of this unfortunate contest; the conduct of the American government, during the last years, contrasted with that of the British administration and its concessions; the unwarrantable further pretensions of our enemy, his adherence, partiality, and submission to the will of the tyrant, now humbled by the Russian arms; and, lastly, frankly asserting the fundamental principles of our national prosperity, and manfully declaring a firm resolve to stand or fall by the maintenance of the same. We regret that the plan and limits of the *Repository* will not admit of incorporating with our pages the aforesaid enlightened important and admirable state paper; and therefore must refer our readers to the perusal of

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its several contents. From the date of that document only shall we reckon the commencement of offensive operations on the part of Great Britain, who had hitherto not drawn the sword, except under the absolute compulsion of self-defence. Now she has unsheathed her sword, and that the Corsican idol of the American administration groans under the overwhelming weight of its disasters, it remains to be seen whether our enemy will not soon deem it prudent to desist from a course of proceeding, which must throw back the rising prosperity of America for a series of years.

As to the long-threatened invasion of Canada by the American eastern army, which, under Gen. Dearbourn, had for a length of time been assembling at Plattsburg, the approach of the cold weather seems to have cooled the courage of these warriors. An article from Vermont states, that the army marched with great pomp and state from Plattsburg, in the direction of Montreal; but that, finding it inconvenient to proceed in search of conquest, they returned, after a campaign of six or eight days, and have already, in part, marched into winter quarters.

By a strange fatality in the American warfare, it really seems, that, when the martial spirit animates the breast of the generals, the inclinations of the troops are of the most pacific tendency; and, on the other hand, when the soldiers breathe nothing but conquest, their leaders are differently disposed, or, as has recently been the case with General Smyth, absolutely desert their valorous flock. That gen-

R

tleman had, in the end of November, his troops several times under arms, and actually embarked, to cross from Black Rock into Canada, and as many times found it prudent to order them back to the camp, to their great dissatisfaction. The last rehearsal of this manœuvre took place on the 1st December, when the army was again ordered down to the river, and countermanded. At this disappointment, the discontent of the men broke out into open rebellion; they fired at General Smyth, who eluded their vengeance by a speedy flight and concealment. In this state of anarchy, the volunteers who had been drawn out by his bombastical proclamation, were dismissed; and the invasion of Canada, from that quarter, was of course put off to a future day.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The special commission appointed for the trial of the Luddites, closed its sittings at York on the

12th, the counsel for the crown waving, for the present, the prosecution of any more offenders beyond those already convicted. The judge passed sentence of death on fifteen of these deluded wretches, who were executed, on the 16th Jan. at York. While this example of due severity is calculated to strike horror into the minds of their associates, the mildness of government has just opened to them the path for their return to their allegiance, and to the duties of civil society. A proclamation has been issued from his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, dated the 18th of January, offering pardon to every one that shall, before the 1st of March next, come forward to make a voluntary confession of his past guilt, and take a new oath of allegiance; and adding, that no confession made by such person shall be given in evidence against the person making it, or in any case whatever.

FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

PLATE 13. — EVENING OR OPERA DRESS.

A round robe of mull muslin, or crape, over satin or sarsnet, with long sleeve and low front, bordered at the bottom and on the bosom with a rich brocade ribband, or embroidery of coloured silks. A patent net neck-kerchief, edged with lace round the throat. A sash of pale Russian flame colour, tied negligently in front of the waist. The hair flat on the sides, and in waved curls in front, divided in the center of the forehead, and confined in full curls at the back of the head, with an apparent stray ringlet full-

ing on one shoulder. Neck-chain, ear-rings, and cross, of blended gold and pearl. A Cossack cloak, or mantle, of pale Russian flame-coloured cloth, with arched standing collar, finished with a coloured border, corresponding with the dress; lined with white sarsnet, and confined occasionally at the throat with a correspondent cord and tassel. Satin slippers, the colour of the mantle; and gloves, a pale primrose.

PLATE 14. — PROMENADE OR MORNING COSTUME.

A plain cambric robe, made high in the neck, with plaited fan frill



OPERA DRESS.

and long sleeves, finished at the bottom with a border of fancy tucks or needle-work. A Prussian hussar cloak, of Sardinian blue velvet, or superfine cloth; lined and edged with pink satin, and finished at its termination with a variegated ball fringe: large hood, or cape, lined

and trimmed to correspond; the points finished with rich cone tassels, and confisted at the throat with the same. A Moorish turban hat, composed of Sardinian blue velvet and sable fur. A muff of spotted ermine. Blue kid half-boots; and gloves a pale tan colour.

MEDICAL REPORT.

AN account of the practice of a physician, from the 15th of December, 1812, to the 15th of January, 1813.

Acute Diseases.—Fever, 3...Peripneumony, 1...Pleurisy, 1...Measles, 2...Acute rheumatism, 1...Small-pox, 1...Acute diseases of infants, 8.

Chronic Diseases.—Rheumatism, 11... Rheumatic gout, 3...Lambago, 2...Cough and dyspnoea, 20...Consumption, 5... Scrofula, 2...Bronchocele, 1...Asthenia, 10...Palsy, 3...Epilepsy, 1...Dropsy, 5... Dyspepsia, 4...Enterodynia, 3...Diarrhoea, 8...Dysure, 1...Diabetes, 1...Head-ach, 2...Vertigo, 3...Hæmorrhage, 2...Worms, 3...Cutaneous affections, 4...Female complaints, 6.

Although in mid winter, the preceding list does not present a very formidable number of diseases, and the town is tolerably exempt from epidemics: many persons, however, have complained of great depression of spirits and sluggishness; a tendency to inaction has predominated. This may, in a considerable degree, be attributed to the state of the atmosphere, which, for some time past, has been thick and gloomy. The ancients intently regarded the motions of the planets, and ascribed to them much greater influence over the human system, than has been the case in later ages, when science has unfolded more correct views of nature, and the operation of her laws are better understood. The fearful wand of the magician is now harmless, the visions of the enthusiast no longer disturb, and the dealers in incantations

and planetary influence, are reduced to a few miserable charlatans, who yet contrive to delude the unwary, and awe the ignorant. But, though the fictions of conjurors, and the miracles of witchcraft, together with apparitions, and vampires, and fairies, have vanished into thin air, and animal magnetism and metallic tractors are no more heeded than the flight of ominous birds, or the predictions from the bowels of animals, let us not wholly disregard the effects of the heavenly bodies upon nature. They are evident throughout the whole creation, and man is not exempt from their influence:—

“ — God involves the heav’n
In tempests; quits his grasp upon the winds,
And gives them all their fury; bids a plague
Kindle a fiery boil upon the skin,
And putrify the breath of blooming health.
He calls for famine, and the meagre fiend
Blows mildew from between his shivell’d lips,
And taints the golden ear.”

The means which are admirably provided for the health and life of nature, must destroy it, were it not for the controuling Almighty Power, which reins the whirlwind, and guides the earthquake.

The susceptibility of man to impressions from the state of the atmosphere, is evidenced by the effects of certain winds; the temperature of the air, its greater or less density, and its being more or less charged with electric matter. Hence the advantage of attending minutely to these phenomena:—they produce certain consequences even in our mild climate; but in other climates, that

are less temperate, they become of essential importance.

Most of the cases of diarrhoea in the present report, were occasioned by cold, and were easily cured by cordial medicines or fleecy hosiery. In the autumnal

months this complaint, again, is the consequence of heat, which affects the secretion of bile: in winter it is probably owing to the effect of cold checking the perspiration.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE mild open weather of last month, gave uncommon opportunities and facilities to the seasonable pursuits in agriculture, the plough, upon the warm soils, being fully employed, either in winter fallows, or preparing the earth for a spring crop. The flag of the young wheat plant has recovered its healthful colour from the effect of the early severe frosty mornings; it has begun to spread kindly on the soil, and promises (except in a few low and undrained situations) the most prolific tillow. Great breadths are preparing for spring wheat. The continued high price of bread corn has caused an alacrity and exertion, in every department of agriculture, unprecedented at any former period; and it only requires the united liberal and vigorous efforts of the state to reduce the price of provisions to a moderate standard.—The early sown

turnips have suffered, in a few situations, from the severe frost in the beginning of December; but, on those lands where the leaf was strong, and full of foliage, the apple has remained perfectly sound.—Under-draining, and inclosing of wastes and commons, proceed without impediment from the weather.—Beans and peas have been dibbled and sown in the early districts in considerable breadths, in consequence of the late mild dry weather. Some cold weather will, at this time, be desirable, to keep back the tender blossom, as the buds already begin to swell, from the mildness of the season.—Rye, tares, &c. &c. with all the soiling species, have made considerable growth for the winter, and promise an early resource.—Nearly the whole of the brassica tribe have produced abundance of green food for the season.

ALLEGORICAL WOOD-CUT, WITH PATTERNS OF BRITISH MANUFACTURE.

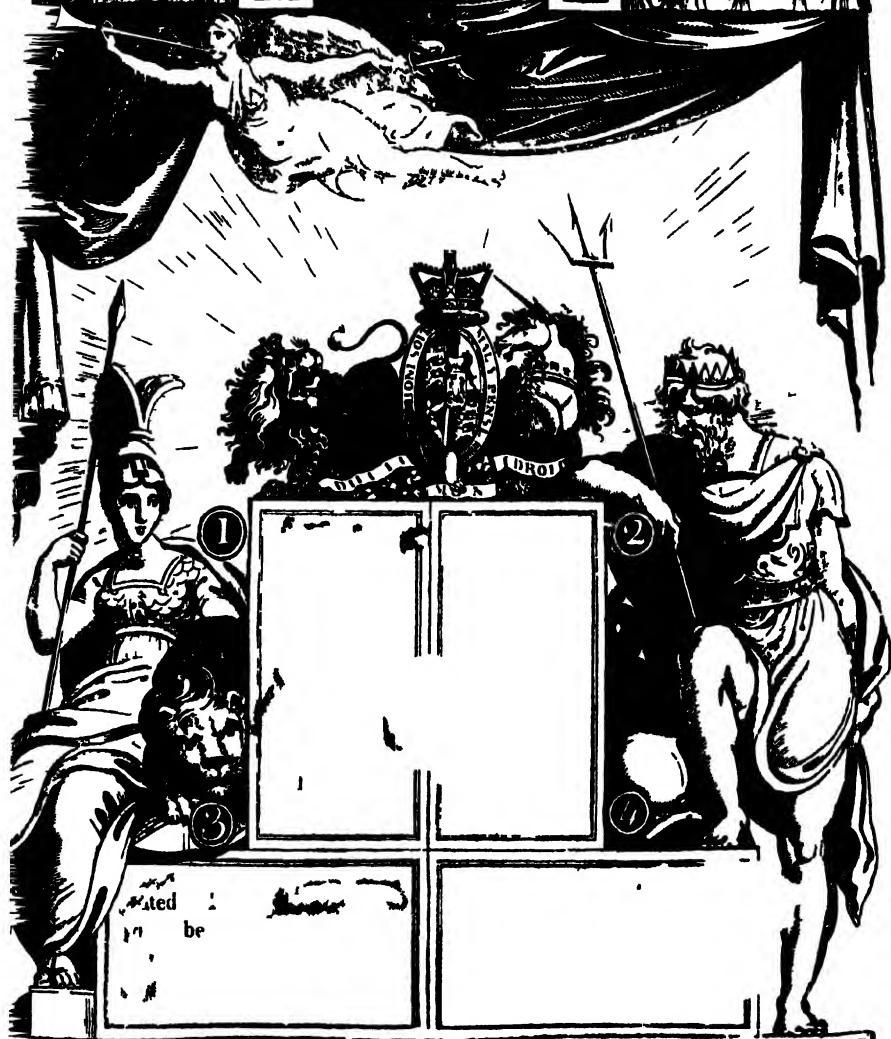
No. 1 and 2, an entirely new olive-grounded chintz-pattern furniture print for drawing-rooms, boudoirs, and sleeping-rooms. Pale green, blue, or rose pink are the most appropriate linings for furniture composed of this article; which, with variegated fringe to correspond, produces a most pleasing and lively effect. It is sold by Mr. Allen, at his new and elegant furniture exhibition-room, 61, Pall-Mall.

No. 3, a Portugal satin, for dinner or evening robes: may be purchased of various colours; and admits trimmings of lace, net, white satin, beads, swansdown, ermine, or other light skins. Robes of this

article are either formed round, or in the Turkish form, with white sleeves and stomachers. It is sold by Messrs. George and Bradley, 11, all street, Strand.

No. 4 is a most beautiful gold composed striped paper, designed for almost every order of paper-work: card-racks, every species of work or dressing-box, hyacinth-stands, &c. &c. are greatly embellished by the blending this paper with other consistent materials. It is to be purchased (together with an extensive variety of corresponding articles) at Mr. Ackermann's Repository of Arts, No. 101, Strand.

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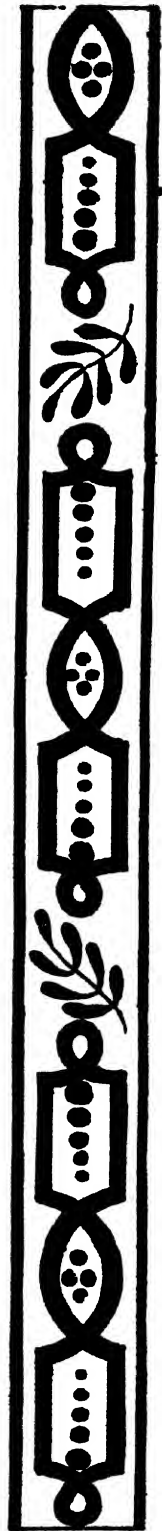


The Repository

Of Arts, Literature, Commerce, Manufactures, Fashions, and Politics.

MANUFACTURERS, Factors, and Dealers in Fancy Goods, that come within the scope of this Plan, are requested to send Patterns of such new Articles, as they come out, and if the requisites of Novelty, Fashion, and Elegance, are united, the quantity necessary for this Magazine will be ordered.

R. Ackermann, 101, Strand, London.



LONDON MARKETS.

Return of Wheat from Jan. 4 to 9.

For A.L., 7,216 quarters.—Average, 12½. 1½d per quarter, or 11½d. per quarter lower than last return.

Return of Flour from Jan. 9 to 15.

TOTAL, 26,416 sacks.—Average, 109s. 5½d. per sack, or 1½d. per sack higher than last return.

Average of England and Wales, Jan. 16.

	s	d	Barley	s	d	Beans
at	118	9	4	66	5	87
at	79	4	4	43	3	88

CORN, SEEDS, &c.

	s.	s.	Tares, per bushel	s.	s.
best white, per quarter	94	135	—	13	15
—red	90	130	—	20	24
—foreign	90	128	—	—	—
—Poland	70	78	—	—	—
—English	55	74	—	—	—
—white	90	112	—	—	—
—Feed	28	42	—	—	—
—Friesland	—	—	—	—	—
—Potatoe	30	50	—	—	—
—Pigeon	46	55	—	—	—
—Horse	76	80	—	—	—
—Boiling	90	115	—	—	—
—Grey	80	86	—	—	—
—per sack	110	—	—	—	—
—Seconds	95	100	—	—	—
—Scotch	90	98	—	—	—

Imported, per last — £60 a £64 a £66
All Cakes, per thousand £19. 10s. to £20 us.

SUGAR, &c. per Cwt.

COFFEE, Banded.

	s	s	d	s	d
Muscovado, fine	86	a	9	od	a
—good	83	a	8	od	a
—ordinary	80	a	8	od	a
East India, white	82	a	9	od	a
—yellow	76	a	9	od	a
—brown	76	a	8	od	a
MOLASSES 44s. 10d. a cwt.	—	—	—	—	—

REFINED SUGAR.

	s	s	d	s	d
Double Loaves	115	a	17	od	a
Hambro' ditto	125	a	13	od	a
Powder ditto	125	a	13	od	a
Single ditto	125	a	13	od	a
Canary Lumps	120	a	12	od	a
Large ditto	118	a	11	od	a
Bastards, whole	81	a	8	od	a
—faced	87	a	9	od	a
—middles	83	a	8	od	a
—tips	80	a	8	od	a

GINGER.

	s	s	d	s	d
Jamaica, white	82	a	20	od	a
Barbadoes, ditto	75	a	19	od	a
—black	70	a	18	od	a
RICE, Banded.	—	—	—	—	—
Carolina	24	a	2	od	a
Brazil	26	a	2	od	a

Average price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of duty, 50s. 4½d.

HOPS in the Borough.

	s	s	d	s	d
Best	8	a	13	od	a
—Kent	8	a	13	od	a
—Sussex	6	a	11	od	a
—Essex	6	a	10	od	a

CORN, &c. per Quarter.

	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	Apr.	May	June	July	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.
Newcastle	16	80	a	13	54	a	70	34	a	46	—	—
Northampton	16	124	a	128	59	a	76	42	a	48	109	—
Cardiff	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Lewes	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Chichester	16	100	a	120	50	a	78	40	a	60	104	128
Ashbourne	16	120	a	128	56	a	78	44	a	58	108	128
Guildford	23	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Gainsboro'	19	107	a	128	73	a	80	39	a	54	80	93
South	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Huntington	16	110	a	124	69	a	77	46	a	53	84	98
Newark	20	116	a	126	76	a	80	43	a	52	110	120
Spilshy	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Reigate	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Devizes	20	105	a	131	60	a	75	44	a	56	80	105
Reading	23	110	a	128	46	a	78	30	a	56	86	90
Swansea	21	109	a	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Hulley	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Maidenhead	10	104	a	120	64	a	70	40	a	52	76	120
Salisbury	10	104	a	120	64	a	70	40	a	52	76	120
Penrith	10	104	a	120	64	a	70	40	a	52	76	120
Hull	19	90	a	120	12	a	75	33	a	47	—	—
Barnstoke	20	120	a	134	61	a	72	42	a	48	73	100
Wakefield	22	110	a	128	40	a	80	40	a	44	110	115
Andover	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Warrminster	23	98	a	128	59	a	75	40	a	56	72	122

SPIRITS, per Gallon (exclusive of duty).

	s	s	d	s	s	d
Brandy, Cognac	6	9	a	9	6	—
—Spanish	5	0	a	2	—	—
Holland's Gin	4	9	a	8	6	—
Rum, Jamaica	4	6	a	6	9	—
—Lew, Isl.	3	9	a	4	6	—

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL. FOR DECEMBER, 1812.

Conducted, at Manchester, by THOMAS HANSON, Esq.

1812.	Wind.	Pressure.			Temperature.			Weather.	Evap.	Rain
DEC.		Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.			
1	Var. 1	29.93	29.80	29.86	50.0°	47.0°	48.50°	rainy	—	—
2	S W 1	30.15	29.93	30.040	50.0	43.0	46.50	rainy	—	.345
3	S W 1	30.27	30.15	30.210	48.0	40.0	44.00	fine	—	—
4	S W 1	30.27	30.18	30.225	48.0	44.0	46.00	cloudy	—	—
5	S W 1	30.35	30.18	30.265	46.0	40.0	43.00	cloudy	—	—
6	Var. 1	30.70	30.35	30.525	42.0	32.0	37.00	cloudy	—	—
7	N E 1	30.88	30.70	30.790	34.0	30.0	32.00	cloudy	—	—
8	N 1	30.70	30.17	30.435	30.0	22.0	26.00	foggy	—	—
9	N 1	30.17	30.10	30.135	30.0	21.0	25.50	foggy	—	—
10	Var. 1	30.10	29.58	29.875	30.0	22.0	26.00	thaw	—	—
11	E 1	30.18	29.85	30.015	35.0	27.0	31.00	foggy	—	—
12	E 1	30.18	29.07	30.075	34.0	24.0	29.00	foggy	—	—
13	E 1	29.97	29.75	29.860	33.0	22.5	27.75	foggy	—	—
14	E 1	29.75	29.75	29.750	30.0	22.0	26.00	fine	—	—
15	E 3	29.75	29.48	29.615	34.0	28.0	31.00	fine	—	—
16	E 3	29.48	28.88	29.180	35.0	27.0	31.00	cloudy	—	—
17	E 2	29.10	28.88	28.990	30.0	30.0	30.00	cloudy	—	—
18	E 2	29.35	29.10	29.225	30.0	33.0	31.50	cloudy	—	—
19	Var. 1	29.45	29.35	29.400	40.0	32.0	36.00	cloudy	—	—
20	S 1	29.60	29.45	29.225	41.0	34.0	37.50	cloudy	—	—
21	Var. 1	29.75	29.60	29.675	36.0	32.0	34.00	cloudy	—	—
22	W 1	30.00	29.75	29.875	39.0	32.0	35.50	foggy	—	—
23	W 1	30.40	30.00	30.200	40.0	31.0	35.50	foggy	—	—
24	N E 1	30.73	30.49	30.565	39.0	34.0	36.50	foggy	—	—
25	N E 1	30.75	30.73	30.740	38.0	34.0	36.00	foggy	—	—
26	N W 1	30.75	30.05	30.700	40.0	34.0	37.00	cloudy	—	—
27	N 1	30.73	30.09	30.705	38.0	32.0	35.00	cloudy	—	—
28	S 1	30.68	30.50	30.590	40.0	32.0	39.00	rainy	—	—
29	S 1	30.50	30.15	30.325	40.0	42.0	44.00	gloomy	—	—
30	S 1	30.15	30.00	30.075	48.0	42.0	45.00	rainy	—	—
31	S 1	30.00	29.55	29.775	48.0	40.0	44.00	rainy	—	.650
		Mean 30.042			Mean 36.08					.995

RESULTS.

Mean barometrical pressure, 30.042—maximum, 30.88, wind N. E. 1—minimum, 25.88, wind E. 1—Range, 2 inches.

The greatest variation of pressure in 24 hours, is .65 of an inch, which was on the 8th.

Mean temperature, 36°.08.—Maximum, 50° wind S. W 1—Minimum 21° wind N. 1—Range 29.

The greatest variation of temperature in 24 hours is 14°, which was on the 14th and 28th.

Spaces described by the barometer, 7,20 inches.—Number of changes, 11.

Rain, &c. this month, .995 of an inch.—Number of wet days, 6—Total rain this year, 41,750 in.

WIND.

N	N E	E	S E	S	S W	W	N W	Variable.	Calm.
3	8	8	0	5	4	3	1	5	0

Brisk winds 3—Boisterous ones 0.

This period has been decidedly the coldest month of the year; it commenced with its monthly maximum temperature, showers of rain, and a rising barometer; which last, on the 7th, shewed the maximum for the month, indeed for the whole year, which was nearly 30 inches. The temperature was now lowered considerably; for, on the 9th, the maximum was 19°, accompanied with north and east winds, hazy and foggy weather, and in the mornings very white hoar frosts.—On the eve of the 10th, there was an indication of thaw, maximum temperature 36°, barometer stationary for twelve hours, when it rose, and freezing was renewed. On the 16th the barometer arrived at its monthly maximum, accompanied with a strong east wind, that caused it to feel excessively cold, although the temperature was not below the freezing point; slight showers of hail, snow, and sleet fell about this time.—On the 19th, the barometer rising gradually, the wind changed from east to south, and the frost dispersed, without any appearance of snow in town, but upon the neighbouring hills it fell copiously, in some places to the depth of nearly two feet—maximum temperature at bed-time.—On the 24th the barometer had gradually risen from its minimum, and regained nearly two inches of pressure; very foggy, with slight showers of snow:—pressure nearly stationary for two days, when its curve began to descend, and at the close of the year it was at mean elevation, and rain fell to the depth of half an inch.—Prevailing wind east, strong, but never amounted to a hurricane.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR DECEMBER, 1812.

Conducted by Mr. J. GIBSON, Laboratory, Stratford, Essex.

1812	Wind.	Pressure.			Temperature.			Weather.	Evap.	Rain.
		Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.			
1	S	29.97	29.95	29.960	54°	44°	49.0°	rain	—	—
2	N W	30.05	29.97	30.010	49	45	47.0	cloudy	—	—
3	E	30.07	30.05	30.060	49	45	47.0	hazy	—	—
4	E	30.07	30.06	30.065	48	40	44.0	cloudy	—	—
5	E	30.20	30.07	30.135	45	34	39.5	cloudy	—	—
6	N E	30.44	30.30	30.320	41	27	34.0	fine	—	—
7	N E	30.46	30.35	30.405	35	22	28.5	fine	—	—
8	N E	30.49	29.96	30.225	30	19	24.5	fine	—	—
9	W	29.96	29.94	29.950	35	24	29.5	fine	—	—
10	N W	29.89	29.85	29.870	35	29	32.0	cloudy	—	—
11	E	29.97	29.89	29.930	35	27	31.0	snow	—	—
12	N E	29.89	29.83	29.860	30	24	27.0	fine	—	—
13	N E	29.83	29.77	29.800	31	20	25.5	fine	—	—
14	N E	29.77	29.70	29.735	35	27	31.0	cloudy	—	—
15	E	29.70	29.30	29.500	33	27	30.0	bleak	—	—
16	E	29.30	29.09	29.195	34	26	30.0	bleak	—	—
17	E	29.28	29.09	29.185	35	31	33.0	snow	—	—
18	E	29.56	29.28	29.420	38	31	34.5	snow	—	—
19	E	29.57	29.56	29.565	39	35	37.0	cloudy	—	—
20	E	29.74	29.57	29.655	38	29	33.5	gloomy	—	—
21	N W	29.84	29.80	29.820	37	30	33.5	cloudy	—	—
22	Var.	29.99	29.84	29.915	40	31	35.5	gloomy	—	—
23	N	30.20	29.90	30.095	37	28	32.5	misty	—	—
24	N	30.35	30.20	30.275	36	30	33.0	cloudy	—	—
25	N	30.37	30.34	30.355	34	28	31.0	fair	—	—
26	N	30.39	30.34	30.365	37	29	33.0	cloudy	—	—
27	N	30.40	30.38	30.390	35	29	32.0	gloomy	—	—
28	W	30.38	30.38	30.330	43	31	37.0	cloudy	—	—
29	W	30.28	30.10	30.190	47	39	43.0	cloudy	—	—
30	W	30.10	29.97	30.035	48	41	44.5	fine	—	—
31	W	29.97	29.85	29.910	45	41	43.0	cloudy	—	.52
		Mean		29.952	Mean		35.0	Total		.520.

RESULTS.—Prevailing winds, easterly.—Mean height of barometer, 29.952 inches; highest observation, 30.49 inches; lowest, 29.09 inches.—Mean height of thermometer, 35.0°.—highest observation, 54°—lowest, 19°.—Evaporation for the month, lost by an accident.—Rain .52 inch—in another gauge, .49 inch.

Notes.—5th. The weather, which has been mostly cloudy, with redness at sunrise and sunset, begins to be more serene.—6th. Hoar frost.—7th. Very fine morning.—8th. Clear frosty morning—a halo round the moon at night.—9th. Foggy morning—barometer falling.—thermometer at 24° at nine o'clock A. M.—11th. Some snow in the morning and again after sunset.—14th. Very boisterous night.—15th. A strong gale of wind from the eastward all day.—extremely cold—some snow.—16th. About two inches of snow fell in the course of the night.—17th. Most of the snow melted during the day—a frost in the middle of the night.—18th. Gloomy morning—some sleet and snow in the course of the day.—22d. Very gloomy day—nearly dark about noon.—24th. Cloudy—a little rain—some hail-balls in the night.—27th. Some snow in the morning.

Prices of Fire-Office, Mine, Dock, Canal, Water-Works, Brewery, and Public Institution Shares, &c. &c. for JANUARY, 1813.

Albion Insurance Company	£46 per sh.
Globe Ditto	103 do.
Hope Ditto	2 gu. do.
Imperial Ditto	47 do.
Kent Ditto	45 do.
Ditto Life Ditto	10 do.
London Ship	19 do.
Beerstone Lead and Silver	
Mines	57 pm.
East India Dock	105 per sh.
Commercial Docks	139 10 do.
New Ditto	10 pm.
Grand Surry	109 per sh.
East Country	68 do.
East London Waterworks	£61 a 62 10s do.
Kent Ditto	57 10s a 58 do.
Birmingham Canal	56s do.
Croydon	39 15s. a 18 18s
WOLFE & Co. 9, Change-Alley, Cornhill,	

Ellesmere Canal	£68 per share
Dudley	46 do.
Grand Junction Ditto	200 do.
Grand Union	22 a 25 dis.
Grand Western	37 do.
Leeds and Liverpool	£295 a 297 per sh.
Leicester	210 do.
Montgomery	85 do.
Stourbridge	175 a 179 do.
Swansea	180 do.
Grand Trunk	1110 do.
Warwick & Birmingham	270 do.
Strand Bridge	46 dis.
Vauxhall Ditto	50 dis.
London Institution	50 a 51 per sh.
Surry Ditto	13 13s. do.
Rus. & L. Ditto	19 19s. do.
Gas Light & Coke Company	12s 6d a 15s pm
FORTUNE & Co. 17, Cornhill	

PRICES OF STOCKS.

Date.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3 pr. ct. Red.	4 pr. ct. Cons.	Navy 5 pr. ct.	Long Ann.	Omnium	Impl. pr. ct.	Impl. Anns	Irish pr. ct.	S. Sea Stock	S. Sea Anns	India Stock	India Bonds.	Exclqr. Bills	St Lotty. Tickets.	Cons. for ac
Dec. 21	—	Shut.	61½	77½	98½	15½	10½ Pm.	—	—	—	Shut.	—	Shut	6 Dis.	2 a 3 Pm.	£22 9s.	Jan. 19
22	933	—	61½	77½	94½	15½	10½ Pm.	59	—	—	—	—	—	6 Dis.	a 5 Pm.	—	62½
23	—	—	60½	76½	93½	15½	9 Pm.	58½	4½	9s	—	—	—	7 Dis.	Par 4 Pm.	—	62½
24	—	—	60	76½	92½	—	6½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	—	7 Dis.	1 Dis 4 Pm.	—	61½
25	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
26	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
28	—	—	60½	76½	93	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	7 Dis.	Par 4 Pm.	—	61½
29	—	—	60½	76½	93	15½	—	—	—	—	—	60	—	4 Dis.	Par 5 Pm.	—	61½
30	—	—	60	76½	91	15½	—	—	—	—	—	60	—	4 Dis.	a 6 Pm.	—	61½
31	—	—	60½	76½	92½	—	8½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	—	5 Dis.	1 a 5 Pm.	—	61½
Jan. 1	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	9½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	—	3 Dis.	2 a 7 Pm.	—	62
2	221	—	60½	76½	92½	15½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	3 Dis.	3 a 6 Pm.	—	61½
3	221	—	60½	76½	93	15½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1 Dis.	5 a 7 Pm.	—	61½
4	220½	—	60½	76½	92½	15½	—	—	—	80½	—	—	—	1 Dis.	7 Pm.	—	61½
5	220½	—	60½	76½	92½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	2 Dis.	4 a 9 Pm.	—	61½
6	221	60½ a 50½	60½	76½	90½	15½	—	5½	4½	—	—	59½	—	3 Dis.	8 Pm.	—	61½
7	221	59½ a 50½	60½	76½	90	15½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	5 Dis.	7 a 9 Pm.	—	61½
8	220½	59½ a 50½	60½	76½	89½	15½	—	—	4½	—	—	59½	—	5 Dis.	7 a 10 Pm.	—	61½
9	220½	59½ a 50½	60½	76½	89½	15½	8½ Pm.	—	4½	—	—	59½	15½	5 Dis.	8 a 12 Pm.	—	61½
11	220½	59½ a 50½	60½	76½	89½	15½	8½ Pm.	—	4½	—	—	59½	15½	5 Dis.	8 a 12 Pm.	—	61½
12	221½	59½ a 50½	60½	76½	89½	15½	9 Pm.	—	4½	—	—	59½	15½	5 Dis.	8 a 12 Pm.	—	61½
13	221	59½ a 50½	60½	76½	90½	15½	9 Pm.	58½	—	—	—	59½	160½	2 Dis.	1 a 14 Pm.	—	61½
14	221	59½ a 50½	60½	76½	90½	15½	9 Pm.	58½	—	—	—	59½	160½	1 Dis.	6 a 14 Pm.	—	61½
15	221	59½ a 50½	60½	76½	89½	15½	9 Pm.	58½	4½	—	—	59½	Shut.	1 Dis.	1 a 17 Pm.	—	61½
16	221	60½ a 50½	60½	76½	90½	15½	9½ Pm.	—	4½	—	—	59½	163½	2 Dis.	6 a 10 Pm.	—	59½
18	—	59½ a 50½	60½	76½	89½	15½	—	—	—	—	—	59½	163½	2 Dis.	10 Pm.	Feb. 26	61½
19	222	59½ a 50½	60½	76½	90	15½	8½ Pm.	—	4½	—	—	59½	164½	2 Dis.	10 Pm.	£23 19s.	60
21	—	59½ a 50½	60½	76½	90	15½	—	—	—	—	—	59½	164½	3 Dis.	10 Pm.	—	60½

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THE
Repository
 OF
ARTS, LITERATURE, COMMERCE,
Manufactures, Fashions, and Politics,
 For MARCH, 1813.
 VOL. IX.

The Fifty-first Number.

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Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any Part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House.

TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We earnestly solicit communications (post paid) from the professors of the arts in general, as well as authors, respecting works which they may have in hand. We conceive that the evident advantage which must accrue to both from the more extensive publicity that will be given to their productions through the medium of the Repository, needs only to be mentioned, to induce them to favour us with such information, which shall always meet with the most prompt attention.

The Lines on the Fall of Alba, are too deficient in the requisites of poetry, to obtain admission into the Repository.

The Watchman's Song, though certainly well enough for a Guardian of the Night, would not, we conceive, gratify many of our readers.

Mr. Boosey's List of School-Books, lately imported, is inadmissible, except as an advertisement.

We have received from our valued correspondent, Mr. Hanson, of Manchester, the Meteorological Chart for the Year 1812, an engraving of which shall be given in our next.

In the next Number of the Repository, the Proprietor will present the public with a large folding plate, representing the interior of his Great Room, mentioned in the first article of this month's Intelligence. It will be accompanied with observations on the method and advantages of lighting apartments with carbonic gas.

The Proprietor begs leave to remind such of his Readers as have imperfect sets of the Repository, of the necessity of an early application for the deficiencies, in order to prevent disappointment. Those who chuse to return their Numbers to the Publisher, may have them exchanged for Volumes in a variety of bindings, at the rate of 4s. 6d. per Volume.

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Manufactures, Fashions, and Politics,
For MARCH, 1813.

The Fifty-first Number.

—————The suffrage of the wise,
The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

ARMSTRONG.

CONVERSATIONS ON THE ARTS.—By JUNIUS.

(Continued from p. 70.)

Miss Etc. I have endeavoured to arrange my medals in classes, and have no doubt that you can shew me how to improve this arrangement.—About two years ago one of my maids brought me two copper medals, with the assurance, that they were real antiques, as they had been buried in Whitechapel Mount ever since the fire of London. On inspecting what was to contribute so much to the curiosity of my collection, I found that one was Sir Francis Burdett, and the other William Pitt, burnt in the fires of 1805.—Who are the best authors on medals?

Miss K. The most noted medalists, or writers on medals, are, Antoninus, Wolf, Ursinus, Vicus, Goltzius, a celebrated engraver, Seguin, Tristan, Vaillant, Span-
No. 1.1. Vol. IX.

heim, Hardouin, Joubert, Mezza-barba, &c. There is an *Introduction to the Knowledge of Medals* by Dr. Jennings, published in 1761, very useful to convey a general knowledge of the subject.

There is a peculiar beauty in the figures, heads, &c. of many of the ancient medals, which we may employ to great advantage by copying them in our works, and passing them off as our own. Many of those called first-rate geniuses are in the constant habit of doing this: hence, in a great measure, their extraordinary merit; and hence also the vulgarity and poverty of those works, whose authors rely entirely on the force, or rather the weakness, of individual exertion. It may be observed, that every figure may be viewed in different positions;

and it is certain, that when a figure is remarkable for dignity, grace, beauty, and simplicity, more views than two or three may be taken, in which those desirable qualities are pre-eminent. This also shews the use of modelling:—a figure may be dressed up with great advantage from these excellent patterns, whose authors will not say—You have copied my figure. The works of ancient Greece and Rome, and indeed those of all our predecessors who are somewhat removed, are a sort of general property, open to fresh combinations; and by this method, with industry, any artist may be what is termed *great*, at least it will so far advance him as to entitle him to be elected R. A. and such-like distinctions. We may thus appropriate to our works the general harmony of lines which others have invented or put together, the general play of well arranged drapery, excellent arrangements of colours, management of light and shadow, or effect, and other machinery of inferior consequence. It may be observed, that some of these lower merits which heighten the ornamental parts of the art, were invented by the moderns, principally by the Venetians, and copied, and in a certain degree improved in some of the lowest provinces of the art, by the Flemish and Dutch painters. Some of these methods are so very artful, and so completely baffle discovery, that we may copy even from modern works while their very authors shall not be aware of the plagiarism. This remark applies also to poetry and other writing, acting, music, and indeed almost every art. Destitute of these

advantages, the John Trots labour, and labour, and for ever labour in vain, and it is concluded that they are destitute of genius. This sort of copying is very unlike that some time ago practised by two of the best painters of this country, who, neglecting these artifices, each took the same figure from the same source, and sent them of a large size to the Exhibition. "He has stolen my principal figures," cried Mr. ——. "No," replied the other; "I have not stolen it from you, but I stole it from the same place from which you stole your's." In adopting the artifices which I have recommended, naked figures may be clothed, and clothed figures may be drawn naked. The excellent dishevelment of a head of hair may be lengthened, and many other disguises, such as every person's reflections will suggest, may be introduced. This proves the truth of Reynolds' observation:—Always copying, always original; and the more we copy the more original our works will become. This seems a paradox, and it perhaps requires a name of established reputation to support the remark. It may likewise be with truth observed, that this method of pondering on and availing ourselves of the works of our predecessors, is one of the best methods of improvement.

This plagiarising from north, south, east, and west, this scientific parody, and the poetical idea, are the two principal rules, by means of which an artist may hope with reason to attain superior distinction. In speaking of a very inferior department of the art, the painting of a mackarel, you ob-

served, that you would not buy a common one, which had perhaps been dead and out of its native element a long time, and three or four days exposed to a summer's sun; but that you would procure one just caught, glittering like gold and silver and many other colours, much more vivid and varied than yonder arch of heaven. This is a great deal; this is selection: but the poetical ideal is very superior to this, and is the grand end by which those who would eminently excel, may hope to ascend to a sort of celestial excellence. We should steal and combine from the ancients, the moderns, from the sculptors, painters, and poets, from nature, &c. and seize every thing that will promote and secure to us that great desideratum, poetical and ideal perfection.

What I have said of the mackarel applies to every other department. Whatever is the reason, the ancients are our superiors in dignity, beauty, grace, elegance, simplicity, and truth of outlines. The best of us are only like moons, that receive light from these resplendent suns. Even in the ornamental parts of the arts, we moderns are still but as moons; we have no Titian, Veronese, Tintoret, Rubens, and a hundred others who may easily be mentioned. At the present time many say—Our age is superior to past ages,—from a want of ability or opportunity to decide with justice. It is highly improving for an artist to be conversant, in imagination, with those elegant and heroic ages of ancient Greece and Rome, whose claims are so much stronger than those of modern times.

Miss Eve. Would not this be as

well accomplished as imagining a better world than ours, which probably exists in superior links of the great chain that leads to perfection, where reside immortal youth, beauty, elegance, goodness, and friendly love; where all that we have good, is so in a higher degree; with perfections of which we have no conception, any more than of a sixth sense; and where what is bad has no place?

Miss K. Where perhaps tradesmen have no occasion to attend their shops, but where the buyers, seeing the price marked upon the articles, lay down their money, which the shopkeeper comes in the evening to collect, fears that his customers have paid too much, and if he finds such a mistake, makes strict enquiry, that the overplus may be returned:—this would not do in our sublimary world.

Miss Eve. No, we are placed too low in the scale of perfection for this.

Of the Grecian profiles some are eminently beautiful, and even if an artist could produce such excellent faces from his own imagination, it would be almost useless; for it would be as like one or other of the many that have been done, as copying with a little alteration. The Roman medals are also excellent.

Miss K. Yes, though the Grecian are accounted the best. Some of the Roman medals have three heads, and others two, either back to back, as Julius Cæsar and his adopted son and nephew Octavius, afterwards the Emperor Augustus; or face to face, as Severus and his Empress. The most beautiful of the Roman medals began in the Augustan age, and continued to

be produced at the time of Severus; and then, as the empire declined, so did the excellence of the coins and medals.

It may be observed of the Roman dress, that it was very different from the male habit of modern times in Europe. The old Romans had their necks and arms bare, and as much exposed to view as our hands and faces are at present.

The Roman poets, in their description of a handsome man, often mention the turn of his neck and arms, which in modern dress are covered by the clothes. Horace, in one of his odes, says—

Al! when on Telephus's charms,
His rosy neck and waxen arms,
My Lydia's praise unceasing dwells,
What gloomy spleen my bosom swells!

I will now make a few observations on the emblems and characters on some ancient medals. On this, cast under Tiberius, in honour of Augustus, over his head is the star into which his predecessor, Julius Cæsar, was supposed to have been changed:—

Julius Cæsar's light appears,
As in fair nights and smiling skies,
The beauteous moon amidst the meener stars.

Virgil draws the same figure of Augustus on the shield of Æneas:—

Young Cæsar on the stern, in armour bright,
Here leads the Romans and the gods to fight;
His beamy temples shot their flames afar,
And o'er his head is hung the Julian star.

The thunderbolt lying by him is a mark of his apotheosis, which makes him, as it were, a companion of Jupiter. He wears on his head the *corona radiata*, which, at that time, was another type of the divinity. The spikes that shoot forth from the crown, represent the rays of the sun; there are twelve of them, in allusion to the signs of the

zodiac. It is this kind of crown that Virgil describes:—

Four steeds the chariot of Latinus bear,
Twelve golden beams around his temples play,
To mark his lineage from the god of day.

The *corona radiata* may be seen on the head of Apollo, as a representation of the sun. Ovid observes—

The tender sire was touch'd with what he said,
And flung the blaze of glories from his head.

Here is a medal struck on the marriage of Nero and Octavia. The sun is over the head of the former, and the moon over the latter. They face one another, according to the situation of those two planets in the heavens, and to shew that Octavia derived her whole lustre from the friendly aspect of her husband:—

Because the moon then only feels decay,
When opposite unto her brother's ray—

Nero and Octavia being not only husband and wife, but brother and sister.

On this medal is the representation of the peace which Vespasian procured the empire, after having finished all its wars both at home and abroad. The female figure, with the olive-branch in one hand, represents Peace; with the other she thrusts a lighted torch under a heap of armour that lies beside an altar. This alludes to a custom among the ancient Romans, of gathering up the armour that lay scattered on the field of battle, and burning it as an offering to one of their deities.

Here is a medal struck on occasion of Trajan's victory over the Daci. We see upon it a figure of Trajan presenting a little Victory to Rome; between them lies the conquered province of Dacia. On

many ancient coins we find figures of persons holding in one hand a representation of Victory, like this of Trajan, which is always the sign of conquest. Virgil says, or rather makes Turnus say—

If you consent, he shall not be refus'd,
Nor find a hand to victory unus'd.

Trajan standing in a gown, and making a present of his Dacian victory to the city of Rome, agrees with Claudian's character of him:

Thy glory, Trajan, shall for ever live:
Not that thy arms the Tigris mourn'd o'ercome,
And tributary Parthia bow'd to Rome;
Not that the Capitol receiv'd thy train
With shouts of triumph for the Daci slain;
But for thy mildness to thy country shewn.

We often see an emperor, a Victory, the city of Rome, or a slave sitting on a heap of arms, which always marks out the peace that resulted from such an action as gave occasion to the medal. Virgil, in his *Aeneid*, thus describes the military Fury shut up in the temple of Janus, and loaded with chains:—

Janus himself before his fane shall wait,
And keep the dreadful issues of his gate
With bolts and iron bars: within remains
Imprison'd Fury, bound in brazen chains;
High on a trophy rais'd of useless arms,
Hesitant and threats the world with dire alarms.

On this medal is a figure, which, according to ecclesiastical story, appeared in the sky to Constantine, before the battle with Maxentius. We are told by a Christian poet, that he caused it to be wrought on the military ensign called the *Labarum*.

A Christ was on the imperial standard borne,
That gold embroiders, and that gems adorn.

What studious attention you give, Miss Eve, to some observations that seem new to you! How few of our sex are, like you, gifted to enjoy the delights of rational improve-

ment!—To use the language of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu—

How can'st thou form'd so different from thy
sex,

Whom trifles ravish, and whom trifles vex?
Capricious things, all flutter, whim, and show,
And light and varying as the winds that blow.
To candour, sense, to love, to friendship blind;
To flatterers, fools, and coxcombs only kind!

Say, whence those hints, those bright ideas
came,
That warm thy breast with friendship's holy
flame;

That close thy heart against the joys of youth,
And open thy mind to all the rays of truth;
That with such sweetness and such grace
unite,

The gay, the prudent, virtuous, and polite?
As Heav'n inspires thy sentiments divine,
May Heaven vouchsafe a friendship worthy
thine!

Miss Eve. I shall echo the concluding words:—

May Heaven vouchsafe a friendship worthy
thine!

I am very desirous to improve myself in what relates to the Roman history. Italy is justly compared to the Garden of Eden. Goldsmith observes—

Could Nature's bounty satisfy thy breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest:
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Where bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal leaves, that blossom but to die;
These, here disporting, own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand,
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

Miss K. We find on ancient medals a representation of various countries. Here is one of *France*, with a sheep by her side, not only as a sacrifice, but to denote that the riches of the country consisted chiefly in flocks and pasturage. Thus Horace mentions the commodities of different countries.

Though no Calabrian beer
Their grateful tribute to my

No wines by rich Campania sent,
In my ignoble casks ferment;
No flocks in Gallic plains grow fat—

France, you see, carries on her shoulders the *sagulum*, which Virgil mentions as the habit of the ancient Gauls.—

The gold dissembled well their yellow hair,
And golden chains on their white necks they wear:

Gold are their vests.

You see France is delineated in the attitude of sacrificing for the safe arrival of the emperor, as we may learn from the inscription. We find, from the several medals which were struck on Adrian's progress through the empire, that, at his arrival, his subjects offered a sacrifice to the gods, out of gratitude for so great a favour. Horace mentions this custom:—

And there if any patient ear
My muse's feeble song will hear,
My voice shall sound through Rome.
Thee, Sun, I'll sing, thee, lovely fair,
Thee, thee I'll praise, when Cæsar's come;
Ten lusty bulls, ten large fair cows
Must die to pay thy richer vows,
Of my small stock of kine a calf just wean'd

Here is a medal, descriptive of your favourite country, *Italy*, with a cornucopia in her hand, to denote her fruitfulness; and a crown of towers on her head, indicating the many towns and cities which she contains. Lucan has given her a similar ornament, where he represents her addressing Julius Cæsar:

Amidst the dusky horrors of the night,
A wondrous vision stood confest to sight:
Her awful head Rome's reverend image rear'd,
Trembling and sad, the matron form appear'd:
A tow'ry crown her hoary temples bound,
And her torn tresses rudely hung around;
Her naked arms, uplifted ere she spoke,
Then greening, thus the mournful silence broke.

She holds a sceptre in her other hand, and sits on a globe of the heavens, to shew that she is the

sovereign of nations, and that all the influences of the sun and stars fall on her dominions. Claudian pays the same compliment to Rome: Jove finds no realm, when he the globe surveys,
But what to Rome submissive homage pays.

Now Rome, sole empress, reign'd from pole to pole,

Wherever earth extends, or oceans roll.

The same poet draws this picture of Rome:—

No costly fillets knot her hair behind,
Nor female tinkets round her neck are twin'd.
Bold on the right her naked arms she shows,
And half her bosom's unpolluted snows;
While on the left is buckled o'er her breast,
In diamond clasps, the military vest.
The sun was dazzled as her shield she rear'd,
Where, highly wrought by Mulciber, appear'd
The loves of Mars, her sire, fair Ilia's joys,
The wolf, the Tiber, and the infant boys.

Miss Eve. What did the ancient Romans say of our island?

Miss A. Here is one of the Britannias of Augustus. You see she is not drawn like other countries, in a soft, peaceful posture, but is adorned with emblems that mark the military genius of her inhabitants. This is, I think, the only commendable quality that the ancient poets have touched upon in the description of our country. I have seen many passages in the Latin poets that give an account of the Britons, but I find them so very malicious, that it would look like a libel on the nation to repeat them. I seldom meet with my forefathers, but they are coupled with some opprobrious epithet, such as *barbarous, cruel, inhospitable*. These are the best terms they can afford; and these it would be a kind of injustice to repeat, since their posterity have become eminent for politeness, good-nature, and kindness to strangers.

Britannia, you see, sits on a

globe that stands in water, to denote that she is mistress of a new world; separated from that which the Romans had before conquered, by the interposition of the sea. Thus Virgil calls the Britons,

A race of men from all the world disjoin'd.

The same poet represents the feet of Britannia as washed by the waves.—She bears a Roman ensign in one of her hands, to acknowledge herself a conquered province.

Miss *Eve*. You cannot be sure that the ancient Britons were your forefathers: you may be descended from the Saxons, the Danes, the Normans, or a mixture of all these. De Foe, in his *True-born Englishman*, says, it is a metaphor invented to express a man akin to all the universe.

Miss *K*. Here is a medal of *Arabia*, which brings to mind the description given by Lucan of the Eastern nations:—

While Asia's softer climate, form'd to please,
Dissolves her sons in indolence and ease;
Her silken robes invest unmanly limbs,
And in long trains the flowing purple streams.
More to the west Arabia's shores extend,
Where incense grows, and grateful odours blend;

The bay is call'd th' Arabian Gulf—the name
The country gives it, and 'tis great in fame.

Let Araby extol her happy coast,
Her cinnamon and sweet amomum boast;
Her fragrant flow'rs, her trees with precious
tears,

Her second harvests and her double years—
How can the land be call'd, so blest that
myrrha bears!

The trees drop balsam, and in all the boughs
Health sits, and makes it sov'reign as it flows.

Miss *Eve*. We often find the camel mentioned in accounts of this country, as a beast of burden.

Miss *K*. Yes; this animal is very servicable for the conveyance of spices. We find the camel thus mentioned by Persius:—

— the precious weight
Of pepper and Sabran incense, take
With thy own hands from the thr'd camel's
back.

He loads the camel with pepper, because the animal and its burden are both productions of the same country.

The greedy merchants, led by lucre, run
To the parch'd Indies and the rising sun;
From thence hot pepper and rich drugs they
bear,
Bartering for spices their Italian ware.

JUNIVS.

ACCOUNT OF THE RUSSIAN EMBASSY TO CHINA IN 1805.

(Concluded from p. 83.)

ACCORDINGLY the whole of the embassy received a formal invitation to the entertainment, and proceeded the next day, in great costume and *chapeau-las* (in a severe frost) to the court-yard of the *Wann's* palace, who, on his part, likewise received the ambassador in his gala-dress. The *Wann's* upper garment was of dark purple, richly embroidered with dragons

and other fanciful ornaments; and his polite and dignified behaviour bespoke the refined manners of a courtier conscious of his rank, of his descent from Dshingis-chan, and of his near connection with his sovereign. After a variety of compliments and salutations under the frosty canopy of heaven, the *Wann* informed Count Golowkin, that, as a mark of honour, the entertain-

ment was served up in the saloon, in which the emperor's throne stood; and that the laws of the country required every person, on his entry into that apartment, to perform the customary act of veneration, by kneeling *once* down before the throne and touching the ground with the head. This the count flatly refused, stating, that before the person of the emperor himself he was willing to pay every necessary mark of respect, but that it was beneath the dignity of the representative of a great monarch, to make the required genuflexion before a simple table hung with yellow silk; that none of the former Russian ambassadors, nor the last English embassy, had been called upon to submit to so humiliating a ceremonial.

In reply to these remonstrances the *Wann* observed, that the honour of being invited to a banquet before the imperial throne, in a town so distant from the residence, was a mark of the emperor's favour never before conferred upon any foreign envoy: that his throne was considered as the symbol of his sacred presence, and venerated accordingly; as might be proved by the incense constantly burnt before it, in the same manner as before the effigies of the Chinese divinities and genii: that the count appeared misinformed in regard to the conduct of former Russian ambassadors, and of the last English embassy; since they, as well as Lord Macartney, had readily complied with every ceremony required on similar occasions.

These negotiations were continued for several hours in the courtyard of the palace, in spite of the

intense severity of the cold, which almost prevented the quivering lips of the parties from giving articulation to their arguments; and as the *Wann* was as inflexible in his demand as the count obstinate in his refusal, the matter ended with the ambassador and his suite returning to their quarters with empty stomachs, and the Chinese keeping to themselves the delicious morsels they had prepared for the grand *déjeuner*. A courier, of course, was immediately dispatched to Peking with a report of the unexpected occurrence.

The interval which elapsed till the answer arrived was again spent in negotiations, which the count the more readily thought of assisting by presents, as the *Wann* had already accepted of some earlier gifts which had been conveyed to him in an indirect manner; and had, in return, presented the ambassador with his own tobacco-pipe, a sign of great friendship among the Chinese, but which the Russians mistook for the reluctant boon of Chinese avarice. Two *English* watches, of superior workmanship, were deemed a sufficient *appuy* in support of the Russian cause; but as it was feared the *Wann's* delicacy might be offended if they were point-blank offered to himself, the ambassador, at the next interview with the Chinese grandee, turned the conversation on the *Wann's* sons, and intimated that he had brought with him these two watches, which, as they were of *Russian* manufacture, he should be happy if the young gentlemen would accept as a token of remembrance of the present happy event. The *Wann*, on looking at

them, declared them to be *English*, and returned them, observing, "My children are yet too young to make use of such precious articles; it is more befitting for them to perfect themselves in the practice of the bow, and to exercise their bodies in the sports of the field."

On the 20th January, 1806, a few days after this *affaire manquée*, an answer arrived from the Tribunal of Foreign Relations at Peking, in substance as follows: "At the repeated request made by the Emperor of Russia, to be allowed to send an embassy to the Emperor of China, his majesty, in order to join still closer the former bond of amity between the two empires, and to give an essential proof of his esteem towards the Emperor of Russia, granted to Count Golowkin his gracious permission to arrive at Peking with the New Year. His majesty, moreover, intended to have shewn to the said ambassador a further and especial mark of his favour, by giving orders to prepare an entertainment for him, in his majesty's name, even before his arrival at Peking; which entertainment was to be considered as intended in honour of the sovereign he represents, and is an act of gracious condescension hitherto without precedent. Hence, in the eleven articles of the treaty with Russia, the ceremonial connected with such an entertainment, and resisted by Count Golowkin, does not happen to be touched upon; and the twelfth article merely was added for the better regulation of frontier concerns. The embassies of all nations that send tribute to his majesty, have not refused to submit to

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the ceremonies which our laws require. Even the King of Hainan prostrated himself nine times before the emperor. Upon what pretext then can an ambassador claim to be exempted from this act of veneration? Since, therefore, Count Golowkin spurns the honourable distinction which his majesty had most graciously condescended to confer upon him, his majesty's pleasure is, he should be apprized, that he may return, and take back with him the presents intended for the imperial court. In returning to his country, does Count Golowkin not fear disgrace and punishment from his monarch?"—In explanation of the term "*tribute*," our author observes, that the national pride of the Chinese government, and a desire to impress the people with an idea of the greatness of the monarch who rules over them, are the causes that all presents received from foreign embassies are considered and proclaimed as a tribute from the respective sovereigns; and that the most favoured and most successful mission, that of Lord Macartney, formed no exception to this rule; since, as he asserts, Lord Macartney was obliged to suffer the vessel which conveyed him and the presents from England to be decorated with a flag bearing this inscription—"Embassy of the RED-HEADS bringing tribute," Red-head being the Chinese term for Englishmen, on account of the florid complexion which our countrymen owe to their good cheer of roast beef, strong beer, and Port wine.

Although this severe blow seemed to exclude all further hope of

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success, it nevertheless appeared as if the *Wann* had received secret instructions to recommence the negotiation as if from his own personal impulse; for he suggested, that perhaps a letter from the ambassador to the emperor himself might produce a change in the situation of affairs; offered to send such a letter to Peking without delay; and, as probably the Russian interpreters might be ignorant of the official style of such a document, to give it the proper form himself. Accordingly, the letter was written by the Russians in the Mandshur language, and sent for approbation to the *Wann*, who, after having made some unessential alterations, returned it to be copied. But Count Golowkin, who, upon second thoughts, appeared to have changed his mind, now declared to the *Wann's* officer, it was not customary with him to alter what he had once written, and that consequently the letter must either go to Peking in its original form, or not be sent at all. With this message the officer was sent back, and the lofty and sanguine spirits of the majority of the embassy anticipated, in the effect which the firmness of their chief would produce at Peking, the happiest results.

What then must have been their disappointment, when, on the 1st of February (a pity it was not the 1st of April), they received the following official and laconic rescript from the Chinese!

"As the Russian embassy is composed of fools, we will have nothing to do with them, but shall complain of their conduct to the senate."

The senate at St. Petersburg, it ought to be observed, is gene-

rally the medium of the Russian correspondence with the Chinese government. As a proof, we shall quote the beginning of a communication, equally laconic and plain, which the latter sent to the former on the subject of the circumnavigator, Captain Krusenstern's entering the port of Canton without either permission from the Chinese, or any previous intimation from St. Petersburg. It is, as usual, in the Latin language: "*Tu, senate, multum stulte fecisti, quod naves, illas sine permissione nostra misisti,*" &c. &c. Eng. "Thou, senate, hast acted very foolishly, in sending those ships without our permission," &c. &c.

But to return to the abovementioned rescript, which inflicted the *coup de grace* on the prospects of the embassy, we have to add, that the messenger who brought it informed the ambassador, that the *Wann* had only eleven days provisions for the mission; that, consequently, the Russians would do well to delay their departure as little as possible; that the presents which had been received by the *Wann* were herewith returned, since they had been solely accepted by him in the hope of accompanying the ambassador to Peking, and of thus having it in his power to be useful in their undertaking. The count replied, that he would set out the next day, but on no account take back the presents once given by him, and received by the *Wann*. As, however, the Chinese officer departed without being prevailed upon to take the presents back to the *Wann*, the ambassador sent his secretary, accompanied by two Cossacks, to throw them on the

sand before the camp. But in this instance, no less than in others, was the Chinese diplomacy a match for that of the count. Two Chinese sentries were now placed over these unfortunate presents on the sand, and when the embassy departed, the sentries, with the presents, followed the train, and deposited them at the foot of the land-mark on Russian ground, where, as may be easily supposed, they fell a prey to the first undiplomatic hand that took pity on their forlorn situation. The evening before the departure, the count, to shew to the Chinese his unconcern at the failure of the mission, caused to be dispensed to the dragoons and Cossacks as much brandy as they called for; which act of diplomacy had the desired effect, since an uninformed person would have inferred, from the noise and joyful revels of the night, that the mission

had succeeded to the utmost extent of its wishes, and that it was this success which they were celebrating.

Of the journey home our author has given no particulars; but he adds, by way of conclusion, that the failure of the embassy, and the umbrage which the Chinese took at the conduct of many of its individuals, has had no influence on the traffic of both countries at Kiachta, which has, to this day, suffered no interruption or diminution: probably, because the advantage of the commercial intercourse lies greatly with the Chinese, who, in repayment for their commodities, principally tea and coloured calicoes, receive but a small proportion of goods from the Russians, and take the remainder of the value, as is the case in their dealings with the British and other European nations, in hard cash.

THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

No. XXIV.

Non ego illam mihi dotem esse puto, quæ dos dicitur,
Sed pudicitiam et pudorem et sceleratam cupidinem. — PLAUT.

IN my opinion, woman's true dowry is virtue, modesty, and desires restrained, and not the mere money which is usually understood by that expression.

I have often considered, that the class of females which are denominated *Old Maids*, are in general treated with the most unsparing and unceremonious injustice. That many of them are to be found who are envious and malignant, I do not deny; but, at the same time, I am by no means disposed to attribute such unpleasant dis-

positions exclusively to their unmarried state; because I could produce, at any time, an equal proportion of married women with similar offensive habits, and who possessing, from their particular condition, a more extended sphere of action, are proportionably more mischievous in the indulgence of them. Nor do I hesitate to declare, that I would much rather, were I a woman, have what is called a spiteful *Old Maid* for my enemy, than a married woman who has three marriageable daughters; as

the former has only her own disappointments to resent, while the latter has the envious and discontented impulse in a threefold proportion. I could give many delightful examples of disinterestedness and benevolence in ladies who have been destined to a life of celibacy; and, if the thought had before occurred to me, I might have indulged myself at large in a lucubration on the subject; but the following letter from a lady of that character, affording such an example of good sense, knowledge of the world, and disinterested benevolence, precludes me from offering any information of my own on the subject. I have only to anticipate the approbation of all my readers; in contemplating a plan which is so pregnant with advantage to that class of young women who stand most in need of support, protection, and introduction; I mean those whose persons are attractive, whose accomplishments aid the attraction, and whom fortune has never befriended, or has unhappily deserted. The proposed arrangement receives my most hearty concurrence, and my pleasure in announcing it to the world can be second only to that which would accompany the seeing it carried into effect. No one who reads it will hereafter deny, that an Old Maid is capable of the most friendly, generous, and kindly interesting conduct to the young, the lovely, and the accomplished of her own sex.

TO THE MODERN SPECTATOR, IN
MR. ACKERMANN'S REPOSITORY
OF ARTS, &c.

SIR,—I have long and repeatedly determined to address you on

the subject of a plan I have in contemplation, and which I now offer to your serious, attentive, and, as I flatter myself, favourable regard. But before it will be possible for you to give a judicious opinion on the subject, it will be essentially necessary for you to become acquainted with the leading circumstances of my past life, and from what source those motives have arisen which have induced me to engage in a correspondence with you.

You may smile, perhaps, and some of your readers may follow your example, when I assure you, that I am by no means ashamed of being an OLD MAID—such is my present situation, and my origin I shall very briefly tell you.

I am the daughter of an officer in the army, who left me so little that it can scarcely be called a fortune; and as for beauty, that kind of personal property was pretty much upon a par with my real possessions. All I shall say of my figure is, that it did not want height, as I was upwards of six feet high, without the elevating aid of pattens. My father, however, for he was the best of men, though he was disappointed of that promotion which he well deserved, having attained no higher rank than that of a captain, contrived to give me an excellent education, observing at the same time, that, in so doing, he gave me *what the world could not take from me* (a remark replete with wisdom). Among other things, he taught me landscape and figure drawing, in which he himself excelled; while my mother instructed me in the useful

arts of needle-work, weaving lace, &c. which were enlivened with music and the song.

When I was about twenty-one, the rude hand of fate deprived me of both my parents in one little month. My father died with his sword in his hand on the field of battle; and my mother, who loved him to excess, had not strength to sustain the affliction of such a loss, and soon sunk into her grave.

No relation was now left me but an aunt, who had lived with us for some years. She was the widow of a bookseller in London, who had left her something more than fifty pounds a year. As for myself, two hundred pounds were all that my father's honourable patrimony could save for me. This small sum, however, I put out to interest, and, with the approbation of my aunt, I determined to try what my pencil, my needle, and my lace-pillow would do for me. This determination was attended with success far beyond my expectations; and I acquired that degree of character in thus employing the talents I possessed, that a gentlewoman, who kept a school for young ladies in the neighbourhood, made me such an offer to assist her in the conduct and management of it, that I immediately engaged in the undertaking. Thus, I was not only enabled to live in a comfortable manner, but to save a little money. In short, I conducted myself with so much satisfaction to Madame de Brazille, the lady governess of the school; that, after having had the goodness to treat me with the affection of a mother, she closed her life with the same parental disposition, by leaving

me her school, the house in which it was carried on, with all its furniture, plate, and apparatus for instruction, including also five acres of land at the distance of thirty miles from London.

At the head of this respectable establishment I continued till I found myself worth five hundred pounds a year. I was at this time about fifty-five, an age when it was natural for me to wish to retire from the bustle of life; in which, by my own application, and with the blessing of a beneficent Creator, I had succeeded so well. I accordingly sold my house, my school, and all their contents, to a young lady, the orphan daughter of an officer, whom I had educated, and who fortunately had been left a sufficiency to make the purchase. This circumstance added considerably to my income, and having reserved the five adjoining acres already mentioned, I built a neat small cottage there; so that I am close to my old abode, which I frequently visit, and where I am always received and treated as a mother.

In this pleasing and comfortable retreat I reside during eight months of the year, and during the other four I pay a visit to the metropolis: but as, from my former habits of incessant occupation, I feel a vacancy in this part of my life, I wish to fill it up as I can. In short, I am anxious to have something to do, and to let that something be to the advantage of my own sex. I propose, therefore, to establish an EXHIBITION, on the following plan, whose ultimate tendency will not be suspected of originating in the mind of an Old Maid. But so it is.

In the first place, I propose to fit up, in an appropriate manner, the first floor of a handsome house, in a fashionable part of the town, for the reception of works of art by those young women of respectable families, whose situation requires the support of their own exertions, whether in the different branches of design and painting, or in the ornamental works of personal decoration and elegant utility; such as embroidery, laces, worsted works, and other decorations of fancy. A little of the supposed stiffness and starchiness of the old maid may, however, be thought to appear, when I mention, that every one of my female exhibitors must accompany their productions with the most satisfactory testimonials of their character, conduct, and connections; but as my plan is not only to encourage, but to reward merit, it is essentially necessary, that the fair deserts of the candidates should be clearly established. Such an arrangement will then be made, that visitors may be received to view the exhibition; and the prices being fixed to every article, there will be no difficulty in the disposal to such as may be inclined to become purchasers of them. This part of my plan, however useful it may prove, is on the principle of accommodation, which has already been adopted and successfully executed. The new and, as I conceive, original part of my plan, is yet to be displayed.

I propose that one of my rooms shall be altogether appropriated to portraits, which must be of such young ladies as are qualified to produce them by their own efforts in that branch of art: and here my

plan will proceed a step further, Mr. Spectator, than I presume you are prepared to expect, and which, I trust, the most scrupulous of my sisterhood of old maidens, over the worst dish of tea in England, will not be disposed to censure. It is my opinion, which I think will not be controverted by any reflecting and experienced mind, that a young lady of a respectable family, agreeable person, amiable manners, and suitable accomplishments, though of a circumscribed fortune, is worthy the attention of, and a becoming match for any gentleman. Now if such an one should, from the impression made on him by any one of these portraits, feel himself disposed to present himself in a matrimonial capacity, he must then send me his portrait, which, with an account of himself and his circumstances, I will transmit to the lady who is the object of his admiration; and, if they are approved by herself and her friends, her address shall be communicated to him, when he may present himself in person, and prefer his suit. I perceive nothing romantic in all this. It is the way in which George III. obtained his queen, and I do not see what objection any of his loyal subjects can have to follow his Majesty's royal example. A more happy marriage has seldom been seen or known, than of the royal pair, which was produced by the interchange of their pictures.

Thus, sir, I should hope to advance that state in which I have never engaged myself, but whose felicity I am anxious to promote in others, and in this way, at least, to answer the ends of my creation.

Such is my plan for the promo-

tion of domestic happiness and national strength, which I hope will meet not only with your approbation, but also with your co-operating assistance. Some of your ingenious correspondents may, perhaps, furnish hints for the improvement and enlargement of my design; and I shall thank them, with great sincerity, for their attention to this most interesting, and consequently most important subject.

Nothing is now, I think, left me to do, but to inform you, that I am

known, by my friends, under the name of Beacham; but though, from its orthography, it might be mistaken for that of a foreigner, our family have lived on the borders of Scotland for many centuries.

I remain, with great admiration of Mr. Ackermann's *Repository*, your most obedient and very humble servant,

BEATRICE DE BEAUCHAMP.

THIRTY-MILE COTTAGE,

17th Jan. 1811.

THE POET'S DREAM.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

OF all the blessings man enjoys, few can be compared to sleep: it lulls the afflictions of the mind, and relieves the agitations of the body; it soothes the lighter cares of life when nothing else will, and takes from us that restless inhabitant of the breast, thought.

I am led, by my own situation, to these reflections, which are the result of manifold experience. I am a poet, or rhymester, and consequently liable to all those vicissitudes of life that are so generally attendant upon such a profession;—eating this day,—starving the next,—hunted by the myrmidons of the law,—harassed by the critics, &c. &c. You may therefore readily suppose, that sleep is to me a blessing; at least I find it so; in that composed state my fancy often transports me into far happier situations than my waking senses ever experienced. It was in one of these pleasant intervals of rest, after poring over a laborious epic,

in which I had been at times wading in similes, or swimming in an episode, now aground on the shore of invention, and then again buoyed up on the waves of fancy, that I had the following dream.

Methought I was a poet of unbounded genius, and that my works were sought after by the world in general; that I was surrounded with all the blessings of affluence and ease, and universally praised by the reviewers. Such was the *strange* and *improbable* state into which my dream had transported me.

I imagined that I was sitting in my library, engaged in a work that was to immortalize my name, when the door opened, and an elegant female was ushered into the room. After the usual forms of politeness, she informed me her name was Calliope, and that she was deputed by her sisters to say, that they had viewed my genius with admiration and delight, and that it was their determination to assist me as far as

lay in their power. I was astonished, and could scarcely restrain my rapture, to think that the Muses had adopted me as their favourite poet: my thanks to Calliope were hurried and ardent, for I felt that my senses were overpowered with my good fortune. The lady next informed me, that the Muses were about to give an entertainment at their temple on Mount Parnassus, to which she invited me: and thus her visit concluded. I, however, prevailed upon her, before she departed, to take an ode or two by way of refreshment, which she was pleased to say were well flavoured. As I was escorting her to the door, she was particularly affable, and praised my poetic powers highly. Pegasus waited for her at the gate; he was in very good condition, and his harness becoming: the reins were made of 'The Art of Criticism, and the stirrups were formed out of Horace's Art of Poetry. Calliope, when mounted, made a graceful inclination of the head towards me, and having touched the

horse with her whip, which was one of the Satires of Juvenal, she flew away in an instant. I now returned into the house full of joy,* but in shutting the door with considerable force, the noise awoke me.

I found that in my energy I had overturned the table; my papers were scattered about in all directions, and my ink was meandering over my poem in gloomy variety. Having placed things in order as well as possible, I again composed myself to sleep, in which my mind (from having been so delighted with the first dream) resumed the subject, and I fancied myself attending the feast of the Muses: but, alas! upon waking, my stomach felt its usual emptiness, and my dress appeared in its accustomed raggedness. If you should think the first vision worthy of publicity, you shall be put in the possession of the second.—I remain your humble servant,

SOMNICULUS.

GRUB-STREET, Feb. 3, 1813.

MISCELLANEOUS FRAGMENTS AND ANECDOTES.

THE MERMAID.

IN the speech of the Scythian ambassador to Alexander, in *Quintus Curtius*, it is said to be a Scythian proverb, "That Fortune has no feet, and is furnished only with hands, to distribute her capricious favours; and with fins, to elude the grasp of those to whom she has been bountiful." Surely the *Dagon* of the East, and the *mermaids* of the West, are nothing but images of this Scythian Fortune. The mirror, too, which the mermaid is frequently

depicted holding in her hand, is extremely appropriate to Fortune; whether we consider its dazzling quality when it reflects the rays of the sun, or the unsubstantial and evanescent nature of the forms it presents to us.

RECIPROCITY OF RIGHTS AND DUTIES.

"Rights and duties are correlative."—Ensor on *National Government*. True; and this seems to me not to have been sufficiently weighed. Without rights there can be

no duties; without duties there can be no rights. But, then, have all men equal rights under similar circumstances? Yes. Under dissimilar circumstances? No. Is not this the clue to that labyrinth of endless disputation? Man is the creature of circumstances: it is these that gild one side of the shield, and silver the other.

DEGREE.

"The ulcers did not give pain in any *degree*, and it was of short continuance."—Rollo on *Diabetes Mellitus*, vol. II. p. $\frac{3}{4}$. This is an absurd, new-fangled use of degree, here involving a palpable contradiction; for the conclusion of the sentence shews, that they did give pain in some degree, though we may conjecture not in a very high degree. A similar abuse of the term occurs in such expressions as, "He is ugly to a degree; she is beautiful to a degree." Every man who is not handsome, or at least passable, must have *some degree* of ugliness; every woman who is not ordinary, must possess *some degree* of beauty.

ADJECTIVE BEFORE THE SUBSTANTIVE.

Professor Raymond observes, in the *Magazin Encyclopédique*, for March, 1810, p. 200, "Qualities are the only things that are perceptible in any object; and it is only by their mode that we perceive substances: to which, therefore, we justly give this name (*quod substant*). But we are so accustomed to take what actually strikes our senses for the substance itself, that, when a new object presents itself, we confound its colour, for instance, with its essence; from not knowing whether it be susceptible of any

colour, and from not having yet entered into any process of abstraction with respect to it. For the quality to exhibit itself to our eyes as a quality, we must already be familiarized with the ideas of modes, considered as accessory to their substances; and then there is no doubt, but it is the quality that makes the first impression. I have a granddaughter three years old, who always puts the quality before the subject: she says, *Une rouge pomme, une cassée fourchette, une blanche robe, une ronde assiette*," &c.

The construction of the English language, therefore, in which the adjective precedes the substantive, is both most natural and most philosophical. I recollect a very laughable blunder, occurring where it was little to be expected, into which a learned Frenchman fell from this difference in the structure of the two languages, the substantive preceding the adjective in the French. It was in the elaborate instructions given to the unfortunate La Pérouse, which were drawn up, if I remember right, by the Chevalier de la Borde. An English navigator, in an account of his voyage, mentions his having met with indications of land, though no land was to be seen, in a certain latitude. Among these he enumerates "fishes, reeds forty feet long," &c.; which the French translator converted into "red fishes forty feet long," *poissons rouges de quarante pieds en longueur*.

HENRY IV.

Not long after the peace of Verbins, Henry IV. meanly dressed, and attended only by two gentlemen, determined to cross the Seine on his return from hunting. During the passage, he asked the

ferryman, who did not know him, what people said about the peace. "They make noise enough about it, to be sure," replied the man; "but, for my part, I can't see what better we are for it: the taxes are raised upon us every day, and nothing escapes them, not even this wretched ferry-boat, by which, with hard work, I contrive to get a bit of bread."—"Why does not the king put a stop to this evil?" asked Henry.—"As for the king," replied the man, "he is well disposed enough, but he has a prodigal mistress, who will be supplied with all sorts of expensive clothes and outlandish finery; and so we poor folks are obliged to contribute to support her extravagance. It would not be quite so provoking if she was mistress to the king alone, but they say there are others to whom she is equally kind." Henry, who was highly diverted with this chit-chat, sent the following day for the ferryman, and caused him to repeat all that he had said in the presence of the lady, the fair Gabrielle, Duchess of Beaufort. The exasperated beauty insisted that he should be immediately hanged. "Nonsense!" replied Henry; "the fellow's poverty makes him discontented; his ferry-boat shall in future be exempted from taxes, and depend upon it he will daily cry, 'Long live the king! long live Gabrielle!'"

EXTRAORDINARY SUPERScription.

In the year 1769 a letter reached the post-office at Paris, with the following superscription, in French:—"To the Prince of Poets, the perpetual Phenomenon of Glory, the Philosopher of Nations, the Mercury of Europe, the Orator of

his Country, the Promoter of Citizens, the Historian of Kings, the Panegyrist of Heroes, the Aristarchus of Zoiluses, the Arbiter of Taste, a Painter in every style, the same at every age, the Protector of the Arts, the Benefactor of Talents and of real Merit, the Admirer of Genius, the Scourge of Persecutors, the Enemy of Fanatics, the Defender of the Oppressed, the Father of Orphans, the Pattern for the Rich, the Support of the Poor, the immortal Example of exalted Virtues."—All Paris concluded that this address could apply to none but Voltaire, and to him the letter was accordingly delivered.

ANACHRONISM.

A curious anachronism occurred in a fine piece of tapestry in a country-seat belonging, before the French Revolution, to the house of Rohan, where Judith, after cutting off the head of Holofernes, was represented thanking God in her oratory at the feet of a crucifix and before an image of the Blessed Virgin.

TERRORS BY NIGHT:

No. 1. *More frightened than hurt: an Irish Bull; alias, a Red Cow.*

I had enjoyed about an hour the blessings of slumber, when I was awoken by a noise more tremendous than thunder; to my terrified imagination it seemed like the roaring of the fiercest lion. I started up and struck my head against something that felt rough and warm, and extending my arms (in an agony of fear I must confess), got hold of the ears of what I supposed a ferocious animal. It is inconceivable the ideas of horror that rushed through my mind—I thought it was a mad dog, who had some way or other

found his way to the bed: the bellowing, however, which was in an instant repeated, made me change my opinion, and I took it for a wild bull; who had broke loose, and would devour me, as the red cow did Tom Thumb. I jumped out of bed, and endeavoured to escape by the door, but could not find it—I called loudly for light and assistance—the bellowing continued, though it did not seem to quit the spot where I first had heard it—between us we made a noise that might have broken any sleep, except what the last trump will waken us from.—My host at length made his appearance, followed by his wife, bearing a candle—he was in his shirt and red night-cap, like a Turkish turban—the fair torch-bearer was in her chemise—though assuredly it was not “*une chemise blanche*.”—The husband thrust the muzzle of a fowling-piece (which he carried cocked) into the room, before he entered himself—so that between the mad bull in my rear, and the *Orange* party in front, I thought myself in a perilous situation.—When I had explained the nature of my alarm, we advanced in a body to the bed, to discover the cause.—The roaring, which was incessant, proceeded from the mouth of a red cow, with horns as long as a deer’s—but the head only was visible: how it came there, or where the body was, was to me totally unintelligible. My host, after rolling on the bed some instants in a hearty fit of laughter, explained it to me.—With the carelessness that marked all his domestic arrangements, a cow was sometimes turned into the chamber that communicated with mine, to save the trouble of taking

her to the stable; one he had purchased a few days before at a neighbouring fair, had been confined there ever since; as she was probably not much accustomed to live in a parlour, it was not wonderful she wished to make her escape out of it—by dint of perseverance she forced a passage for her head, through the partition of lath and plaister which separated her from the side of my bed. Unable to draw her body forward, or her head backwards, she stuck fast in this pillory of her own creation, and broke out into the noise I have just been mentioning.

Travels in Ireland, 1811.

TERRORS BY NIGHT:

No. 2.—*A hundred Scotch Rabbits equal to one Irish Bull.*

Having put up my horse at the best inn in Cupar of Fife, I found there a gentleman scarcely recovered from a fright he had got the night before. A person it seems was carrying, from the east coast of Fife, an hundred rabbits, to occupy a warren in the West Islands. The person who had the care of the animals, hired a room for them for the night: putting them all into it, and giving them greens and other food, he shut the door; and having refreshed himself, went to bed. The gentleman whom I saw, being just arrived, and a stranger, asked for supper and a room, and went to bed; which happened to be the room contiguous to the rabbits; but knew nothing of their being there. About the middle of the night and in the midst of his sleep, the door between his room and the rabbits not being locked, a gale of wind arising, the door suddenly opened,

and the whole of the rabbits, rushing from their own room, ran into the gentleman's; some running over his face, hands, and other parts of his body, both above and below the bed, and many of them seeking for shelter beneath the blankets. The gentleman, awaking suddenly, was much alarmed, and roared for help, but none appeared. Their keeper was asleep, as well as every one else in the house. Thinking himself surrounded by a thousand devils, which he found before, behind, and round about him, he at length found the door, and ran down stairs

naked, in the dark. The rabbits, as much afraid as the gentleman, following him, were down stairs before him; and it was not many minutes till the whole house was in an uproar. When the candle was lighted, nothing appeared. The rabbits had dispersed, and hid themselves in different parts of the house. Hungary waters, spirits, &c. were brought to recover the gentleman; and it was not till the rabbit-man appeared, and found his rabbits gone, that he could comprehend what had happened to him.

Hall's Travels in Scotland.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF PAINTING IN WATER COLOURS.

(Continued from p. 94.)

THE great encouragement which has been manifested of late years for the cultivation of landscape-drawing, has originated principally in the love which has been evinced for making tours, to explore the beautiful scenery of our island; and we owe it to the memory of the ingenious and amiable Vicar of Boldre, in the New Forest, Hampshire, to give this divine the merit of having created so general a love for travelling, and for so laudable and pleasing an object. The Forest Scenery, the Tour to the Lakes, and other works upon the study of the picturesque, accompanied as they were, by his careful and happy sketches, illustrative of his writings, give loose hints of the most captivating part of this art and its general forms, with the accidental incidents of light and shadow, as produced by the variations of the passing cloud. Every reader of

feeling caught the enthusiasm of the author, until in a few years the prevalence of landscape-drawing became general in every polite family; and almost every library contained his works. These interesting publications became the subject of imitation with numerous amateurs, and port-folios were filled by ladies as well as gentlemen, who undertook journies expressly to study the picturesque.

The success attending these works of Mr. Gilpin, did not entirely owe their popularity to the graphic ornaments which they contained; the literary part was no less pleasing, and still more instructive: every reader was captivated with his glowing description of the operation of light and shadow, and the judicious observations upon their causes and effects; his woodland scenery, and remarks upon the leading characters of trees;

his elegant manner of pointing out the romantic and grand beauties of mountain scenery, as opposed to the gentle undulations which characterise the lengthened vale, conveyed information and instruction in a style so pleasing, and so entirely new, that none could peruse his works without experiencing improvement and delight. These works were rendered still more interesting, and more highly valuable, by the animals which were introduced in his Forest Scenery, by the tasteful hand of his worthy and highly esteemed brother, Sawrey Gilpin, Esq. R. A.

The publications of the Rev. Mr. Gilpin formed several octavo volumes; the prints were executed in imitation of the drawings of the author, in aquatinta, and were printed on a paper stained with a warm colour, which produced a novel and agreeable effect.

W. Payne, who appears to have at once seen the capacities of the style so loosely sketched by the Rev. Mr. Gilpin, commenced his studies, and not long after the appearance of these works, exhibited his drawings to the world of taste. The way had been made for their reception, and the demand for Payne's drawings became general. This artist held some appointment in his Majesty's service at Plymouth, where he studied drawing for his amusement. But the celebrity of his works soon produced an invitation for their author to the metropolis, where, immediately after his arrival, he had an introduction to the first families, who were desirous of acquiring his style.

Payne, although not mentioned before, is entitled to the meritorious

praise of having contributed no inconsiderable share to the advancement of his art. His drawings, which were generally made from sketches taken on the river Tamar, or in the vicinity of Plymouth, were replete with effect. His small drawings, in particular, were executed with magical spirit, and pencilled with the greatest taste; indeed, in no works of similar size, have the incidental gleams of sunshine been represented with a greater degree of truth. The simple means by which this artist accomplished his effects, induced innumerable amateurs to become acquainted with his style; and hence it is said, that no artist of this or any other country, could enumerate so long a list of pupils, amongst whom are included the sons and daughters of the highest families in the kingdom.

Shortly subsequent to the fame of Payne, the study of landscape-drawing became so general in the fashionable circles, that every professor of eminence was tempted to enter the list of teachers, and the highest source of emolument has been derived from instructing the rising generation in this pleasing art. And here it should be mentioned to the honour of our enlightened countrywomen, that the great display of talent which the English artists have exhibited to the world, has been called forth by that love of the art which has so generally been shewn by the female part of the higher circles within the last twenty years. The boundless liberality of the English fair, in their encouragement of water-colour paintings, is no less honourable to the country, than it is creditable to

themselves, and will form a distinguished feature in a future history of our times.

The celebrity of Payne, and the consequent rage which spread so rapidly amongst the fashionable world, to become acquainted with the art of landscape-drawing, excited many ingenious provincial artists to try their fortunes in the metropolis. J. Nicholson had for some time cultivated this branch of drawing in the neighbourhood of York, and had made some valuable discoveries, by his invention of taking out lights in his works, by a chemical process of great ingenuity: for which discovery he received an honorary reward from the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, in the Adelphi. This process, which is described at length in the Transactions of the Society, added new light to the art. One of the greatest difficulties in producing richness of effect, and clearness of execution, arose from the previous practice of laying on the lighter tint of a drawing first, and deepening the parts by degrees, which not only produced a tiresome repetition, but robbed the performance of its clearness, causing a manifest deterioration in the drawing, in proportion as the colours became more deeply spread. It was in this particular that the process of drawing differed most from that of oil-painting, where the lights are laid upon the dark colours. By the ingenious process of Nicholson, the darker colours are laid first, and the forms destined to sustain the lights, are taken out; by which means, clearness and spirit are maintained, and the texture

of the work becomes infinitely more beautiful: indeed, the effect produced by its means, is similar to that of glazing in oil; and so powerful is its extent, that copies of oil-paintings have been made in water-colours, which vie with the originals in force of colour and brilliancy of effect.

J. Glover may be adduced as an illustrious instance, amongst the number of provincial artists, whose abilities have added much to the improvement of the art. This ingenious professor, unaided by the society of other artists, commenced his studies by copying the sylvan scenes in the neighbourhood of Litchfield, at which city he resided. Much of the style of Payne's drawings, in his early works, was visible; and to this he added the appearance of higher finishing. The truth which characterised his first efforts from the scenes of nature, gave presage of his future excellence, although the subjects were collected from the fields and lanes in the immediate vicinity of his town; and his studies were made during his leisure from an arduous occupation, respectable, but less pleasing than the pursuit of the fine arts.

A period at length arrived, when the art had attained to such a general state of improvement, that an opportunity only was needful to shew to the world the powerful effects that could be produced by an exhibition of select works, entirely composed of water-colour drawings: for, however transcendent the talents of some of the artists who had exhibited their works on the walls of the Royal Academy, yet their being mixed with pictures

in oil, in crayons, and with works discreditable to the art, and arranged with no regard to the *tout-ensemble*; and, moreover, in rooms not originally constructed to throw a favourable light upon pictures: the talents of the artists could not be fairly evinced, nor could the public justly appreciate the merits of such a separate department of art.

To remedy this deficiency, it was proposed, by a certain number of professors of this art, to establish a separate exhibition, in which no works were to be admitted but those executed in water-colours, even to the excluding of such works as were painted in body water-colours, or varnished drawings. This society was first composed of the following artists:—F. W. Wells, S. Shelley, W. H. Pyne, R. Hills, J. Glover, W. S. Gilpin, G. Barrett, J. Holworthy, J. C. Nattes, J. Varley, C. Varley, N. Pocock, Francis Nicholson, making together thirteen artists, by whom were elected three other members, Wm. Havell, Joshua Cristall, and Stephen Rigaud. The first exhibition that was formed by the joint labours of these artists, opened in the Great Room, Lower Brook-street, Gros-

venor-square; and the curiosity that it excited, drew together a croud of lovers of the fine arts, daily, for six weeks, and established a reputation and a patronage for its members, unprecedented in the annals of English art. The success of this society soon augmented its number of members, until, in the second annual exhibition, a collection of drawings was displayed to the public, that astonished and delighted every admirer of the graphic art. This Society was entitled, “The Society of Painters in Water-Colours.”

It was not likely that the success attendant upon this new establishment, would remain unnoticed by other professors of the art: hence, within two years of its foundation, another society was formed, composed of a greater number of artists, and an exhibition was opened in Brook-street, which, although it contained many beautiful specimens of the art, its members being artists of great celebrity, yet its success was not commensurate to the talent it displayed, nor the encouragement equal to the reasonable hopes of its projectors.

(*To be continued.*)

ON COMMERCE.

No. XXVIII.

THE fertility of the soil of the Isle of France is such, as to produce two harvests within twelve months; as the corn which is sown in May, is reaped in September, and that sown in October, is harvested in February following. Among the exotic trees and shrubs

growing here, may be numbered coffee, cotton, camphor; aloes; the agalloeum; sagoutier, or sago; the cardamum, the cinnamon, and the clove-trees. The species of coffee raised here is the same as at Bourbon, but it is not cultivated to the same extent; although, accord-

ing to Monsieur De Cossigny, who was governor in 1791, it may almost be considered indigenous. He says, "The ordinary coffee, known by the name of Bourbon, is the only coffee cultivated upon an extensive plan in the two islands: some of the inhabitants, through curiosity, cultivate two other kinds of coffee, to one of which they give the name of Eden, or Ouden, the berry of which is exceeding small, though it is much superior to the other (Bourbon), and even to that of Mocha; but the plant bears little, is very delicate, and subject to perish. I wished to form a plantation of it, but could not succeed." "There are," he continues, "in the forests of the island, towards the quarter of Poudre d'Or, Maroon coffee-plants, so called, because they are indigenous, and grow without care or cultivation." He also mentions a fourth kind, which is likewise a native, and grows upon trees as high as other trees, but with a slender stem, and which,

he adds, is not generally known; but, in his opinion, as well as in that of others to whom he shewed it, this kind is superior to that of Mocha. In addition to those plants already enumerated, are many others, natives of Asia; which, by the persevering industry and patriotism of some of its governors, have, from time to time, been added to their former store, and in some measure naturalized: as, for instance, on June 27, 1770, 450 nutmeg-trees were landed here, together with 10,000 nutmegs, either growing or ready to grow; and a chest of cloves, several of which had shot out; and in 1772, another and much more considerable importation was made. All these were procured by the strenuous endeavours and real patriotism of Monsieur Poivre, who was appointed intendant of both islands in 1766, during the administration of the Duke de Choiseul.

MERCATOR & Co.

ARCHITECTURAL HINTS:

PLATE 17.—GOTHIC STAIRCASE AND VESTIBULE;

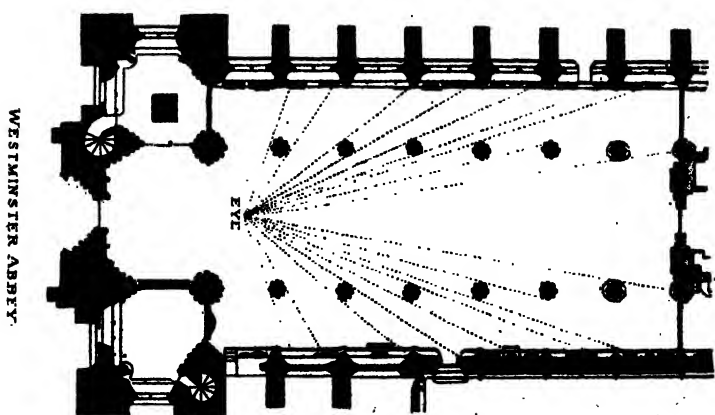
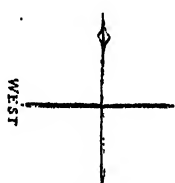
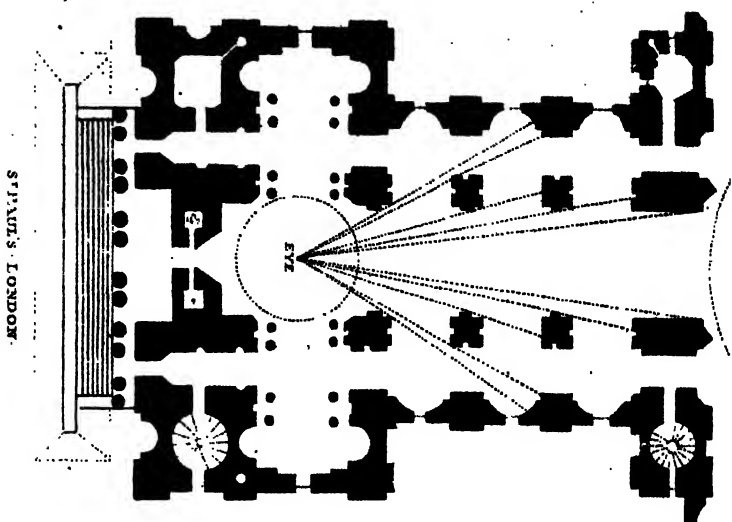
PLATE 18.—(AUXILIARY)—PLANS—INSIDE OF ST. PAUL'S AND WESTMINSTER ABBEY;

Illustrative of the Qualities of Grecian and of Gothic Architecture: the former obtaining a Character of Greatness by the Quantity of its Masses; the latter by its Quantity of Space.

(Continued from p. 108.)

THE censure bestowed upon Gothic architecture by professors of art, subsequent to the reformation of our national religion, and up to a very recent period, necessarily degraded it in the minds of those persons who had escaped the infection of early prejudices; and thus

was continued a neglect of its beauties, long after the acknowledged influence of its charms.—Sir Christopher Wren, no less honoured on this account, for the sublime works which he produced in another style of art, mistook, or rather never understood, the principles of Gothic



PORTIONS OF ROMAN AND GOTHIC CATHEDRALS
 ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE MEANS BY WHICH THEY RESPECTIVELY OBTAIN THE CHARACTER
 OF GREATNESS.

architecture; in the repairs of these edifices he appended designs in the Grecian style, and applied its peculiar principles to the restitution of Gothic structures, producing a false and incongruous arrangement, fatal to its beauties, and subversive of its powers to interest and delight: consequently, a censure was visited on the art itself, that belonged only to the architect, who never obtained an adequate understanding of its principles. Sir Christopher also seems to have decided and spoken of its merits, judging them by a standard not analogous to the object; for Gothic architecture merits distinction, as being perfectly independent, original, and generic.

That the art has suffered by these errors, is seriously to be lamented, because many beautiful parts of buildings have fallen into decay, and are no more. Our best acknowledgments are, however, due to a few men of taste, whose graphic records have preserved much; and we are greatly indebted to the gentlemen of the city and University of Oxford, whose liberal and enlightened minds have relieved the taste of our own times from such aspersions; and happily for science in future ages, their endeavours have been rendered effective by an architect whose penetrating research, discernment, and taste, enabled him to discover the principles of Gothic art, and to design new works with the truth of the originals, combined with all their genuine beauty.

Gothic architecture has erroneously been considered as unsuited to the purposes of domestic buildings, not from an actual experience of its unfitness, because we have

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no remains of such edifices by which to form conclusions, but because it is supposed to be of too grave, solemn, and gloomy a character: the reverse of this is the truth; and, upon investigating the beauties of the interior of Gothic structures, they will be found peculiarly light and elegant; it possesses a play of line, an intricacy of arrangement, and minuteness of parts, incapable of producing such impressions: it is the magnitude of these buildings, and an association of ideas, connecting with them ancient monastic austerities; it is the present devotional purposes to which they are applied, and the reverence we have for antiquity, that are the probable causes of this objection.

The architects in the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries, and indeed in earlier times, seem to have considered the forms and the arrangements of Gothic architecture, as deficient in solemnity of character, and therefore endeavoured to obtain the effect by other means: hence the excessive loftiness and space distinguishing Gothic cathedrals, seemingly magnified by a contrast of the ornamental parts; and hence the general adoption of coloured glass, producing a subdued and mysterious light,

"Spreading sublimer gleams around,
"Robed in the varied dyes of heaven."

The delicacy and elegance of the interior forms, so aided by quantity of space, by gloom, and by colour, must have been efficient to the object of the architect; but the latter means were not applicable to the outside of the building. It is evident, that he saw how unsuited the elegant designs of the

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interior were to produce a greatness and dignity of effect: he therefore used a massive character, perfectly associable, but not identified with them. The huge towers, the lofty spire, the ponderous and streight roof, were adopted; and the walls were encumbered by widely projecting buttresses; and if he decorated these by smaller parts, they were so arranged as not to deteriorate this effect, until, on a near approach, the building supplied all that the mind might lose of its seeming importance, by its real magnitude; and then, only, gave additional value to its majestic greatness, by obtaining respect, from its richness and its beauty.

The *auxiliary plate* is introduced for the purpose of showing, that the principle by which greatness of character is produced by Grecian architecture, is the reverse of that principle in the Gothic: the former commanding it by its important masses; the latter obtaining it by the quantity of air which it embraces.

It is trusted, that these observations have proved, that Gothic architecture is capable of affording elegance to our mansions; and it is hoped, that the designs about to be spoken of, will be found to combine with it the means of domestic comfort and social enjoyment.

The *Repository* of the last month contained a design for a Gothic Hall; with this number is given an engraving of the Staircase and Vestibule. It will be perceived that they are not calculated for very large dimensions. The hall is sufficiently spacious, and admits, by its form, which is a cross, four closets, appropriate to the use of the servants, and to receive coats, hats, sticks, &c. The

view is supposed to be taken from the entrance-door; the indication of the window will mark its scite, and the chimney-place is opposise. The staircase is approached from the hall, but separated by a corridor: the floor is elevated by these steps about ten feet from the lower floor of the hall; a second staircase communicates to the vestibule, and leads to the chamber story; the principal apartments are also connected with the vestibule. It is essential to the interior arrangement of a residence, that the approach to the apartments should be direct and similar: if in the mind of the visitor they become confused,—if for one moment he is perplexed by its intricacies, it is fatal to those pleasurable sensations which all who build are desirous to create in the minds of their friends: a building only advances in the estimation of the spectator, as he is enabled to add room to room in a connected chain of association.

The hall should be of a character that will indicate a friendly hospitality: a contracted hall conveys an impression of meanness; if large and sumptuous, that of ostentation: regard should be therefore had to the judicious design, magnitude, and arrangement of the hall; for the earliest impression is generally the last to be effaced, and there is a climax in architecture as there is in oratory, and he would ill deserve the reputation of a Demosthenes or a Cicero, whose first sentence was so elevated and emphatic as to render flat and insipid those parts of his address which required to be eminently dignified and impressive. The hall is so designed as to admit an increased feeling of respect.

The ceiling, although vaulted, is of a horizontal character. This room is not over lighted, and of a simple design. At the steps commences the apparent occupancy of the superior; the oak screen and enriched candelabra bespeak it; the corridor, right and left, gives the idea of extent to the building; ascending the stairs, from the horizontal to the highly elegant vertical archway and vestibule, the mind becomes prepared for those impressions which the apartments should be equal to produce, and which should result as much from contrast and combination, as from their own intrinsic excellence. It will be perceived that these designs become more decorated as they proceed; the arrangement of the ornaments, the design of the furniture, and the harmony of the colours, are all intended to unite in obtaining the approbation of the tasteful mind, by elegance and consistency.

EXHIBITION OF THE BRITISH GALLERY OF PAINTINGS.

THE agreeable task of noticing the works which form the Seventh Exhibition of the British Gallery, has again occurred; and we enter with feelings of pleasure upon the subject, increasing in proportion to the improvement evinced since the preceding year's Exhibition. The arts, so long neglected, have at length met with some notice; and those liberal noblemen and gentlemen who, at their own private expence, purchased the Shakspeare Gallery for the reception of the works of the rising artists, have evinced a munificence that cannot be too long or too gratefully remembered by the lovers of the fine arts, nor too highly praised by the British nation. In other enlightened nations, these public institutions for the promotion of science, and the encouragement of the fine arts, originate in, and are supported by, the governments. But here, we lament to say, the arts might have declined, or the lamp of genius have been extinguished, before the government would have interposed to keep its expiring flame alive. This is the more to be regretted; when it is acknowledged, that, in all other objects, no country could ever boast a more enlightened legislature. His Majesty, with that fostering care for the interests of the fine arts that has ever marked his reign, became its patron, conferring thereby that honourable sanction which has promoted its advancement, and has furthered its pretensions to public regard. More than this, his Majesty could not do. The encouragement which he has graciously bestowed upon artists, and other scientific men, has been in his private character, and in the fullest proportion to his means. Influenced by his example, the most generous efforts have been made by the directors and supporters of the British Institution, not only by holding out rewards and encouragement to the rising artists, but by the munificent patronage so honourably conferred upon the greatest historical painter of the age.

1. *Elijah restoring to Life the Widow's Son*.—R. Westall, R. A.

The holy prophet appears, in this fine design, in the act of addressing the Divine Being, with an expression of pious confidence; and evinces, that the power to accomplish the benevolent purpose of his visit to the house of the afflicted widow, is derived from one superior to himself. Yet is not the character less dignified by this admission. The child is beautiful in the extreme, although the hand of death is spread over him; and the strongest emotions are excited on beholding this interesting object at the moment of returning life. This affecting story is told with two figures, but with so much effect, that the mind can readily conceive the operation of the miracle upon the afflicted parent and her friends.

2. *An Artist's Study*.—R. T. Bone.

This little picture gives promise of future excellence; it is the first performance in oil of a very young artist, the third son of the celebrated painter on enamel. The colouring is rich, and the effect natural; the toning of some parts of the picture would not be discreditable to an artist of established reputation.

5. *Impertinent Curiosity*.—M. W. Sharp.

The pleasing class of subjects which have become the favourite study of this artist for the last three or four years, from the general admiration which they excite, may be instanced as a proof of the advantage that must ever result from a painter's pursuing that walk of art which appears most congenial to his feelings. Mr. Sharpe's pictures are inferior to none in lively

dramatic composition, but greatly superior to most, in a material point—they are never vulgar. The subject in question is natural, and comprises one of the highest qualities in a picture, namely, that of telling its own story. The servant of a young lady holds a letter which it is her duty to deliver to her mistress, but, with the genuine curiosity of the lady's maid, she is extending the sides of the *billet-doux*, and peeping into its contents with an earnestness of curiosity that is expressed with the utmost felicity. At this moment the expecting lady opens the door; and the mixture of surprise, indignation, and flutter of spirits, that the discovery of her servant's impertinence produces upon her countenance, is depicted with the most admirable skill. This lively and sweetly painted composition may be regarded not only as the most complete picture from this tasteful painter, but as one of the greatest ornaments of the present Exhibition.

73. *The Dancing-Master*.—The same.

The exaggerations of elegance may be considered amongst the highest sources of the ridiculous, and few subjects afford a greater scope for the exercise of the risible faculties, than the scientific bows and curtsies of the minuet, which are rendered still more laughable by the importance of an athletic superintendent, meandering, in measured contortions, to the harmony of his own violin. The painter has kindly relieved those who might sympathize in the torments of the boy, whose feet occupy so *natural* a position in the stocks, by the satire upon the excess of this

elegant accomplishment, which he is playing off in the other automaton, which he is moving with strings. Mr. Sharpe has treated his subject with true originality and considerable humour.

10. *The Burial-Place of a favourite Bird.*—W. Collins.

The improvement of Mr. Collins has been obviously progressive, from the period when his pictures were first placed upon the walls of the British Institution; and the patronage which has attended his progress, has not been bestowed in vain. The children, which form the composition of this scene, call forth recollections of our early feelings, and cannot be viewed without emotions of sympathy. The story is truly affecting—sorrow is faithfully depicted on the countenances of the infantile mourners, and the picture has considerable pathos. Had the drawing of the figures been equal to their expression, this picture would have claimed higher praise. It is hoped, however, that so young an artist as the author of this work, will not neglect to do justice to his fine perceptions of the art, by inattention to so necessary a branch of study as that of correct drawing; and which, we lament to say, is the too prevalent fault of British artists.

13. *The Rival Woodcutters.*—A. Carse.

In the observations that may be made in favour of this picture, in common with others, it may be noticed, the executive part of the art is less the object of research, than the composition. With the young painter there is far greater merit in telling his subject well, than in the display of rich colouring, or powerful effect. Drawing

and expression should be the first object of study: in these we behold the operations of the mind, in the executive part we view little more than the operation of the hand; not that a freedom of pencilling, or a clearness and purity of colouring, should be disregarded; but these qualities will naturally arise out of practice, where the student pursues his art with a determination to excel. The subject is told with genuine truth; the circumstances, like the poems of Burns, are drawn from nature. The innocent and industrious maiden, the object of admiration in this interesting picture, is knitting in a cottage, surrounded by three admiring swains, who, like the shepherds of Virgil, are emulous of gaining her smiles. The incidents in this artless composition would suffer by an attempt at description. It is enough to say, that the works of Mr. Carse give presage of future excellence.

30. *The Itinerant Preacher.*—The same.

Much character is expressed in the countenances of the groups that form the auditory of this itinerant preacher; but it does not appear that he has made many proselytes to his doctrine. More of curiosity than devotion seems to prevail: the figure of the clergyman passing on his horse along the road, and the gossips at the ale-house-door, although so distant, seem to indicate that the rival is considered as an interloper in the parish. There is much of nature in this composition.

32. *The Chapman, or Scots Pedlar.*—The same.

The satisfaction of the lass who

has selected a shawl from the pedlar's pack, is well described in this picture; and the earnestness which the itinerant trader is manifesting to sell his goods, is naturally counteracted by the care of the old woman, who is driving a close bargain for her daughter's finery. The surrounding figures, and the scenery, are accordant to the general character of the subject.

36. *Tam O'Shanter*.—A. Cooper.

"And flew at Tam wi furious ettle,
"But little wist she Maggie's mettle;
"As spring brought off her master hale,
"But left behind her ain grey tail!"

Whoever has read the humorous tale of *Tam O'Shanter*, by the inimitable Burns, may, in this picture, see the true personification of its hero. It is difficult to say which of the two worthy animals, *Tam*, or his grizzle mare, are the most scared. This picture, though but indifferently painted, is admirably conceived, and is entitled to much praise.

87. *Lansdown Fair, with Men playing at Nine-Pins*.—T. Barker.

There is a novelty in the representation of this rural game: the figure is described as bowling out of the picture; the skittles, the object of his aim, not being introduced in the composition. We do not entirely object to this, although perhaps it borders a little upon innovation, with reference to the accepted principles of design. The characters are admirably drawn; the steady determination of the man who holds the bowl, to accomplish his purpose, and the earnestness with which he is regarded by the lookers-on, are truly descriptive, and evince Mr. Barker's attentive observation of nature.

123. *The New Coat*.—A. Fraser.

Every circumstance of this dramatic piece is conceived with a truth which convinces the connoisseur, that Mr. Fraser has not drawn his characters from the works of other artists, but has caught his feeling from the study of nature, the only school in which originality can be acquired. Nothing can exceed the pleasure of the boy in his new coat, nor the complacency with which the fond mother views her child. The maker of the coat, also, is the very cut and pattern of the village tailor. There is a pretty episode in this composition: a younger boy, in tears, is expressing his grief that he may not be allowed to wear a coat; and is disregarded by all but his sister, who, with the tender feeling of her sex, is comforting him in his trouble. This is the work of another artist of high promise.

124. *Fallow Deer*.—R. Hills.

These innocent and beautiful inhabitants of our parks and forests, have never been studied with that attention which has been bestowed upon them by Mr. Hills. The etchings of fallow deer forming part of his valuable work upon picturesque animals, which is now before the world, is sufficient evidence of the justice of this remark. This artist must be numbered among those who, having carried their painting in water-colours to a high perfection, have lately bent their attention to the study of painting in oil. This picture, and the Stag, No. 107, are his first productions executed in this manner; and we cannot but augur, from these specimens, that he will attain to high excellence in

this branch of painting. The grouping in the picture of "Fallow Deer," is happily managed; the animals are very transcripts of nature, and the landscape is picturesque, and characteristic of the luxuriant scenery of the English park.

107. *The Stag*.—The same.

The general wildness of the scene, the stormy appearance of the sky, the projecting crag, upon the brow of which "the antler'd monarch of the waste" is placed in this composition, produce a truly poetic picture. The stag is finely drawn, the position is well studied, and full of animation, and the countenance is expressive of the passions of this persecuted, noble animal.

139. *The Traveller*.—J. J. Chalon.

Purity of atmosphere, beauty of form, and bold light and sha-

dow, characterize this fine composition, which has so much the appearance of a view, from the unity and natural appearance of the scene, that some disappointment is produced, on discovering that so inviting a spot is the creation of the artist's mind. The space between the fore-ground looks down the precipice upon the rolling waters of the river, which, winding its rapid course amidst hill and dale, until it forms a junction with the distant sea, is so admirably described, that it assumes the appearance of reality. The solitary figure, resting upon the stone, appears to be measuring the vast expanse that his weary feet must traverse before he reaches an inhabited spot, and is quite in character with the scene.

(To be continued.)

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MR. ACKERMANN opened his New Room, on Wednesday evening, the 17th ult. for a *conversazione* of a select number of literati, professors, and lovers of the arts; and the card of invitation extended to the same evening in each succeeding week, until the last Wednesday in April. The room contains an extensive collection of books, exclusively of graphic character, amongst which are the most splendid publications, English and foreign, for the amusement of the gentlemen who attend these meetings. A printed catalogue of the collection is in preparation.

In the press, and shortly will be published by R. Ackermann, 101,

Strand, *Picturesque Remains in the City of York*, drawn and etched by Cave; with a Historical Description, elephant quarto.

A Drawing-Book of Rustic Figures, in imitation of chalk, by W. H. Pyne; and *A Book of Rudiments of Landscapes*, in imitation of chalk-drawings, by Samuel Prout, with instructive letter-press, are also preparing for publication by R. Ackermann.

W. Bulmer announces to those gentlemen who originally subscribed for his edition of Somerville's Chace, with engravings on wood by the Bewicks, that he is now printing for Mr. Ackermann, of the Strand, the poem of *Hobbinol*

and *Rural Sports*, by the same author, as a companion to the *Chace*, executed in the same splendid style, which so peculiarly distinguished that work, and enriched with appropriate engravings on wood by Nesbit, Branston, &c. from the designs of 'Thurston. This volume will appear in the course of the present month.

Mr. J. S. Hawkins's *History of the Origin and Establishment of Gothic Architecture*, including an enquiry into its principles, and an investigation of the trade of painting upon and staining glass, which has sometimes occupied his attention, will appear in the course of the ensuing month.

Sir James Hill, Bart. has in the press, an *Essay on Gothic Architecture*, in a royal quarto volume, illustrated by fifty-nine engravings.

Thomas Campbell, Esq. author of the *Pleasures of Hope*, has in the press, in four small octavo volumes, *Critical and Biographical Notices of the British Poets*, with occasional selections from their works.

A collection of the most beautiful *Poems of the Minor Greek Poets*, as preserved in the Anthologies of Brunck and Jacobs, in Stobæus, &c. translated by the Rev. R. Bland and others, with notes and illustrations, is printing in an octavo volume.

Mr. Millard, of the Surry Institution, will shortly publish a second edition of his *New Pocket Cyclopædia, or Elements of useful Knowledge*; with numerous corrections and additions, in which particular attention has been paid to the present improved state of scientific knowledge.

Sketches, Historical and Descriptive, in the County of Lincoln, being the antiquities of the chief towns in the hundreds and soke of Bolingbroke, Candleshoe, Elloe, Kirton, and Skirbeck, a district abounding with rich monastic institutions, picturesque ruins, splendid churches, and populous towns, is now publishing, in quarto numbers, the first of which appeared on the 1st of February last.

The Enquirer, or Philosophical and Literary Repository, conducted by W. Marrat and J. Moore, is in the course of publication.

A work of considerable interest will shortly appear, from the pen of John Mitford, Esq. It will contain a view of the Mediterranean in the years 1810-11-12; an essay on naval punishment; and a three months' voyage on the Barbary Coast, in company with Captain Lord Cochrane, R. N.; proceedings at Naples in 1799; Lady Hamilton's conduct, merit, and speeches; anecdotes of Lord Nelson and Chevalier Acton; characters and biography of twenty eminent naval men; and notes on the cause of Spain, written in Catalonia.

Mr. Charles Blunt, optician, of Tavistock-street, Covent-Garden, is preparing for the press, *A popular Lecture on Astronomy*, expressly calculated for the evening amusement of a small circle, or of schools and teachers. It will contain such perspicuous and general descriptions of the system of the heavens, and its immutable laws,—of the peculiarities of each planet, and of the most striking phenomena which they exhibit, as are best calculated to convey distinct and lucid ideas of the order and magnificence of

the creation; and of the importance of astronomical knowledge. The appearances of the sun and planets through the most powerful telescopes, will be described; and illustrated in plates containing picturesque views of the several objects. The speculations of the learned as to the probability of their being inhabited, will be related, with much other amusing and interesting matter connected with the subject. The plates are executed from original drawings by the author, from the highest and most unquestionable sources of information; and the substance of the explanatory matter carefully collected and compiled from the most excellent astronomical works.

Mr. Reynolds, of the parochial school Lambeth, will shortly publish *The Madras School Grammar*, containing an easy and familiar guide to the knowledge of the new system in questions and answers for the higher classes at the Madras school. The practices of the system are minutely explained, with such improvements as the author has introduced with success into his school, during the practical experience of some years.

Miss Bengel has in the press, a novel, entitled *The Heart and the Fancy*, which will appear in a few days; and from the able delineation of characters which we know it to display, we have no doubt that it will become a favourite with the public.

M. Bertrand de Moleville has recently obtained a patent for snufflers of a new construction, called *Hermetical Patent Snufflers*. They materially differ in their form from

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any others hitherto introduced, on account of the shape and situation of the receiver, which is of a sufficient size to hold the whole snuff of two mould candles, without being emptied. The emptying of it is easily done when necessary, through the outer door contrived for it, and opening by pressing downward on the point. The receiver is separated from the body of the snufflers by a valve, which opens regularly to admit the snuff, and shuts immediately after to confine it. A scraper, turning horizontally on a perpendicular pivot, gives at its opening a slight shake to the valve, to secure its free action, and having completely rubbed the door and the ground of the box, reaches again the valve at the moment when the snufflers are closing, carrying the whole of the snuff in a lump, pushes up the valve, throws the snuff into the receiver, and shuts it hermetically, and a second door close to the valve, so as to prevent any particle of the snuff, and even the least smoke, ever escaping from it. There is on the point a semioval cut, armed with sharp teeth, to raise up the thieves or scrape them off. The mechanism of these snufflers consists in one single piece, viz. a hooked lever or runner, acting underneath upon the axis of the scraper, and having at its other end an oval hole, which regulates its progress backwards and forwards under the power of a gentle spring, which stops the shutting of the scraper, till the last touch of the snufflers. This spring acting in the simple way of a penknife's spring, is the less liable to break, as, in its action, it is never raised above a

$\frac{1}{16}$ of an inch. To prevent, however, any dirt interfering with its action upon the handle of the scraper, both are protected by a brass cap, which leaves no possibility of these snuffers being out of order, unless when worn out by long use and time. An elegant and curious stand has been invented and appropriated to the form of these snuffers, to prevent the troublesome noise and dangerous falls to which they are liable on any of the other stands.

Mr. Bakewell, who has been engaged in a mineralogical examination of the inexhaustible mineral wealth of Charnwood Forest, in Leicestershire, for the Earl of Moira, has lately discovered, amongst the granitic rocks of that district, a variety of sienite of singular beauty, surpassing that from Egypt, or the continent of Europe. Like other stones of this species, it consists principally of hornblende and felspar; the latter is of a pale colour, the former is crystalline, and of a beautiful green, resembling smaragdite. It exists in large blocks, and might be applied to purposes of ornamental or sepulchral architecture, and sculpture. It is from this kind of stone that the durable monuments of antiquity were constructed.

It having been represented to Lord Macdonald, that great commercial advantages would result to the Western Isles, and to the opposite coast of the main land of Scotland, and also that facilities would be derived to the Baltic trade, and to various other maritime pursuits, from the establishment of a town at Kyleakin, in the Isle of Skye, which is the most

central situation of the Western fisheries, and is in the direct track of the vessels engaged in the Baltic trade, he is determined to give every encouragement in his power towards the accomplishment of this important object. For this purpose he is resolved to grant fens in perpetuity, upon moderate terms. A plan of a town has been prepared, the streets lined off, and plans and elevations of houses for different classes of people, have been made out. The intended site of this town is beautifully picturesque; the harbour is extensive, and one of the most secure in the kingdom. The excellence of the anchoring ground is well known to all mariners; the beach is entirely clear of rock, and the water so deep, that vessels of 500 tons might ride with safety within thirty yards of the shore. Kyleakin is contiguous to the main roads of communication between the Western Isles and the continent of Scotland; the situation affords a command of water for machinery of all descriptions; there are pasture grounds, and abundance of moss for fuel, within a convenient distance of the place. Amongst the advantages of this situation, there is sufficiency of excellent building stone on the spot, and an inexhaustible store of lime within six miles, where it may be had either in the shell or slaked, at a moderate price, and from whence it may be transported by water. Mr. Telford, the engineer employed by government, who has surveyed all the harbours on the Western coast, was so struck with the superior advantages of the position

of Kyleakin, that he has recommended to government to contribute towards the erection of a pier at that place.

M. von Leist, counsellor of state and director of the University of Göttingen, has obtained an order from the minister of the finances, authorizing the appointment of persons to select the most interesting manuscripts deposited in the suppressed convents and foundations, and to remove them to the library of that city; which, considering the period of its foundation, is not very rich in that way. The Professors Tyehsen and Beneken have accordingly commenced their researches at Paderborn, Hildesheim, and Gandersheim; and the former has also visited Helmstadt, Quedlinburg, Magdeburg, and Brunswick, where a great number of valuable works have been collected.

M. Baumann has executed in relief two plans of the unfortunate village of Goldau, and the valley of the Arth, in Switzerland, which have attracted considerable notice. The artist, himself a native of that valley, has performed his task with remarkable accuracy. The former scene, with its romantic objects, the present, with its dreary ruins, the smiling landscape, and the horrors of devastation, are all exhibited in these plans with such fidelity, as to produce an impression which it is impossible to describe. You first see Arth, situated at the western extremity of the valley. This place has sustained no injury, and you proceed about a mile beyond that village before you come to the theatre of deso-

lation. You then reach the sites where Goldau, Hueloch, and Bussingen, once stood. These hamlets were completely buried, and not a vestige of their existence remains. Lastly, at the eastern extremity of the valley, appears Low-ertz, which has lost two-thirds of its houses. This scene, in particular, produces an awful effect, from the contrast between absolute destruction and the sad remains of the dreadful catastrophe. These disasters were not occasioned, as might be supposed, by the fall of the summit of the mountain, but by an entire bed of strata, which became detached from the lower part, and glided over the bottom of the valley in nearly a horizontal direction, and with inconceivable rapidity for so slight an inclination.

At Göttingen a strict examination has taken place respecting all articles of commerce glazed with any composition prejudicial to health, particularly all kinds of pottery; and the prefects of the departments have ordered the mayors and all subordinate officers to see that a strict investigation be made by the most expert chemists and physicians, recommending the following test:—That the vessel to be examined, should have some strong acid substance put into it, such as vinegar, sorrel, peas, or French beans; and any salt provision with fat, which are to be boiled for half an hour, and are then to be left for twenty-four hours in the vessel.—If the varnish or glazing of the vessel is prejudicial to health, small particles of lead will be then formed, and detected by the black colour of the contents.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Kutusoff's Victory, an Impromptu for the Piano-Forte, founded on Handel's celebrated Air of "Disdainful of Danger," composed and dedicated to Field-Marshal Kutusoff, Prince of Smolensko, the brave Officers, and Russian Army, by J. B. Cramer. Pr. 2s. 6d.

We hail this, as, within our knowledge, the first musical composition in commemoration of events, which, we are sure, will shed blessings over the present and succeeding generations. What particular victory Mr. C. alludes to, we know not; but presume his musical tribute is meant for the whole victorious pursuit of the enemy by the great Russian commander. This composition is modestly titled, an "Impromptu;" but we can assure our readers, it is a production of a superior order. Mr. C. we suspect, has intentionally, and really waggishly, adapted the idea of a *fugue* to represent the movements of the *Grande Nation* from Moscow to—God knows where! If ever any thing was a *fugue* it was their last campaign. The occasional introduction of the sacred text gives to the whole a cast of solemnity, which heightens the transcendent merit of the work. The ideas observable in pp. 4 and 7, evince the real master; in short, the whole work has our sincere praise, it is worthy the great subject which has given rise to Mr. C.'s labour.

A Collection of French Airs, arranged and varied for the Harp, by Ph. J. Meyer, sen. Pr. 3s. 6d.

In the choice of his subjects Mr. Meyer has been as happy as in their arrangement. We here meet with some old friends, such

as "*La danse n'est pas ce que j'aime*"—"Avec les jeux dans le village"—"*Ah! vous dirai-je, chere maman,*" &c. most of which have very neat variations appended to them, especially Nos. 1 and 3. No. 4 is a delicate minor subject; No. 5, probably, the least attractive of the whole. There are some errata: the 1st B in the bass (p. 3, l. 4,) should be C; and the D's in the treble (p. 8, bars 11 and 12) should be C's.

Three Waltzes for the Piano-Forte, composed for and dedicated to the Right Hon. Lady Le Despenser, by T. Latour. Pr. 2s. 6d.

If we may not speak in the highest terms of praise of the waltzes before us, we nevertheless can safely aver, that they are far from being unentertaining, especially to such as are partial to light compositions. The first has the least claim to our favour, and the last is most to our taste; its martial variation, in particular, is well devised, and certainly preferable to the *brillante* (p. 8), the texture of which we think too trivial to have a claim to that epithet; a few plain scales, supported by a very common bass, forming its essential feature. The left hand altogether is, throughout the three waltzes, very simply employed.

"Forget me not," a Glee for four Voices, sung by Mrs. Bianchi Lacy, Messrs. Harrison, Goss, and Bellamy, at the Vocal Concerts; the Poetry by Mrs. Opie, to whom the Music is inscribed, by William Horsley, Mus. Bac. Oxon. Pr. 2s.

While we discover in this short glee sufficient traces of the author's acknowledged skill in this

species of composition, we are not aware of any particular portion which could excite superior interest by striking originality. The whole, no doubt, is melodious, smooth, and harmonized with judgment, so as to render its execution easy and entertaining to the vocal amateur.

"*Allen-A-Dale*," the Poetry from *Walter Scott's last Poem ROKEBY*, set to Music, with an Accompaniment for the Harp or Piano-Forte, by John Whitaker. Pr. 1s. 6d.

It is not often that we meet with so much soft expression, varied turns of chaste melody, and complete harmony, in a short air like the present, which possesses all these recommendations in an eminent degree, and is worthy of the fame of the bard. Greatly, however, as we admire many of the effusions of his truly poetical genius, we cannot help observing, that his metrical slovenliness (which, in our old-fashioned opinion, causes a heavy drawback upon his poetry,) is woefully laid open by being brought to the test of crotchets and quavers. The composer, as in this instance, is compelled to twist his melody into a variety of shapes according to the whim of the irregular text, and, of course, write every verse separately. Order and symmetry are essential in our conceptions of the beautiful. What would be said of the composer, who, in his phrases, would dare to bid the like defiance to the laws of rhythmical correctness?

Wilfrid's Song, the Cypress Wreath, from *Do. Do. by Do.* Pr. 1s. 6d.

Although not of the same degree of excellence with the fore-

going, the simple melody of the *Cypress Wreath* is not inelegant. One passage, *The May flow'r, &c.* merits particular commendation—a pity it droops into the obsolete minor termination; something more select might have been devised for the plaintive turn of the text.

Edmund's Song, "O Brignal Banks are wild and fair," from Do. Do. by Do. Pr. 2s. 6d.

A pretty symphony, an effective accompaniment, and an artless characteristic melody, claim our approbation in behalf of this composition; and the chorus of four voices for the burden, "*O Brignal banks*," &c. gives to the whole an interesting effect of appropriate conclusion.

Le Papillon, Caprice pour le Piano-Forte, composé & dédié à Madlle. Young, par J. Mugnié. Pr. 3s. 6d.

In this capriccio Mr. M. has availed himself of the licence granted by the compositorial code to productions of this description, not to patch together a farrago of extravagant and unconnected scraps, as is frequently the case; but to indulge, within the bounds of discretion, his exuberant fancy with a freer range of conception, guided by profound science and classic taste. Of the two movements (in C), the andante captivates our ears and understanding by the beauty of its gracefully irregular structure, now, rushing through rapid successions of scales to the essential notes in the melody (*p. 2, ll. 1, 2, 3*), and at other times dwelling among *dolce's* of melodious calmness (*p. 2 and 3*), highly ornamented by select cross-hand touches. Of the latter

description is likewise the charming close of this movement, the effect of the gradually dying chords of which must be felt rather than described. In the first line of the allegro, we have already the germ of its subsequent excellence, of which our limited space will scarcely allow a few brief hints. The modulations which are ushered in after the entrance into the key of B, b (*p. 5, l. 7.*) and which, with occasional reliefs, extend to the end of the first part, are bold and masterly. The second part (*p. 7*) begins with the subject in three flats, and displays a combination of harmonies of the higher order, which we can safely set up as a model for study to the musical student; the chromatically diverging motion of both hands (*p. 8, l. 2.*), the several ideas in five flats, and other corresponding ambiguous chords at the end of that page, and the original manner by which the author (*p. 9, l. 2.*) bids farewell to his multiplied flats, and enharmonically at once glides into a system of sharps (equisonant on the piano,) and from thence extricates himself so as to arrive in his original key, C (*p. 9, l. 3.*); all this, and much more, is beyond our praise. The 10th and last page, which is occupied by gradual preparation for the conclusion, through spirited evolutions, relieved by some occasional highly effective dissonances, is of the same superior stamp with the whole of this original composition, and must leave every real connoisseur impressed with a just admiration of Mr. M.'s transcendent talents.

A Sonata for the Piano-Forte, composed for, and respectfully in-

scribed to, Miss Cotton, of Laytonstone, by N. Rolfe, No. IV. Pr. 4s.

This is not only the best composition of Mr. R.'s that has come under our notice, but altogether one that he has reason to be proud of. Its allegro and rondo are in one sharp; the former has gained our favour by the regular and natural connection which subsists between the numerous select ideas it contains; all proceeds in rounded smoothness, good harmony, and not without many proofs of a refined taste. We are particularly pleased with the commencement of the second part, the very neat transition into C, (*p. 4, l. 2.*) and the creditable range of modulations which follows; but most of all with its capital conclusion. The rondo has given us equal satisfaction. Its agreeable subject, always reintroduced in the most natural and unlaboured manner, the several fine ideas occurring in *p. 8*, the minor *p. 8*, and the skilful modulations succeeding it, call for our strongest approbation. In short, the whole complexion of this sonata, which resembles, in style, Pleyel's best piano-forte productions, convinces us, that it is a work of careful study, not, like too many compositions of the present day, written, as it were, in a race against time. As the left hand has been treated with forbearance, and the right with great attention to executive practicability, no deterring difficulties present themselves to the performer.

The Overture, Marches, Songs, and Quartetto, in the Grand Historical Play, called the RENEGADE, as performed, with universal ap-

probation, at the Theatre-Royal Covent-Garden, the Words by F. Reynolds, Esq. the whole of the Music composed and arranged for the Piano-Forte by Henry R. Bishop. Pr. 12s.

When we consider the almost unparalleled fecundity of Mr. Bishop's pen, which pours forth voluminous operas, melodramas, songs, &c. in constant and rapid succession, we cannot refrain from wondering at the merit to be met with in his hasty productions; at the same time, we sincerely regret, that a man of his abilities should be compelled, or chuse, to forego the advantage of time for maturing his labour. This observation is of a general nature, by no means individually suggested by the piece before us, which we consider in no respect inferior to other works of the author. The overture to the Renegade is an able production; much science is displayed in the solemn largo, and in the modulations of the allegro, especially p. 5: but the chords employed in the transition to three sharps in the first part (p. 3, l. 2,) and to two sharps in the second part (p. 4, l. 4,) are a little eccentric. The rondo consists of the well-known Guaracha dance. Of the songs we can allow ourselves but a very cursory notice. Miss Bolton has three: the 1st, "*Shall I never Antonio view,*" is agreeable, and the passages "Pray one look, Sir," and "Oh! 'tis he," extremely apt;—the second, "*The merry Mandoline,*" possesses much spirit and comic humour, and is preceded by a neat symphony;—the latter merit is due to that lady's third air, "*My heroine is*

flown," the melody of which, beginning in the seventh of the key, is easy and well connected. The first of Mr. Sinclair's two songs, "*Oh! where is love,*" especially in the last three lines, has our full approbation: the idea at "No, no, it doth lie," &c. is elegant; and the burden, "This is love," very pretty: but for the concluding symphony we cannot profess much partiality. In the melody of the second song of Mr. S. "*We cannot be without ye,*" we find much humorous expression, particularly at the words, "We may live, but not without ye;" and again at "Teasing, pleasing, charming fair." The quartett, although rather plain in texture, has very conspicuous merits; its different movements, varied in key and time, give the whole a picturesque effect, and the *bell-andantino* (p. 27) is highly dramatic; but the vocal parts have too much unisono; and the fine passage, "Spare, oh! spare him," (p. 23,) would have been rendered infinitely more interesting by assigning to the second voice, at "Thus, I dare him," a responsive phrase similar to the first, instead of giving it only *one* sound. The Moorish march is characteristically wild, C sharp (l. 2, b. 2,) very striking; and the grand march (p. 43) deserves unqualified praise. Among its several masterly touches, we cannot omit the scientific and skilfully contrived harmonies, p. 44, ll. 1 and 2, and l. 6.

Les petits Bijoux, consisting of favourite Airs, Dances, and Rondos, for the Piano-Forte, by the most celebrated professors. No. IV. Pr. 2s.

Mr. Panormo, jun. is the author of the present number of Messrs. Goulding and Co.'s collection above-named, which consists of a divertimento in $\frac{3}{4}$ time, under the title of "L'Etoile," preceded by an agreeable prelude. The subject of the divertimento is in the waltz style, and the superstructure has a fair title to the rank of light and pleasing composition. Some creditable passages introduce themselves naturally, *p.* 3; the minor modulations, *p.* 5, are tasteful; a few crossed-hand passages in *p.* 6, produce an efficient impression, and conduct the whole to an appropriate termination. The A in the bass (*p.* 4, *l.* 4, *b.* 1,) should be C.

The Legacy, a celebrated Irish Melody, arranged as a Rondo for the Piano-Forte, composed expressly for, and most respectfully inscribed to, Miss M. Granger, Miss Wilton, Miss Molloy, Miss M'Cann, and Miss Burnswell, by J. W. Holder, Mus. Bac. Oxon. Pr. 2s.

Here we are in good company, where we must take care to behave "pretty," and suppress the envy we feel at the learned bachelor's good fortune, to grace his performance with the names of no less than five Misses, to whom he has bequeathed his legacy. As it is probably in compliment to some of the fair legatees that the author has selected for his theme the staunch Irish melody above-named, we dare not find fault with the choice; but we will congratulate him on the success with which he has treated so unmusical a subject; although we are free to say, that the different sections of the composition are

more agreeable to a musical ear in proportion as they recede most from the original theme. Thus, for instance, we have every reason to be satisfied with the neatness of the digressive passages, *p.* 3, and the interesting modulations in *p.* 5; and the cast in two sharps given to the subject in *p.* 6, has no less our entire approbation. We are sensible of the labour which the peculiar theme entailed upon Mr. H. and therefore attach the higher merit to the composition he has reared upon it.

Kinloch of Kinloch, a favourite Air, arranged, with Variations, for the Piano-Forte, by S. Hale. Pr. 2s.

Several publications, founded upon the above well-known air, have at different times come under the notice of our critical pen; but we recollect none which could claim a preference over this; nor any of Mr. H.'s compositions, that have met our eye, in which his talents have appeared to greater advantage. The introduction, an adante in two flats, is elegant, the harmony effective and full, and the modulATORY portion, especially towards the end, interesting both in point of taste and science. Of the variations we are happy to speak in the same language of entire approbation. Nos. 1 and 2 exhibit a variety of well-linked quick passages; the minor in No. 3, combines softness with skill; the polacca, besides the merit of the new mould into which the subject has been successfully cast, claims our attention by the able bass in the 2d part. With the march (*var.* 5) we are likewise pleased; but think the last three

lines, (p. 5.) beginning with the triplets, out of character.

Three easy Duets for the Piano-Forte, in which are introduced the favourite Airs, "Morgiana in Ireland, the Tyrolese, and the Italian Monfrena," composed, and dedicated to Misses Payne, by Samuel Webbe, jun. Pr. 4s.

To give our opinion on this publication in a few words, we can confidently assert, that we know of no composition, intended for beginners, which we could accompany more strongly and eagerly with our passport of recommendation, than these duets. Fit for the desk of a player of a few months, they, nevertheless, possess the merits of agreeable melodies and complete harmony. Each duet comprises two short movements: the first, a lesson of the author's invention; and the second, one of the three airs mentioned in the title; and in the first half of the work (and there, very properly, in doubtful places only,) the fingers stand indicated. In short, every feature of this production proclaims the scrupulous care of the learned author to adapt it to the sphere of the incipient student; and we reckon on the thanks of parents and masters for bringing it to their early notice.

A Duet for two Performers on one Piano-Forte, in which is introduced the favourite Scotch Air, "Pinky-House," composed, and dedicated to Miss Serel, by J. G. Graeff. Op. 21. Pr. 5s.

In this duet Mr. G. has greatly raised the good opinion we already had formed of his talents. It consists of three movements, an allegro and rondo, in two—and an

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adante, in one sharp; all replete with numerous evidences of the author's aim to produce a work which should do him honour. In that aim he has, with us at least, eminently succeeded. His ideas are classic; he blends the two parts with exquisite skill into each other; his counterpoints, and his scientific modulations, are not lost to our observation. His treatment of "Pinky-House" has almost removed our antipathy to the introduction of Scotch airs in regular compositions. With the rondo we have no less reason to be satisfied; the subject is brisk and well rounded, and its intercalatory portions are of a piece with the rest of this truly praiseworthy publication, which cannot be too strongly recommended to the attention of the select few that know how to value what is really good in composition.

"Silent Tears," the favourite Song sung by Mr. Incedon, in the Opera of the Lord of the Manor, at the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden, composed by John Davy. Pr. 1s 6d.

The simple melody of this little song, in E b, is tender and pathetic, and well adapted to the style of Mr. Incedon's singing. The composer's attention to his text is most obvious in the last page, where we have to notice, with approbation, the passage at "My every sigh the broken cry of lasting misery," the latter part of which sentence, in particular, is happily expressed by the diminished seventh upon A natural.

A Grand Sonata for the Piano-Forte, with an Accompaniment for a Violin Obligato, composed, and dedicated to the Prince of Galitzin, Z

by Steibelt. Sonata I. Op. 80.
Pr. 4s.

The celebrity of our author, and his non-residence in England, must for once plead our excuse, if, from the number of other compositions intended for this month's catalogue, we curtail our notice of the present elaborate and masterly work. This sonata consists of three movements in B b major. In the adagio we meet with abundant proofs of Mr. S.'s classic muse; pathos and science are happily combined, and his favourite tremulant demidemi-semiquavered rumblings are not forgotten. The allegro endears itself at the outset by its fine motivo assigned to the violin; and the superstructure, above all in the second part, baffles the bounds allotted to us. In the rondo, which boasts of a charming playful subject, the beauties discoverable at every step are innumerable; here, in particular, the violin accompaniment is extremely select and effective. In short, an experienced and spirited

performer, assisted by a good violin, will derive from this sonata a rich musical treat.

"*Le Delizie della Dame filarmoniche*," No. 32, *Piano-Forte Part, a Divertimento for two Performers on one Piano-Forte*, composed by P. Wineberger, of Hambourg. Pr. 2s.

The foreign author abovenamed enters, for the first time, our critical catalogue, with a favourable *début*. The pieces with which he here "delights the philharmonic fair" are a slow movement and a rondo in F: the first, in some of its ideas, deviating not a little from usual hacknied turns; and the latter, also in a peculiar style, exhibiting much melodious conception. The second part is well set, produces a full harmonic effect, and will be found any thing but a servile follower of the first: although, therefore, by no means intricate, it requires a good performer to support its right-hand neighbour.

FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

PLATE 21.—HALF DRESS.

A ROUND robe of coloured sarsnet, or muslin, spotted with amber; drawn frock bosom; and long full sleeves, tied twice at the wrist, at regular distances. A tucker of lace, or plaited net. A cap à la Russe, composed of white satin and lace, confined with a ribband round the head, terminating in bows and ends on one side. Hair in dishevelled curls. Necklace and cross of amber beads. Gloves and shoes of lemon-coloured kid. Spanish capu-

chin, or lappelled cloak of white or stone-coloured kerseymere, embroidered with a rich border, in chenille and silk.

PLATE 22.—OPERA DRESS.

A round low dress, of fine India muslin, the bosom composed entirely of needle-work and lace beading, and a correspondent border round the bottom; and confined round the waist with a sash tied in front. A robe pelisse, of fine amber-coloured cloth, or satin; bordered round in shaded brown che-

nille, with deep and rich corners. The pelisse lined throughout with white satin or sarsnet; and trimmed entirely round, and at the wrists, with a full swansdown border. A white satin hat, of the Spanish form, turned up with three rows of white beads or pearl; a curled os-

trich feather waving towards one side. A neck-chain and cross of the satin bead, with ear-rings *en suite*. Gloves of white kid; and slippers of satin, the colour of the pelisse, trimmed with fringe. A fan of ivory, or crape, decorated with fancy feathers.

LETTER ON PERSONAL DECORATION, &c.

IT is well, my dear madam, that you require not very frequently those letters which, when addressing you, can never be circumscribed; for, since my arrival in Grosvenor-square, I have been compelled to obey the incessant engagements of my *longjours* *gaie* hostess, who, what with her morning lounges and evening assemblies, together with the time necessarily devoted to the fresh organization of our wardrobes for the season, obliges me to steal from my pillow the hours which I dedicate to friendship and to you.

Ah! dearest madam, you are, I hope, well assured, how gladly I would purloin from every thing called pleasure, for the superior gratification I ever feel in communicating with you. You judged with your usual foresight, when you predicted the wondering sort of effect which contrasted scenes, and a diversity of new objects, would produce on my imagination and opinions; yet, I trust, you will never see the *principles* which your goodness has implanted, subject to the like metamorphose. Fancy may vary, opinions may fluctuate, and time and fashion may change the *exterior*; but internal conviction of *what is right*, early instil-

led, suffers from no innovation: and though it is very possible, that were you to meet me in Bond-street in the morning, and at the Opera in the evening, you might look *twice* before absolutely convinced *it was I*; yet come near my heart, dearest madam, and you will find me still the *same*, your favoured and affectionate Julia.

Pray inform my cousins, that the Merino cloth coats they purchased last winter, may, with a little transformation, be considered very fashionable for the present season; they have only to take off the Chinese bindings, &c. and place up the front broad borders of satin, at a small distance from each other, uniting them in the center with gold snakes, clasps, or the Maltese button. The cuffs, collar, and epaulets, to correspond; and the colour of the satin to form an agreeable contrast to that of the coat. I have ordered for each of them a helmet *à la Russe*, which is here considered of the highest *ton*. Indeed, the Russian costume pervades every order of personal decoration. The coats of our *beaux* are lappelled, cuffed, and collared, with the produce of the North; and our *belles* scarcely admit an article, even in full dress,

which is not distinguished by trimmings of ermine, mole, sable, or other rare skins. And so much have the noble efforts and glorious achievements of the brave sons of the North possessed the minds of the applauding English, that *à la Russe* is the general recommendatory term for articles of comfort, decoration, and utility. *A-propos*, dear madam, I shall send with my cousins' helmets a large shawl for your wear, manufactured from the Siberian wool: they are at present a *unique* in fashion, are bound with broad seal-skin, and finished with large tassels; and are fancifully disposed on the figure, as comfort, or taste, may direct. Coats of cloth, satin, or velvet, have been more in request this winter than cloaks, which, unless worn over a spencer of the same material, are not found of sufficient warmth to secure the wearer from the inclemency of a severe season. Caps and helmets, and even bonnets, composed of fur, with broad bands, and tassels of gold, are in high estimation; as are also small Flemish hats, and Scotch bonnets, of velvet or satin. The long veil is become too general to be longer admitted a select distinction. Caps of satin and lace, or of blended lace and muslin, decorated with ribband and small clusters of flowers, are ever a suitable appendage to the morning dress. Robes, in this style of *costume*, are generally composed of Imperial stuff, cloth, or double cambric; are formed high in the neck, with long sleeves, Spanish or military fronts, and trimmed with satin, fur, or fancy borders of cut or embossed cloth, of a properly contrasted

shade. Silk frogs, and the gold Maltese button, are still considered fashionable ornaments. The white morning robe is now confined to that order of *costume*, or worn under the coat or pelisse. The hair, in full dress, is universally worn, by every female not absolutely *on the decline*: it is divided on the forehead, plaited behind, and trained to the shape of the head; the ends curled, and blended full on each temple, sometimes intermixed with a small flower, at others, a sprig of brilliants, pearls, or coloured gems, are placed in the center of the forehead, where the hair is divided. In evening, or full dress, so great is the variety observable, that it is scarcely possible to be singular, so as the *style* is preserved. Turkish robes, tunics, and round dresses of velvet or cloth, trimmed with deep satin borders, finished with narrow sable, Astracan, or ermine, are most attractive and graceful habiliments. With these dresses, the Moorish or Turkish turban adds an appropriate dignity. Robes of coloured crape, trimmed with satin of the same shade, and worn over white satin; the coloured satin, or velvet boddicé, richly ornamented; and the white crape frock, with borders of white satin, gathered at regular distances, with small silver roses, are of equal elegance amidst the higher order of full dress. Small *bouquets* are worn with the white robe, in evening parties, placed at the corner of the bosom. With the coloured robe, the ornaments should be either diamonds, pearl, or any white bead or gem. With white dresses, the

coloured gem gives a very pleasing and lively effect. The long sash and bracer are adopted by many *young women*; but the clasp of jewellery is in more general estimation. Broaches, representing natural flowers, and sprigs of the same, for the hair, are among the novelties most attractive in this order of female adornment. Occasional scarfs of satin, or French

silk; and the small Cossack mantle, of satin or velvet, trimmed with skin or mole velvet, are fashionable attendants on the evening dress; and, for the public theatres, are very suitable requisites.

Adieu, dear madam; expecting the approbation of my cousins for this budget of requested intelligence, believe me ever your most affectionate
JULIA.

PLATE 19.—FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

OUR engraving this month represents an elegant fashionable fauteuil chair, upon Messrs. Pocock's patent reclining principle, to incline the back to any position, with double reclining footstools, which slide from under the chair to extend it when the back is reclined to the length of a couch. A

reading-desk is attached to the side, and contrived to swing round in front of the chair. The whole is designed with classical taste, in the present improved fashion of modern furniture, by the ingenious inventors, Messrs. Pocock's, of Southampton-street, Covent-Garden.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS.

RUSSIA AND NORTH OF EUROPE.

AFTER the capture of Wilna, the Russian armies continued the unremitting pursuit of their enemies in three principal directions:—Wittgenstein and Platoff towards the Lower Niemen, on the right; Tchichagoff in the center, towards Ghezno; and Tormassoff, with the column which had formerly acted under the immediate eye of the Prince of Smolensko (Field-Marshal Kutusow), in the direction of Grodno, on the left.

On reaching the Niemen, Platoff found, on the 14th Dec. a considerable part of the remaining troops of the enemy (reinforced by conscripts and convalescents, and well entrenched by works), determined

to dispute the town of Kowno, and the passage of the river. This French corps made an obstinate resistance; but the Don Cossacks, having passed the river on the ice, and got into the rear of the position, the enemy abandoned it in the night, and in his flight was much cut up by the Cossacks. During the three days pursuit, and upon the defeat at Kowno, the French loss amounted, besides killed, to 5000 men prisoners, including 160 officers, and 21 pieces of cannon. In his further pursuit beyond the Niemen, by Wilkowitch, we find Platoff, on the 23d, advanced as far as Kalvary, where, as well as in many other places on his route, he seized great magazines

of provisions and stores, and among the latter 30,000 new muskets.

Count Wittgenstein proceeded rapidly down the Niemen, and his advanced guard had reached Tilsit before the 23d Dec.

Admiral Tchichagoff found no material obstruction in his advance upon that river, both banks of which he cleared, and pushed his right upon Wilkowitch, to connect with Platoff.

General Torinassoff's column forced the Austrians to evacuate the positions they had occupied in advance of Grodno, and his advanced guard reached that city on the 20th Dec.

Generals Sachen and Oertel pursued, in separate divisions, a still more southerly course; and the latter had passed Slonim on the 16th Dec.

The Emperor Alexander had arrived at Wilna on the 22d Dec. His proclamation, dated from that city, and issued on the occasion of his armies entering the territory of Prussia, is worthy of his magnanimous character. He offers "Peace and independence not only to the Prussians, but to every people who, being at present forced to oppose him, shall abandon the cause of Napoleon, in order to follow that of their real interest." A further official return of the captures of the Russians, up to the 25th Dec. was published at the same time, exhibiting the following unheard-of totals:

43 Generals,
1298 Officers,
167,510 Non-commissioned officers and soldiers,
1131 Pieces of cannon.

The names of every one of the forty-three generals being set forth

in the return, the remaining numbers, however extraordinary, derive therefrom the best possible confirmation.

Thus far, that is, to the 25th Dec. (a few days only beyond the extent of our last report), we have it, in our power to present our readers with any authentic and regular account of the Russian movements. Since Lord Cathcart's dispatch of the 31st Dec. (published here on the 19th Jan. last) not a single official or unofficial account of the operations of the Russian forces has reached this country. Even of General D'York's defection, we have as yet none but the French accounts; and this interruption, or rather total privation of intelligence (occasioned no doubt by the severity of Continental winter and adverse winds), the French papers, however frequently and regularly received, do not, by any means, enable us to supply. Distressing as this state of ignorance must be to us, and to any one whose heart is bent on the great deeds in the north of Europe, as on the overture to the drama of universal political regeneration; it is no small source of gratification to find, in the numerous French papers, not a single report from any of the French commanders of the "*Grand*" army (that was); nay, not any thing in the shape of an official account of any occurrence. What has happened between the Berezyna and the Vistula, a distance of about 400 English miles, is kept an impenetrable secret. The disasters are so dreadful, that they have dumbfounded the cabinet of the Tuilleries, bred and nurtured as it is in falsehood. Yet, as

will, at all events, assert its geographical rights, it is necessary for the Ajaccian diplomatists now and then to give a glimpse of what is passing, since maps are still unprohibited in France. Prudence renders it expedient to dispense bad news by degrees, lest, by withholding it too long, it force its way in one overwhelming mass. Accordingly, the French accounts have at times furnished us with a few of these faint glimpses of truth, which, as they are confessions of their reverses, we may safely accept in lieu of the outstanding Russian reports. To connect these Gallic scraps into a regular narrative, would be clearing the Augean stables.

Murat, the lieutenant-general appointed to the command of the 'Grand' army, at Bonaparte's flight, has followed the example of his betters, and run home too, having previously resigned the command to poor Eugene Beauharnois, who "is more accustomed to a grand administration, and possesses the entire confidence of the emperor."

—(*Moniteur*.)

The French head-quarters were, in the beginning of February, at Posen, a city about 350 miles in the rear of Wilna, and 140 miles east of Berlin: Memel, Königsberg, and all East Prussia, between the Niemen and the Lower Vistula, are in the hands of the Russians, who, according to the French accounts, have even passed to the left bank of that river, and had an engagement at Bromberg, on the road to Francfort upon the Oder. We cannot collect from the French accounts, that of the various strong places on the Lower Vistula, any

other than Thorn and Dantzic remain in the possession of the enemy, and these are probably invested. The garrison of the latter fortress is magnified into the immense number of 80,000 men, with General Rapp as their commander; but we doubt whether it consists of one-third of that amount. If properly defended, Dantzic will present great obstacles to the progress of the Russian right flank; and we should not be surprised, that the importance of its speedy possession would induce a great sacrifice of lives, to gain the place in a summary manner.

What excites in us some wonder is, that Warsaw had not been entered at the close of January; and that, at that time, the Austrians and Saxons, under Prince Schwartzemberg and Regnier, were stated to be posted eastward, to cover that city, as if their limited numbers were at all equal to defend it against the troops under 'Tormassoff' and Suchen. It is not more than about 150 miles from Grodno, where, on the 20th Dec. some Russian advanced corps had already made their entry. Prince Schwartzemberg, we are likewise informed, has resigned the command of the corps hitherto under him; but his successor (if any) is not mentioned.

The King of Prussia, after having nominated a council of administration, to act during his absence, left Potsdam, and arrived on the 20th Jan. at Breslaw, whither the French and Austrian ambassadors followed him. We do not concur in the belief, that this removal has been urged by the French, but rather hail it as an auspicious event. In Silesia, where insurrection has

already strongly manifested itself, the king is less subject to French controul, his person is more safe, he is out of the line of the ulterior retreat of the "Grand" army, and, after a few more days advance of the Russians towards the Oder, he will be at liberty to act according to his own feelings.

We know of no essential reinforcement the "Grand" army has received, except the corps of Grenier, which had been collected in the south of Germany, and has passed Berlin. Its strength we cannot guess precisely, but estimate it at 15,000 men. Three French armies of *observation* are forming:—at Magdeburg under Lauriston, at Francfort on the Maine under Souham, at Verona under Bertrand.

The preceding are the most essential and certain points of intelligence to be gleaned from the French accounts. Minor and less authentic ones we forbear swelling our pages with; as we flatter ourselves, the arrival of the Russian official reports will enable us to supply the chasms, and give a coherent narrative in our next Retrospect.

SPANISH PENINSULA.

No military event of any importance has taken place in the Peninsula since our last Retrospect. The armies of the allies, as well as of their opponents, remain still stationary in their winter-cantonments; our head-quarters still at Frenada, whither the Marquis of Wellington has returned from his journey to Cadiz. Although his lordship has not succeeded in his proposals to the Spanish government to the fullest extent of his wishes, we flatter ourselves, his

journey will soon be found to have produced very beneficial results to the common cause. The Spanish government has acceded to Lord Wellington's solicitations, that a great effort should be made early in the spring against the invader's troops; and the Cortes, fully concurring with the regency, have passed a decree, on the 6th of January, investing his lordship with extraordinary powers as generalissimo. A section of the Spanish general staff will henceforth accompany him, take his orders, communicate them to the Spanish commanders in the several parts of the kingdom, and receive and lay before him their official reports. This wise accommodating measure will, we hope, silence the clamour of those Spaniards, who, guided by the unseasonable prejudices of a mistaken national pride, have hitherto expressed so much repugnance at the idea of being delivered from oppression through the supreme command of so able a British general. Let them peruse the history of a nation, from whom they partly derive their origin. The Carthaginians, when their country was at the lowest ebb, through the invasion of the Romans, conferred the command of their army on Xantippus, a Lacedæmonian *stranger*, who, by his skill, conquered and took the Roman consul in a pitched battle, and saved the Carthaginians from utter ruin. This Xantippus was not, like Wellington, the commander in chief of a vastly superior allied force, nor had he previously, like Wellington, gained many a signal victory in the cause of the country whose troops he

now commanded. Xantippus was a perfect alien in Carthage, had come thither as an officer in the band of Grecian mercenaries raised by that state, and, as Polybius informs us, gained ascendancy over the minds of the Carthaginians merely by the depth of his understanding, with which he tried to convince them of the errors they had committed in the conduct of the war!

It is likewise stated, that, independently of the scattered fragments of the 2d, 3d, 4th, &c. armies (which are very properly to be incorporated into effective masses), a levy of 50,000 men has been determined upon; and the force at Alicant (where a second expedition of 5000 infantry and 300 cavalry, has actually arrived from Sicily,) is to be increased to 35,000 effective men, and to act a conspicuous part in the next campaign.

The few movements of the French armies have been of a retrograde nature; their advanced corps have evacuated Astorga, Leon, and Zamora, and drawn to Palencia and Valladolid. Salamanca is still held by them; but Valencia, it would seem, is on the eve of being abandoned; at least the destruction of its works, and the plunder conveyed away from that city, indicate an intention to that effect.

The preparations of Lord Wellington for the ensuing campaign, and the reinforcements sent from England, are upon a great scale. But we still flatter ourselves they will, in a great measure, prove unnecessary; at least we are of opinion, that the commencement

of aggressive warfare, on our part, should not be precipitated, but rather withheld, until we are assured that the French are not inclined to depart of their own accord. Driving them into France is driving them so much nearer to Germany, where the momentous interests of all Europe are to be decided next summer. All we have to do is to keep them in play in Spain. Time, just at this moment, will rather diminish than increase their forces, while it adds to the strength of ours; and, under the new system, to that of our Spanish allies. Indeed, some French troops have already been recalled, to what amount we know not; but a good portion of cavalry has certainly returned to France.

FRANCE.

The levies of men and horses throughout France are proceeding with the greatest activity. But the anxiety of repairing his military losses has not been the only care which occupied the thoughts of Bonaparte since his arrival at Paris. His "vast mind" is capable of compassing at the same time military, spiritual, and civil concerns. Yes, the great Napoleon, soon after his return into the bosoms of his beloved, and, no doubt, loving subjects, has (*visum teneatis, amici!*) turned his thoughts to religion; and after several conferences with the poor old Pope, whom he had dragged from exile, to Fontainebleau, has concluded a spiritual treaty, or Concordat, on the 25th of January. The nature of this second Concordat he has as yet not deemed it proper to explain, any further than by stating, "that it has terminated all the differences which

have arisen with respect to the affairs of the church." We shall, however, presently venture to take a peep behind the curtain.

Now to the next great measure of state: the recent hair-breadth escape of Bonaparte on the Berezyna, and Mallet's conspiracy at Paris, seem to have impressed that great man with an idea of the possibility of a termination of his glorious earthly career *before* the scion of the house of Ajaccio, the King of Rome, might have attained the age of majority. He reflected, that "the least interruption in the exercise of the sovereign power would become a great calamity to the people;" — that, without guarding beforehand against the convulsions attendant on a sudden and unprovided-for minority, the endeavours of his whole reign to render his people truly happy, might be marred in an instant. Hence the *Senatus Consultum* of the 4th of Feb. which provides for a Regency under every possible contingency, in case of the legal successor to the throne being a minor. We shall only state its principal feature, *that of declaring the Empress the Régent*; without dwelling on the minute provisions which, in case of the failure of the empress, secure the regency to the princes of the (precious) blood in the order of succession to the throne.

In consequence of this great act of human foresight, the good people of Paris are forthwith to have their gloomy reflections on the events of the Vistula, dissipated by witnessing the august and cheering ceremony of the little King of Rome crowned as the successor of his father, and the coronation of the Empress, who is to be proclaimed guardian and

regent in the event of a minority. After this, what can be the use of conspiring against the person of Napoleon? "This," says Monsieur le Comte Regnaud de Saint Jean d'Angely, "is the manner in which it is proper to reply to mad projects, to anarchical hopes, to the murderous wishes of our enemies."

To secure his personal safety, may, in part, have been Bonaparte's object in the acts above-mentioned; but we suspect his principal drift somewhat deeper laid. We expect to hear, that the Concordat with the Pope went to give to Napoleon's marriage with the Austrian princess that legality which the Pope had hitherto refused. Such a measure was necessary previously to declaring Maria Louisa the Regent; and by this declaration Bonaparte probably flatters himself to identify his interests with those of the Emperor of Austria, at a moment, when, without the latter's aid, his prospects are desperate. But we hope the Austrian monarch possesses good sense enough not to be dazzled by the regency bauble.

The annual *Exposé* of the situation of France will be a document of some curiosity, and the framing of it has been found so difficult and awkward, that the opening of the sittings of the legislative body, which was to have taken place on the 1st of February, has been postponed, because the *Exposé* was not ready for the occasion.

AMERICA.

Mr. Maddison has carried his reelection to the office of President against Mr. Clinton, by a majority of 128 to 29. Encouraged by their recent successes at sea, the Ameri-

cans have resolved to increase their infant navy by the addition of six large frigates, and four seventy-six-gun ships; the number 76 being fixed upon in commemoration of the epoch of their independence, 1776. A bill has also passed for raising a regular army of 20,000 men. New-York, at last, is blockaded by a squadron under Sir J. B. Warren, which has already made considerable captures on that station.

BRITISH COLONIES.

A dispatch from Colonel Gillespie, dated Djojocarta (Island of Java), 25th June, details the operations of a small British force, undertaken with a view to "bring the insolent and refractory Sultan of Djojocarta to a sense of what was due to the supremacy of the British government in Java." The sultan was attacked in his fortified palace, surrounded by ramparts and bastions, &c. three miles in circumference, and defended by 17,000 men. The British troops, 1000 men strong, on the 20th June stormed the works, subdued the enemy, and took the sultan himself, who, it is stated, was forthwith deposed, and his son placed on the throne. Our loss on this occasion was 99 killed and wounded.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Among the proceedings of the British Parliament during the current month, the debates and resolutions of both Houses, relating to the American war, will be deemed highly important. The Lords, as well as the Commons, were unanimous in voting an address to the Prince Regent, stating their regret at the necessity of commencing hostilities against America; their

entire approbation of the resistance made to pretensions which could not have been acceded to without abandoning the most essential rights of the country; and assuring the Prince Regent, that he might rely upon their zealous support of such measures as might be calculated to carry on the war with vigour.

On the 11th February died, in the 60th year of his age, at his seat at Stowe, the Right Hon. George Grenville Nugent Temple, Marquis of Buckingham, lord lieutenant of the county of Bucks, and one of the tellers of the Exchequer. His lordship is succeeded in his titles and estates by his eldest son, Lord Temple. By his death, however affecting to his relatives and friends, the country is relieved from another of the old class of tellerships, the emoluments of which arising from a per centage on the annual expenditure, increased in proportion to the increase of that expenditure, and have been estimated at the immense amount of 35,000*l.* per annum. Lord Camden is now the only surviving one of the old class of tellers. All the succeeding tellers are limited to the salary of 2300*l.* per annum. The vacant tellership has been disposed of in a manner calculated to give universal satisfaction. It has been conferred upon the eldest son of the late Mr. Perceval, upon condition of his relinquishing the pension of 1000*l.* a year granted him by parliament in the last session; and the reversion of another 1000*l.* per annum, which was settled upon him at the death of his mother.

PLATE 20.—CAVENDISH-SQUARE.

AT the beginning of the last century, Marybone, in which parish Cavendish-square is situated, was a small village, nearly a mile distant from any part of the metropolis. It was not till 1715 that a plan was formed for building this square and several streets on the north of Tyburn-road, which has since assumed the name of Oxford-street. The Duke of Chandos, then Earl of Carnarvon, took the whole north side, with the intention of erecting a mansion, with all suitable offices, on a most magnificent scale. Lord Harcourt and Lord Bingley purchased ground on the east and west sides, and the rest was let to builders; but the failures occasioned by the South Sea speculation, put a stop to the improvements for some time, so that it was several years before the square was completed.

The north side of the square, which is represented in the annexed view, contains but four houses. The two in the middle are of Portland stone, with basements, Corinthian columns, entablatures, pediments, and balustrades. The others, which are of brick, were intended as wings to the palace, planned, as mentioned above, by the Duke of Chandos. The building shewn in the left-hand corner of our engraving, was inhabited by the late Princess Amelia, aunt to his present Majesty. It was afterwards the residence of the Earl of Hopetown, and latterly of Henry Hope, Esq. who died in 1811. This gentleman, a native of Holland, quitted his country at an early period of the French revolution, and

here enjoyed his immense fortune in security. He brought with him a fine collection of paintings by the ancient masters; the cabinet pictures, which formed but a small part of it, were alone valued at forty thousand pounds. This munificent foreigner was the first to set an example of liberality to the proprietors of similar treasures, by opening his collection, on certain days, to artists and amateurs, a practice which he continued to the last year of his life.

Three houses only compose the west side of Cavendish-square.—That in the center, shut in by a lofty blank wall, is 153 feet in length, and 70 in breadth. It was originally built for Lord Bingley, but has long been the town mansion of the Earl of Harcourt.

The remaining sides are occupied by good houses; but these have nothing in their architecture, or appearance, to deserve particular remark. One of those on the south side, was for many years the residence of the late Mr. Romney, a celebrated portrait-painter, who was considered by many as a formidable rival to Reynolds himself, although certainly inferior to him in that department of the art. His historical compositions also were highly and generally esteemed. His *Infant Shakspeare*, and the *Shipwrecked Mariners*, in the *Tempest*, painted for the late Alderman Boydell's splendid gallery of pictures, illustrative of our great dramatist, justly gained him high reputation. Since Romney's death, the same house has been occupied by another

celebrated portrait-painter, M. A. Shee, Esq. whose *Rhymes on Art*, and *Elements of Art*, bear honourable testimony of the success with which he has courted the sister muse of Poetry.

In the center of the railed area of Cavendish-square, which has within these few years been planted with shrubs, is a gilt equestrian

statue of the conqueror of Culloden, with this inscription:—"William Duke of Cumberland, born April 15, 1721; died Oct. 31, 1766. This equestrian statue was erected by Lieutenant-General Wm. Strobe, in gratitude for his private kindness, in honour to his public virtues, Nov. 5, anno Domini 1770."

MEDICAL REPORT.

AN account of the practice of a physician from the 15th of January to the 15th of February, 1813.

Acute Diseases.—Catarrh, 7... Fever, 2....Sore-throat, 1....Peripneumony, 2....Pleurisy, 1....Acute diseases of infants, 7.

Chronic Diseases.—Cough and dyspnoea, 10...Pleurodyne, 2...Consumption, 3...Rheumatism, 4...Lumbago, 2....Palsy, 2...Asthenia, 3....Dyspepsia, 6...Bilious vomiting, 2...Enterodynia, 2...Jaundice, 1.... Dropsy, 3...Hypochondriasis, 1.... Vertigo, 2...Headach, 1...Dysure, 1...Tic-douloureux, 1...Cutaneous affections, 3...Female complaints, 5.

Cough and catarrhal affections continue to form the principal diseases of the season. Infants, in particular, appear to suffer; and, as mentioned in the last report, many of them, in addition to their other complaints, are affected with a troublesome diarrhoea. In some instances this has not yielded to the medicines that have been prescribed; the appetite has become vitiated, and the child has refused that kind of food which is the most proper: from the irritation in the alimentary canal, and the want of due support to the system, much peevishness and fretfulness is excited, and emaciation becomes daily

more evident. This is a most dangerous state, and life can only be preserved by the greatest caution. If every thing fail, change of air will sometimes succeed in restoring healthy action to the bowels. Provided the child is kept completely warm, it will generally be benefited by being taken out in the air: many infants perish from the mistaken apprehensions which prevail on this head. In fact, many of the ailments which beset infants, may be traced to the close confinement which, in the winter months, they too frequently endure; and some of those that escape with life, occasionally suffer in a feeble constitution, the consequence of being improperly nursed. They are often physicked and dieted upon the most absurd principles, or, what is as bad, without any principle at all; while their temper is changed, and their disposition soured, by the regular alternation of coaxing and chiding, bribing and threatening, at the discretion of an ignorant old woman in the shape of a nurse, whose supposed experience arms her with full authority over a young and anxious mother, who is obliged to submit to treatment which her reason would condemn.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE heavy rains which fell about the middle of last month, have greatly impeded the early spring sowing, by inundating the retentive soils, which will require a dry March before they will be in a proper state for the plough. From the same cause, the tender lands, under cattle crops, are much poached by the feet of animals, and will require much labour to break their adhesion.

The young wheats have put on a prolific appearance in tillow, having formed a strong plant, of a seasonable colour. The spring wheat sowing has been much impeded by the late heavy rain; and some breadths, upon newly inclosed commons, have suffered considerably from the wire-worm, the black grub, and a superabundant surface water, for the want of a proper and judicious drainage, which should ever be the first step taken in the cultivation of waste lands.

From the mildness of the season, the turnips, and all the brassica species, have run much to top, and, without a check, promise to be soon exhausted. To counteract the early consumption of these, the soiling crops, from the same cause, are in a forward and luxuriant state. The general introduction of these resources, and the increased cultivation of the Swedish turnip, have happily removed many of those distressing inconveniences ever attendant on a backward spring in this climate, and rank foremost amongst modern improvements.

The spring sowing has commenced, upon the warm soils, in the southern district, which work kindly on the fresh flag or furrow. Much dung and soil carting remains on hand, in consequence of the mild season.

ALLEGORICAL WOOD-CUT, WITH PATTERNS OF BRITISH MANUFACTURE.

No. 1, a celestial blue figured sarsnet, adapted equally for the dress robe, boddice, and spencer, as for the spring mantle or pelisse. Trimmings of swansdown, thread lace, fancy gimp, or the new imperial shag, are appropriate decorations for articles composed of this material. It is sold by Messrs. George and Bradley, Holywell-st. Strand.

No. 2, a figured taffety, from the house of Messrs. Layton and Shears. This *unique* article is calculated for the intermediate order of costume, and is to be purchased of various shades; and when contrasted with

trimmings of coloured satin or ribband, forms a most pleasing domestic habit.—To be purchased of Messrs. Layton and Shears, Bedford House, Henrietta-street, Covent-Garden.

No. 3, a fashionable small patterned printed cambric, for morning dresses or domestic wear.—Dresses composed of this simple material, are either formed in plain wraps, high gowns, buttoned or trimmed down the front; or in the cottage jacket and petticoat. These small patterned printed cambrics are considered even more genteel than the white robe, for morning



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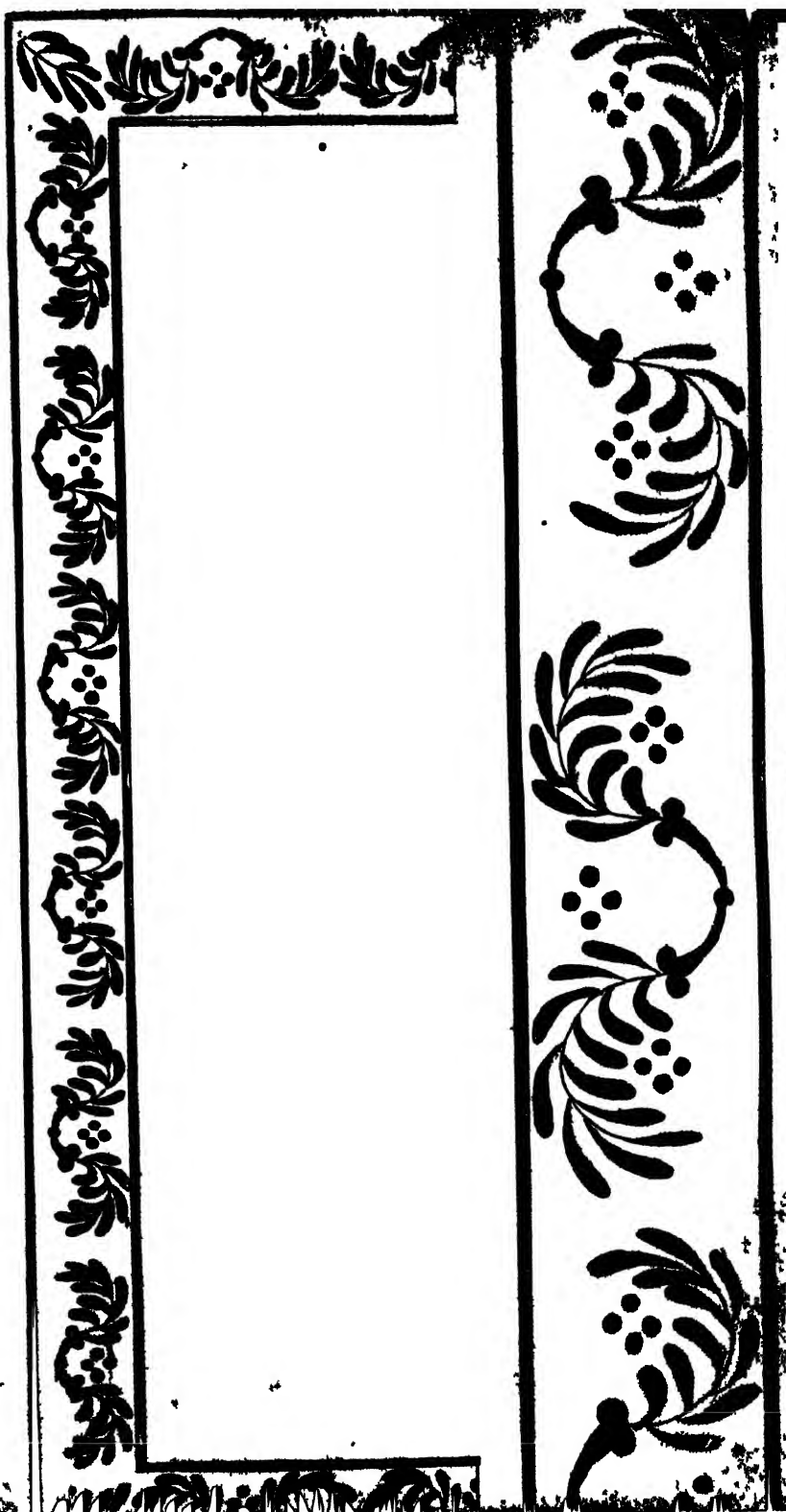
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R. Ackermann, 101, Strand, London.

No.

REPOSITORY OF ARTS, SCIENCES,

51.



wear. The article here exhibited is sold by T. and J. Smith, No. 3, Tavistock-street, Covent-Garden.

No. 4 is a sample of the imperial patent cotton-thread shirting, brought out by Mr. Millard, the proprietor of the East India Warehouse, No. 16, Cheapside. Its excellence consists in its desirable property of preventing the taking of cold, its superior durability, and its great economy, being of a fineness of quality equal to, and nearly half the price of, Irish and foreign linens. The most skilful and eminent of the faculty will hold it in high estimation, being of a nature to prevent a too profuse perspiration, which flannel is liable to create, at the same time that it

does not too severely check that vital principle of health. We, therefore, feel much pleasure in recommending the article to the particular attention of our readers, on account of its superior comfort and utility. It is sold, wholesale and by the piece, at the before-mentioned warehouse, No. 16, Cheapside, *and at no other house in London.* The quality of 2s. per yard is equal to that of linen at 3s. 6d. and that of 2s. 6d. to linen of 4s. 6d. and so on in progressive advancement.—Foreign orders, and merchants purchasing for exportation, are treated on the usual liberal terms peculiar to this house.

Poetry.

A SERENADE,

From THE FORESTER, a Metrical Romance.

LADY, arise! for morning dawns,
The stags are browsing on the lawns,
The sun is in the east advancing,
His beams are on the lattice glancing,
The white mist o'er the mountain flies,
The ivy-leaves in air are dancing;—

Lady, arise!

Lady, thy lover waits below,
Watching in the sunny glow;
Ray after ray is now appearing,
The flow'rs their spotted heads are rear-

ing;

The dew-drops, kiss'd by western sighs,
Are from the grass their bright forms
clearing;—

Lady, arise!

Thy lattice ope—the myrtle wreath
Is scented with the morning breath;
Around thy bow'r the birds are playing,
No more is heard the watch-dog baying;
The day awaits thy lightsome eyes;
Come then, thy love beneath is staying—

Lady, arise!

J. H. R.

STANZAS.

By J. M. LACEY, Author of "The Farm-House," and other Poems.

Ah! blessed Moon! thy sacred light
Is dear to sorrow's pensive eye;
Thus mildly beaming through the night,
Thou bringest resignation nigh!

'Tis thine to cheer the trav'ler's soul,
When darkness clouds his doubtful
way;

'Tis thine to point the wished-for goal,
And pour around a mimic day.

'Tis thine to light the timid maid,
Who seeks, with trembling step, her
swain;

'Tis thine to give the poet aid,
Who forms, at night, the tender strain.

'Tis thine to sooth the anxious breast,
Where grief has fix'd her pang severe;

'Tis thine to lull that pang to rest,
And check affliction's burning tear.

And, oh! thou surely hast this pow'r!

For I have ever fancied so,
And oft' have hail'd thy calmest hour,
When sinking with the throb of woe!

And if 'tis only fancy, still
 Be that fond fancy dear to me ;
 For should it sooth one hour of ill,
 'Tis kinder than reality !

THE LOVER'S DREAM :

*A Translation of the Latin Poem of
 "Somnium Amantis," written by J. F.
 M. DOVASTON, Esq. and inserted
 amongst his Poems lately published.*

Long ere the morning star's reviving
 light
 Had chas'd away the misty gloom of
 night,
 I dreamt—(ah ! how my sighing breast
 was cheer'd !)
 I dreamt Maria's lovely form appear'd.
 Grace shone refulgent on her forehead
 fair,
 In glossy ringlets hung her auburn hair ;
 A lovely smile her roseate lip display'd,
 While o'er the lyre her taper fingers
 stray'd ;
 Sweet were the sounds they waken'd to
 the air,—
 But, ah ! her gentle voice was sweeter far.
 The robe was white in which the maid
 was drest :
 But, ah ! much fairer was her polish'd
 breast.
 Her jewels glitter'd, but her eyes of light
 Lent greater radiance to the brow of
 night.
 While I beheld a form so fair for love,
 I felt its raptures in my bosom move ;
 Oft as on me she bent her starry eyes,
 I own'd the influence of the god of sighs ;
 But while I view her form, entranc'd
 admire
 The music of her voice and of her lyre,—
 A sudden sigh breaks off my dream of
 love ;
 The melodies of music cease to move,
 All, all is drear, and silent as the tomb,
 No more Maria's form dispels the gloom.
 How her sweet image being near can
 bless,—
 Ah ! how her absence can the mind
 distress !

A few short moments, and my heart was
 glad,—
 A few short moments, and my heart is
 sad.
 Oh ! how I know (by dear experience
 tried,)
 How nearly grief and pleasure are al-
 lied !
 The present ho ur may wear a cheerful
 form,
 'Tis but a ray of light before a storm.
 J. H. R.

THE NYMPH OF THE CLYDE.

A TALE.

Dumbarton's fair maids, in their ker-
 chiefs and sheen,
 Were weaving their garlands in Inkle-
 nook Green ;
 Since there never was swain, in the bor-
 ders of Frith,
 Who had not a nymph whom he sought
 as his wife :
 For each youth and each maiden was
 forming a wreath,
 Or holiday nosegay, of soft-coloured
 heath ;
 As this was the eve that the peasants
 agreed,
 To celebrate summer like those on the
 'Tweed.
 But the daughter of Aline each sought
 as his bride,
 And Donald bade fair for the maid of the
 Clyde.
 Near the castle of Clyde, and its spacious
 domain,
 Is a grove, and a current that waters the
 plain,
 Where the lord of the castle is happy
 at least
 To welcome the damsels who come to the
 feast.
 Their treat it was simple, their table the
 ground,
 They laugh away care as the full cup
 went round :
 The lads for their playful caresses were
 chid,
 By those who but little knew how to
 forbid.

But, adieu to the feast,—each maid, by
 her glance,
 Singled out from the number her laddie
 to dance;
 For the pipers advancing along the High
 Glen *,
 Were ready to cross in a wherry the
 stream.
 In form now resplendent the queen of the
 night,
 With a star on her breast and apparell'd
 in white,
 Appear'd to the dancers the furthest re-
 mote
 From the side where the pipers were
 clearing the boat:
 Her locks were of jet, and the dark of
 her eyne
 Was such as a lover could wish it had
 been:
 She advanc'd, and with reverence paid
 her adieu
 To the sun, who was veil'd in a curtain
 of blue;
 Whilst Egbert, the bard, was beginning
 a lay,
 'Twas the minstrel's last effort to welcome
 the day:
 But the queen of the Solstice hung over
 her sire,
 And sung to the notes that he wrung from
 his lyre,
 With a look and expression, a form too,
 I ween,
 That never was equal'd before on the
 green.
 The minstrel was silent, his fingers refuse
 To touch on the harp, or awaken the muse;
 Which, when Edric beheld, he emerg'd
 from the sedge,
 That the thicket afforded to those on the
 green.
 He was lord both of Clydesdale and eke
 of Lanerk;
 On his shield was a lion, his crest was a
 dirk:
 He advanc'd with an air at once noble
 and free,
 And begg'd of the harper's fair daughter
 a glee;

* High Glen, a place near the Clyde.

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B b

Who, blushing, replied, as she finger'd
 the string.
 'My power, my lord, is but little to sing.'
 Old Egbert remember'd his days that
 were fled,
 And Jannet, soft smiling, began in his
 stead.
 She paus'd, and young Edric his reve-
 rence paid;
 He bow'd to the bard, and saluted the maid,
 Then turn'd to the wood, while the rus-
 tics all gay,
 Were eager, by moon-light, to trip it
 away,
 Nor once did they fault, or ever divide,
 'Till night spread her sablest garb on the
 Clyde. THEODORE.

THE HIGHLAND DROVER

RETURNING FROM ENGLAND.

Now fare thee well, England, no farther
 I'll roam,
 But follow the shadow that points the
 way home:
 Your gay southern shores shall not tempt
 me to stay,
 For my Maggy's at home, and my chil-
 dren at play!
 'Tis this makes my bonnet sit light on
 my brow,
 Gives my sinews their strength, and my
 bosom its glow.
 Farewell, mountaineers! my companions,
 adieu!
 Soon, many long miles, when I'm sever'd
 from you,
 I shall miss your white horns on the brink
 of the burn,
 And o'er the rough heaths, where you'll
 never return:
 But in rich English pastures you can-
 not complain,
 While your drover speeds back to his
 Maggy again.
 O Tweed! gentle Tweed! as I pass your
 green vales,
 More than life, more than love my tired
 spirit inhales;
 There Scotland, my darling, lies full in
 my view,
 With her bare-footed lassies, and moun-
 tains so blue:

To the mountains away, my heart bounds
like the hind,
For home is so sweet, and my Maggy so
kind.

As day after day I still follow my course,
And in fancy trace back every stream to
its source,

Hope cheers me up hills where the stream
lies before,

O'er hills just as high, and o'er tracks of
wild moor;

The keen polar star nightly rising in
view,

But Maggy's my star, just as steady and
true.

O ghosts of my fathers! O heroes! look
down;

Fix my wandering thoughts on your
deeds of renown;

For the glory of Scotland reigns warm
in my breast,

And fortitude grows both from toil and
from rest.

May your deeds and your worth be for
ever in view,

And may Maggy bear sons not unwor-
thy of you!

Love, why do you urge me so weary
and poor,

I cannot step faster, I cannot do more:
I've pass'd silver Tweed; e'en the Tay
flows behind;

Yet fatigue I disdain, my reward I shall
find:

Thou, sweet smile of innocence, thou
art my prize,

And the joy that will sparkle in Maggy's
blue eyes.

She'll watch to the southward; perhaps
she will sigh,

That the way is so long and the moun-
tain so high;

Perhaps some huge rock in the dusk she
may see,

And will say in her fondness, "That
surely is he."

Good wife, you're deceived; I'm still far
from home;

Go sleep, my dear Maggy—to-morrow
I'll come.

ODE,

*Written on the Banks of the Thames,
near Eton, by the Rev. J. H. Port,
A. M. Archdeacon of St Alban's.*

What voice of low and solemn sound
Comes wafted down the silent stream?

Oh! gentle sleep, still hover round,
If now the Poet should but dream!

It murmurs still, with secret pow'r
To penetrate and melt the heart,
Ah! let an humble bard implore
One blessing, and in peace depart.

'Tis past—and on the evening air
Calm silence floats, and reigns again;
Yet still the deep tone fills my ear,
And runs through every secret vein.

'Fond youth,' it said, 'whose anxious
eyes

'Still turn with pensive, sad delight,
'Where yon fair spires which seek the
skies,

'Mark long-lov'd Eton to the sight:
'Let gratitude dissolve thy breast!

'Yes, hold those seats for ever dear;

'But let the sigh be still suppress'd,
'Nor stain these waters with a tear.

'For though you left content behind,
'You gain'd some gifts of nobler use;
'A heart above the world, a mind
'No power can awe, no bribe seduce.'

O Father of the winding stream,
For surely thine this voice must be,
Those tears which you so fruitless deem,
Bring peace and sweet relief to me.

Yet, warn'd by you, my willing heart
'The debt of gratitude shall pay;
For Eton form'd her better part,
And wash'd at least some stains away.

If base dependance I despise,
If scolding names by birthright got,
To fair applause I strive to rise,
Anxious to grace an humble lot:

If still to nobler motives true,
My muse condemns the flatterer's part;
If pomp and power unaw'd I view,
And pay my homage to the heart;

If from these springs my actions flow,
If these opinions prompt my tongue:
My gratitude for all I owe

To this fair source, for hence they
sprung.

LONDON MARKETS.

Returns of Wheat from Feb. 1 to 6.
 Total, 6,743 quarters.—Average, 187 $\frac{1}{2}$ 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ per quarter,
 2s. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per quarter lower than last return.

Returns of Flour from Feb. 6 to 12.
 Total, 14,044 sacks.—Average, 109s. 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per sack, or
 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per sack higher than last return

Average of England and Wales, Feb. 13.

	s	d		s	d
best	120	5	Bailey	66	10
2	83	8	Oats	42	6
			Pease	88	11

CORN, SEEDS, &c.

	s	d		s	d
best white,	98	136	Tares, per	17	21
—red—	90	120	Turnip	—	30
—foreign—	90	128	Mustard,	—	30
—white—	70	89	—brown—	18	38
—white—	50	75	—white—	13	28
alt	90	118	Canary, per qr.	100	115
—Feed—	25	40	Hempseed	75	80
—Friesland	—	—	Linseed	110	100
—Poland	86	47	Flaxseed, red,	—	—
—Pottoloe	44	50	Clover, red,	75	102
—Horse—	80	90	—white—	84	112
—Boiling	90	110	—foreign—	80	112
—Grey—	80	88	—white—	90	112
—Trefal	—	—	Caraway	72	80
—per sack	110	—	—Cresser—	38	44
—Scotch	90	98			

American Flour—s—s per barrel of 190lb.
 Rapeseed, per last - £58 a £68 a £75
 Old Calcut, per thousand £17. 6s. to £18 0s.

SUGAR, &c. per Cwt.

COFFEE, Banded.

	s	d		s	d
Mascovite, fine	89	90	Demason, Surinam, &c.	—	—
—good—	84	88	—Fine—	75	0
—ordinary—	83	88	—Good—	70	0
East India, white	84	94	—Ordinary—	67	0
—yellow—	78	83	—Tinge—	50	0
—brown—	78	88			

REFINED SUGAR.

	s	d		s	d
Double Loaves	164	175	Good	60	0
Hambro' ditto	130	138	Ordinary	40	0
Powder ditto	130	138	Tinge	20	0
Single ditto	196	198	Neocha	300	0
Candy Lamps	124	130	Berbon	90	0
Large ditto	121	122	St. Domingo	60	0
Bustards, whole	85	87	Java	90	0
—faces—	90	90	COCOA, Banded.	—	—
—middles—	87	89	Trinidad and	—	—
—tips—	83	80	Carnacas	90	0

GINGER.

	s	d		s	d
Jamnia, white	88	900	Nutmegs	18	0
Burmeses, ditto	75	80	Cloves	10	0
—black—	70	75	Cinnamon	10	0

RICE, Banded.

	s	d		s	d
Carolina	—	84	Pepp. white	5	3
—black—	—	86	—black—	5	3
—Pimento—	—	86	—Pimento—	5	3

Average price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of duty, 57s 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.

We have had a brisk demand for sugar this month, at an advance of 1s. to 2s. per cwt. in the raw market, and 6s. per cwt. in the refined.

HOPS in the Borough.

	s	d		s	d
Bags	—	—	Pockets	—	—
—Kent—	—	8	—Kent—	—	10
—Sussex—	—	7	—Sussex—	—	9
—Essex—	—	0	—Essex—	—	0

CORN, &c. per Quarter.

	s	d		s	d
Newcastle	13	64	Wheat, Barley.	—	—
Northampton	13	1904	—	—	—
Canterbury	—	—	—	—	—
Leicester	—	—	—	—	—
Chesham	13	96	—	—	—
Abbeville	13	1904	—	—	—
Gainsford	90	—	—	—	—
Gainsboro'	16	1124	—	—	—
Leath	17	1004	—	—	—
Huntingdon	13	1044	—	—	—
Newark	17	1134	—	—	—
Spilsby	13	1004	—	—	—
Reigate	18	1044	—	—	—
Derby	18	1044	—	—	—
Reading	30	1814	—	—	—
Swansea	17	1214	—	—	—
Henley	—	—	—	—	—
Salisbury	16	96	—	—	—
Peworth	16	1004	—	—	—
Hull	—	—	—	—	—
Barnstaple	17	1124	—	—	—
Witchfield	19	1604	—	—	—
Andover	—	—	—	—	—
Warrminster	—	—	—	—	—

SPIRITS, per Gallon (exclusive of duty).

	s	d		s	d
Whisky, Cag.	—	—	Mol. Spirits	—	—
—Black—	—	9	—Black—	—	13
—White—	—	9	—White—	—	10
—Gin—	—	6	—Gin—	—	6
—Rum—	—	6	—Rum—	—	6
—Liquor—	—	6	—Liquor—	—	6
—Wine—	—	4	—Wine—	—	4

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR JANUARY, 1818.

Conducted, at Manchester, by THOMAS HANSON, Esq.

1813.			Pressure.			Temperature.			Weather.	Erap.	Rain
JAN.	Wind.		Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.			
1	S	1	30,00	29,55	29,775	45,0°	30,0°	37,50°	cloudy	—	—
2	Var.	1	30,30	30,00	30,100	46,0	29,0	37,50	cloudy	—	—
3	S	1	30,40	30,30	30,300	47,0	37,0	42,00	cloudy	—	—
4	Var.	1	30,40	30,15	30,275	45,0	39,0	42,00	cloudy	—	—
5	Var.	1	30,15	30,70	29,925	46,0	38,0	42,00	cloudy	—	—
6	S	2	29,70	29,31	29,503	51,0	43,0	47,00	rainy	—	—
7	S	2	29,50	29,20	29,350	48,0	38,0	43,00	cloudy	—	—
8	S	2	29,20	28,85	29,025	47,0	37,0	41,00	cloudy	—	—
9	NW	3	29,65	29,30	29,425	42,0	32,0	37,00	rainy	—	—
10	NW	2	29,90	29,60	29,750	39,0	29,0	34,00	fine	—	—
11	SE	2	29,63	29,45	29,540	38,0	33,0	35,50	rainy	—	—
12	SE	2	29,63	29,50	29,565	38,0	33,0	35,50	cloudy	—	—
13	E	1	29,50	29,30	29,400	36,0	34,0	35,00	showery	—	—
14	SE	2	29,67	29,30	29,485	39,0	34,0	36,50	cloudy	—	—
15	NE	1	29,97	29,67	29,770	38,0	34,0	36,00	fine	—	—
16	Var.	1	30,00	29,87	29,935	40,0	29,0	34,50	cloudy	—	—
17	SE	1	30,22	30,00	30,110	40,0	30,0	35,00	cloudy	—	1,135
18	E	2	30,22	30,00	30,110	39,0	32,0	35,50	cloudy	—	—
19	E	1	30,40	30,22	30,310	36,0	31,0	33,50	snowy	—	—
20	SE	1	30,50	30,40	30,450	35,0	31,0	33,00	cloudy	—	—
21	NE	1	30,70	30,50	30,600	35,0	31,0	33,00	fine	—	—
22	NE	1	30,75	30,68	30,715	39,0	30,0	34,50	fine	—	—
23	NE	1	30,68	30,40	30,540	47,0	29,0	37,50	cloudy	—	—
24	E	2	30,62	30,50	30,560	38,0	28,0	33,00	cloudy	—	—
25	E	2	30,72	30,62	30,670	31,0	24,0	28,50	cloudy	—	—
26	E	1	30,72	30,65	30,685	32,0	22,0	27,00	foggy	—	—
27	Var.	1	30,72	30,60	30,660	31,0	27,0	30,00	foggy	—	—
28	NE	1	30,60	30,59	30,745	30,0	24,0	27,00	foggy	—	—
29	Var.	1	30,65	30,59	30,620	35,0	25,0	30,00	variable	—	—
30	SW	1	30,75	30,65	30,700	35,0	29,0	32,00	foggy	—	—
31	W	1	30,75	30,70	30,725	41,0	30,0	37,00	foggy	—	.310
			Mean			Mean					
			30,107			35,66					

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR JANUARY, 1813.

Conducted by Mr. J. GIBSON, Laboratory, Stratford, Essex.

1813	Wind.	Pressure.			Temperature.			Weather.	Evap.	Rain.
JAN.		Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.			
1	W	30.07	29.85	29.960	46°	39°	42.5°	gloomy	—	
2	N W	30.20	30.07	30.135	52	37	44.5	cloudy	—	
3	W	30.28	30.26	30.270	40	34	37.0	foggy	—	
4	S E	30.38	30.07	30.175	42	36	39.0	cloudy	—	
5	S W	30.07	29.90	29.985	46	37	41.5	cloudy	—	
6	S W	29.79	29.77	29.780	38	39	45.5	cloudy	—	—
7	N W	29.77	29.40	29.585	47	41	41.0	gloomy	—	.17
8	N W	29.68	29.40	29.540	47	31	39.0	gloomy	—	
9	N W	29.88	29.68	29.780	40	28	34.0	cloudy	—	
10	N W	29.90	29.77	29.835	34	28	31.0	fine	—	
11	S E	29.84	29.75	29.795	38	30	34.0	fine	—	
12	S E	29.76	29.60	29.710	36	30	33.0	cloudy	—	
13	S E	29.63	29.57	29.600	39	34	36.5	cloudy	—	—
14	N E	29.78	29.63	29.705	39	32	35.5	misty	—	
15	N W	30.00	29.78	29.890	38	27	32.5	cloudy	—	
16	S W	30.16	30.00	30.080	43	29	36.0	fine	—	
17	S E	30.16	30.14	30.150	36	28	32.0	cloudy	—	
18	S E	30.14	30.04	30.090	33	29	31.0	cloudy	—	
19	E	30.26	30.14	30.200	33	30	31.5	gloomy	—	
20	E	30.27	30.20	30.265	35	29	32.0	cloudy	—	
21	N E	30.37	30.27	30.320	34	29	31.5	cloudy	.31	
22	E	30.48	30.28	30.330	35	21	28.0	fine	—	
23	N W	30.28	30.28	30.280	33	24	28.5	cloudy	—	—
24	N E	30.36	30.28	30.320	35	24	29.5	fine	—	
25	N E	30.37	30.36	30.365	34	27	30.5	cloudy	—	
26	N E	30.37	30.30	30.365	38	31	34.5	cloudy	—	
27	N	30.38	30.36	30.370	37	21	29.0	cloudy	—	
28	N W	30.36	30.29	30.325	32	20	26.0	foggy	—	
29	N	30.37	30.29	30.330	34	21	27.5	cloudy	—	
30	N W	30.38	30.36	30.370	39	29	34.0	cloudy	—	
31	N W	30.39	30.36	30.375	44	31	37.5	cloudy	.15	.27
		Mean		30.073	Mean		34.4	Total	.46in.	.44in.

RESULTS.—Prevailing winds, northerly.—Mean height of barometer, 30.073 inches; highest observation, 30.39 inches; lowest, 29.40 inches.—Mean height of thermometer, 34.4°.—highest observation, 52°—lowest, 20°.—Total of evaporation, .46 inch.—Rain .44 inch—in another gauge, .57 inch.

Notes.—3d. Very foggy day.—7th. Gloomy—foggy morning.—9th. Foggy morning—a lunar halo at night.—10th. Very fine day.—10th. Fine morning—white frost—very bright moonlight night.—19th. Gloomy morning—some snow.—23d. A little snow in the morning—clear day—a fine blush on the evening twilight.—23d. Hoar frost—some snow in the evening.—24th. Ground covered with snow.—25th. Fine clear morning.—25th. Morning very foggy, with hoar frost—afternoon fine.—29th. White frost.

Prices of Fire-Office, Mine, Dock, Canal, Water-Works, Brewery, and Public Institution Shares, &c. &c. for FEBRUARY, 1813.

Albion Insurance Company	£8 a 9 per sh. pm	Kennett and Avon Canal	£43 a 44	pr sh
Atlas Ditto	13 do. dis.	Ellenmere Ditto	75 a 76	do.
Eagle Ditto	98 a 108 do. do	Grand Trunk Ditto	125 a 60	do
Globe Ditto	£118 a 119 pr. ct.	Basingstoke Ditto	40 a 41	do.
Hope Ditto	1 do. dis.	Grand Union Ditto	Par.	do.
Commercial Dock Stock	170 a 1 pr. ct.	East London Waterworks	80 gs.	do.
East India Ditto	129 a 131 do.	West Middlesex Ditto	£21 a 22	do.
London Ditto	127 a 128 do.	Kent Ditto	33 a 34	do.
West India Ditto	161 do	Portsea and Farington Ditto	15 a 16	do.
Grand Junction Canal	265 a 6 pr. sh	Covent-Garden Theatre	495 a 500	do.
Thames and Medway Ditto	45 do.	Auctioneers	31 a 32	do.
Croydon Ditto	33 do.			

WOLFE & Co. 9, Change-Alley, Cornhill,

FORTUNE & Co 13, Cornhill

PRICES OF STOCKS.

Date.	Bank Stock	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3 pr. ct. Red.	4 pr. ct. Cons.	Navy 5 pr. ct.	Long Ann.	Omnium	Impl. & pr. ct.	Impl. Ann.	Irish 5 S. Sea pr. ct.	S. S. Sea Stock.	S Sea Ann.	India Stock	India Bonds.	Exchgr. Bills.	St. Lottry. Tickets.	Cons. for ac
Jan. 21	228	60 a 59½	60½	77	90	15½	9½ Pm	—	4½	—	—	—	164½	2 Dis.	8a. 0 Pm.	£32. 19s.	Feb. 26
22	228½	59½ a 60½	60½	76½	90	15½	—	58½	4½	—	—	—	164	2 Dis.	8a. 0 Pm.	60½	60½
23	224½	60 a 59½	60½	76½	90	15½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	2 Dis.	10a 7 Pm.	—	60½
25	Hel.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
26	223	59½ a 60½	60½	76½	89½	15½	8½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	59½	—	2 Dis.	9a 7 Pm.	—	60
27	221	59½ a 60½	60½	75½	89	15½	7½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	59½	164	2 Dis.	8a 10 Pm.	59½	59½
28	221½	59½ a 60½	60½	75½	88½	15½	—	57½	—	—	—	59½	164	2 Dis.	9a 10 Pm.	50½	50½
29	221½	59½ a 60½	60½	75½	88½	15½	7½ Pm.	57½	4½	88½	—	—	164½	2 Dis.	8a. 0 Pm.	59½	59½
30	Hel.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Feb. 1	228	59½ a 60½	60½	75½	88½	15½	7½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	164	4 Dis.	8a. 0 Pm.	£23. 8s.	59½
2	—	59½	59½	75½	88½	—	—	—	—	—	—	59	—	5 Dis.	9a 6 Pm.	59½	59½
3	221½	59½ a 60½	60½	75½	88½	15½	6½ Pm.	57½	4½	—	—	—	—	6 Dis.	3a 2 Pm.	59½	59½
4	221½	59½ a 60½	60½	75½	89½	15½	7½ Pm.	57½	4½	—	—	—	163	7 Dis.	4a 6 Pm.	59½	59½
5	221½	59½ a 60½	60½	75½	89½	15½	—	57½	4½	88½	—	—	163	7 Dis.	4a 6 Pm.	59½	59½
6	—	59½ a 60½	60½	75½	89½	15½	7½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	59½	—	7 Dis.	4a 6 Pm.	59½	59½
8	221	59½ a 60½	60½	75½	88½	15½	—	—	—	—	—	59½	161	7 Dis.	4a 6 Pm.	59½	59½
9	—	59½ a 60½	60½	75½	88½	15½	6½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	59½	161½	8 Dis.	4a 6 Pm.	59	59
10	220½	58½ a 60½	60½	75½	88½	15½	6½ Pm.	57½	4½	—	—	59½	160½	8 Dis.	3a 5 Pm.	59½	59½
11	220½	58½ a 60½	60½	75½	88½	15½	—	57½	4½	—	—	—	—	8 Dis.	4a 6 Pm.	59½	59½
12	220½	58½ a 60½	60½	75½	88½	15½	6½ Pm.	57½	4½	—	—	—	—	8 Dis.	4a 6 Pm.	59½	59½
13	—	59½ a 60½	60½	75½	88½	15½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	8 Dis.	4a 6 Pm.	59½	59½
15	—	59½ a 60½	60½	75½	89	15½	—	57½	—	—	—	—	161	7 Dis.	4a 6 Pm.	59½	59½
16	220½	59½ a 60½	60½	75½	89½	15½	—	57½	4½	—	—	—	161	7 Dis.	3a 5 Pm.	59½	59½
17	220	58½ a 60½	60½	75½	88½	15½	7½ Pm.	57½	—	—	—	—	162	7 Dis.	3a 5 Pm.	59½	59½
18	220	58½ a 60½	60½	76	88½	15½	7½ Pm.	57½	—	—	—	—	162	7 Dis.	3a 5 Pm.	59½	59½
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THE
Repository
 OF
ARTS, LITERATURE, COMMERCE,
Manufactures, Fashions, and Politics,
 For APRIL, 1813.
 VOL. IX.

The Fifty-second Number.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We earnestly solicit communications (post paid) from the professors of the arts in general, as well as authors, respecting works which they may have in hand. We conceive that the evident advantage which must accrue to both from the more extensive publicity that will be given to their productions through the medium of the Repository, needs only to be mentioned, to induce them to favour us with such information, which shall always meet with the most prompt attention.

The Genuine Letter of the Persian Envoy, communicating his sentiments respecting English manners, &c. shall appear in our next Number.

Owing to the unexpected length of some of the articles in the present Number, we are under the necessity of requesting the indulgence of some of our poetical correspondents.

Theodore's Miscellanies, and continuation of The Nymph of the Clyde, have reached us, and while he allows us "the liberty to select," we shall be happy to receive any future productions of his pen. His communication for the Modern Spectator we have handed to the gentleman who conducts that department of the Repository.

We have been favoured with a continuation of the Letters from Italy, which we shall present to our readers next month.

A View and Description of the new Coffee Auction-Mart, in Mincing-lane, will accompany our next publication.

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The Fifty-second Number.

—The suffrage of the wise,
 The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
 By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

ARMSTRONG.

CONVERSATIONS ON THE ARTS.—By JUNIUS.

(Continued from p. 153.)

Miss K. Smyrna is always represented by an Amazon, by whom the city is said to have been first founded. You here see her entering into a league with Thyatira. Each of them holds her tutelary deity in her hand. On the left of Smyrna is the *pelta*, or buckler of the Amazons, and the long weapon beside her is the *bipennis* or *securis*.

In their right hands a pointed dart they wield,
 The left for ward sustains the lunar shield.

Such Dinus d'd in arms appear
 When near the Alps he urg'd the war;
 In vain the Rhæti did their axes wield,
 Like Amazons they fought, like women fled
 the field:
 But why these savage troops this weapon chase,
 Confirm'd by long-establish'd use,
 Historians would in vain declare.

Antioch has an anchor by her,
 in memory of her founder, Seleu-
 No. LII. Vol. IX.

cus, whose whole race was born with this mark, if we may believe historians. Ausonius has taken notice of the circumstance in these lines:

The great Seleucus, bright in Grecian fame,
 The towers of Antioch for their founder claim.
 Thee Phœbus at thy birth his son confess'd,
 By the fair anchor on the babe impress'd,
 Which all thy golden offspring went to grace,
 From thigh to thigh transmissive through the
 race.

Parthia has on one side of her the bow and quiver, so much talked of by the poets. Lucan, in his account of the Parthians, says,

Each fence that can their winged shafts endure
 Stands like a fort impregnable, secure;
 To taint their coward darts is all their care,
 And then to trust them to the fitting air.

The crown which she holds in her right hand, refers to the crown of gold which Parthia, as well as
 C c

other provinces, present the Emperor Antonine. The crown representing a crown was equivalent to the resignation of the sovereignty.

Sicily has a bundle of corn in her hand, and a garland of the same on her head; the country abounds in wheat, and was consecrated to Ceres.

Sardinia too, renown'd for yellow fields,
With Sicily, her bounteous tribute yields;
No lands a glebe of richer tillage boast,
Or waft more plenty to the Roman coast.

To Ceres dear, the fruitful land is famed
For three tall capes, and thence Trinacria
named;

There Henna well rewards the tiller's toil,
The fairest champion of the fairest isle.

Here is a medal of Spain—the rabbit which you see at her feet is said by some medallists to denote either the great multitude of these animals that are found in Spain, or perhaps the mines that are wrought in that country; the Latin word *cuniculus* signifying either a rabbit or a mine. But the picture of a rabbit is not the picture of a mine—a pun cannot be engraved any more than translated. When the word is once construed into its idea, the double meaning vanishes: the figure before us therefore means a real rabbit, which animal is there found in great multitudes. The olive-branch indicates it to be a country abounding in olives; and for this reason Claudian binds an olive wreath about her head:

Thus Spain, whose brows the olive wreaths
enfold,
While o'er her robe a Tagna streams in gold.

Martial has given us a similar figure of one of the principal rivers of Spain:

Fair Bætis, olives wreath'd thy azure locks,
In fleecy gold thou clothe'st the neighbouring
flocks,

Thy fruitful banks in rival beauty smile,
While Bacchus wine bestows, and Pallas oil.

Africa, on this medal, carries an elephant's tooth by her side. She is always capped with the head of an elephant, to shew that the animal is the breed of that country: for the same reason she has a dragon lying at her feet:

Here nature angry with mankind appears;
Strange monsters, instruments of future wars,
Here snakes those cells of poison take their
birth,

Those living crimes and grievance of the earth;
Fruitful in its own plagues, the desert shore
Hears elephants and frightful lions roar.

Lucan, in his description of the noxious animals of this country, makes particular mention of the flying dragon, which we see on this medal.

And you, ye dragons of the scaly race,
Whom glittering gold and shining armour
grace,

In other regions harmless are you found,
Their guardian genii and protectors own'd.

In Afric only are you fatal, there,
On wide-expanded wings, sublime you rear }
Your dreadful forms, and drive the yielding }
air;

The lowing kine in droves you chase, and cull
Some master of the herd, some mighty bull,
Around his stubborn sides your tails you twist,
By force compress and burst his brawny chest.
Not elephants are by their larger size
Secure, but with the rest become your prize:
Resistless in your might, you all invade,
And for destruction need not poison's aid.

The bull that appears on the other side of the dragon, shews that Africa abounds in cattle, and is favourable for agriculture.

No more plough up the ground,
O Libya, when such mushrooms can be found,
Allidius cries, but furnish us with store
Of mushrooms, and thy corn import no more.

The representations of this country on medals have always something to denote its wonderful fertility; as it was, indeed, the great

granary of Italy. In the two next figures, the handful of wheat, the cornucopiæ, and basket of corn, are all emblems of the same signification. The lion, on the second medal, marks her for the *leonum arida nutrix*. The scorpion is another of her productions, as Lucan mentions it in particular in his long catalogue of her venomous animals.

Who, that the scorpion's insect form surveys,
Would think that ready death his call obeys?
Threatening he rears his knotty tail on high;
The vast Orion thus he doom'd to die,
And fix'd him his proud trophy in the sky.

The next before us is Egypt; her basket of wheat shews the great fruitfulness of the country, which is caused by the inundations of the Nile.

By nature strengthen'd with a dangerous
 strand,
Her Syrts and untried channels guard the
 land;
Rich in the fatness of her plenteous soil,
She plants her only confidence in Nile.

The instrument in her hand is the *sistrum* of the Egyptians, used in the worship of the goddess Isis. On medals you see it in the hand of Egypt, of Isis, or any of her worshippers. The poets too make the same use of it, and Virgil has placed it in the hand of Cleopatra.

The queen herself, amidst the loud alarms,
With cymbals toos'd her fainting soldiers
 warms.

 The lunar horns that bind
The brows of Isis, cast a blaze behind;
The trembling timbrel made a murmuring
 sound.

Have we with honours dead Osiris crown'd,
And mourn'd him to the timbrel's tinkling
 sound,
Received his Isis to divine abodes,
And ranked her dogs deformed with Roman
 gods?

The bird before her is the Egyptian ibis. This figure, however, does not represent the living bird, but rather an image of it, as we may guess by the pedestal upon which it stands; for the Egyptians worshipped it as a god. Juvenal observes,

How Egypt, mad with superstition grown,
Makes gods of monsters, but too well is known:
One sect devotion to Nile's serpent pays,
Others to ibis, that on serpents preys;
Where, Thebes, thy hundred gates lie un-
 pair'd,

And where maim'd Memnon's magic harp is
 heard,

Where those are mould'ring left, the sots com-
 bine,

With pious care, a monkey to inshrine.

On this medal is Mauritania leading a horse with something like a thread; for where there is a bridle in old coins you see it much more distinctly: in her other hand she holds a switch. We have the design of this medal in the following descriptions, that celebrate the Moors and Numidians, inhabitants of Mauritania, for their horsemanship.

On his hot steed, unus'd to curb or rein,
The black Numidian prances o'er the plain,
A wand betwixt his ears directs his course,
And as a bridle turns th' obedient horse.

Virgil thus characterizes the same people:

Can Moors sustain the press, in close fought
 fields,

Of shorten'd falchions and repelling shields?
Against a host of quivering spears ye go,
Nor helm, nor buckler guards the naked foe,
The naked foe, who vainly trusts his art,
And flings away his armour in his dart;
His dart the right hand shakes, the left up-
 rears

His robe, beneath his tender skin appears:
Their steeds, unrein'd, obey the horseman's
 wand,

Nor know their legions when to march or
 stand,

In the war's dreadful laws untaught and rude
A mob of men, a martial multitude.

Here is a Judæa sitting on the ground under the palm-tree, in extreme affliction. The Romans might have an eye on the customs of the Jewish nation, as well as those of their country, in the various marks of sorrow which they have set on this figure. The psalmist described the Jews lamenting their captivity in the same pensive posture:—"By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept, when we remembered thee, O Sion."—But what is more remarkable, we find Judæa represented as a woman in sorrow sitting on the ground in a passage of the prophet that relates the very captivity recorded on this medal. The palm-tree appears on many coins that relate to Judæa, to shew that it is the growth of the country. Martial seems to have hinted at the many pieces of painting and sculpture which were occasioned by the conquest of Judæa, and had generally something belonging to the palm-tree in them. The passage to which I allude forms the beginning of an epigram on the death of Scarpus, a chariot-driver, which in those degenerate days of Rome was considered as a public calamity.—The man by the palm-tree on the first of these medals, is supposed to be a Jew, with his hands bound behind him.

Miss Eve. I suppose this medal was struck in the reign of Vespasian, or his son Titus. One of the quarters or divisions of Rome, not far from the arch of Titus, is still called the Jews' Quarter; they are said at this time to be about 9000 in number, and to be many of them the lineal descendants of those brought as captives by Titus from Jerusalem at the period of its de-

struction. The Jews are dispersed over most countries, and are particularly numerous where trade is most flourishing. The Turks are extremely indolent, and their business is chiefly transacted by the Jews, who seem to have a peculiar turn for traffic.

I forgot to observe, that at Rome the Jews are obliged to attend sermons in the Christian churches, in order to their conversion. They are not permitted to reside in Spain or at Venice. In many places of Italy they are required to wear a yellow cap, and at Lucca one of an orange colour. In various parts of the north of Africa, they are subject to much greater oppression from the Mahometans than the Christians experience. These proud Mussulmans consider themselves as the only favoured people of the Creator: they oblige the Jews to wear black, also a particular mark of distinction on the head and feet, and to cut their beards in a peculiar manner. So lately as 1805 many hundreds of Jews were massacred at Algiers, and the survivors were plundered of their property. They are treated with much liberality in this country, in Holland, and in Germany. On the front of a new synagogue at a place between Brunswick and Göttingen, it is proposed to have a representation of two hands joined together, with an inscription, reminding the Christians and the Jews, that they worship the same God.

Miss K. I should have observed of the Roman medals, that in some of the inscriptions the names of the offices are given in abbreviations. Thus *Cos.* means *consul*, with a number shewing how many

times a person had been elected to that office. *P. M.* for *Pontifex Maximus*, which was assumed by the emperors, and generally expressed among their titles; from Augustus to Constantine; Claudius took that of *Censor*, and Domitian declared himself *Censor perpetuus*. *Dominus* was first assumed by Aurelian, and adopted by his successors. Other titles were ascribed to particular persons on account of their virtues: *Pius* was given to Antoninus, and afterwards taken by Commodus, with the addition of *Felix*. *Pater Patriæ* was conferred on Cicero for discovering and defeating Catiline's conspiracy, and was in the sequel assumed by the emperors. The epithets *Optimus* and *Clemens* were decreed to Trajan by the senate; and *Beatissimus* and *Felicitissimus* were arrogated by Dioclesian.

Miss Erc. You and I must often retire to a beautiful and sequestered retreat that I have in the country, where, without interruption, we may amuse ourselves with studies such as these,

While summer suns roll unperceiv'd away.

Here are some lines on this retirement:

Hail, mossy cot, sequester'd cell,
Where Wisdom's self may deign to dwell;
Where Contemplation, silent queen,
Hallows the peaceful shade unseen.
Upon this humble couch reelin'd,
Soft let me hear the murmuring wind,
And while I view the rustic art,
O whisper truth into my heart!
Minerva, come, celestial maid!
But not in sable frowns array'd;
With winning smiles my heart controul,
With pensive pleasure fill my soul:
Teach me to tread life's devious way,
Nor friend to vice, nor falsehood's prey;
And teach me, goddess, to divide,
From folly, taste, from wisdom, pride;
To view with philosophic eye
Those ills from which I cannot fly,

But joyful to receive the boon,
Which comes too late, which flies too soon:
Teach me with rapture to receive,
With greater rapture still to give.

Enough, enough, for sure 'tis she
Breathes through my soul divine and free;
Enough, Minerva, I obey,
To thy fair temple lead the way;
Where, dress'd in all thy Attic pride,
Thou chief delightest to reside;
At thy gay shrine, ah! let me stand,
Amidst the delegated band.

But see ———, gentle maid,
Light tripping o'er the verdant glade—
Oh! ——— come and bless my cell,
What Wisdom thinks you best can tell.

Miss K. Here are some lines by
Lady Manners:

Blooming beauty, brilliant wit,
Shall with life's short moment flit;
Brighter virtue must endure,
Everlasting and secure:

That shall gild our solemn hours,
Strew our thorny path with flow'rs,
Dry affliction's rising tear,
Ease the mind of every fear:

Even to our latest breath,
In the cold embrace of death,
When each hope of life shall fail,
When the quivering lip grows pale;

When the languid pulse beats low,
When the cheek forgets to glow,
When the heavy eye is clos'd,
And once busy frame compos'd;

Even then shall Virtue's voice
Bid the well-spent life rejoice;
Bid her look beyond the gloom
Of the dread-inspiring tomb,
Although wrapt in shades of night,
To the realms of lasting light.

Here is a medal of Achaia, where
were held the Nemæan games, at
which a garland of parsley was the
victor's reward. There is an ac-
count of these games in Ausonius.

Greece, in four games thy martial youth were
train'd;

For heroes two, and two for gods ordain'd:
Jove bade the olive round his victor wave;
Phœbus to his an apple garland gave;
The pine Palemon; nor with less renown,
Archemorus conferr'd the parsley crown.

One reason why they chose parsley for a garland was, doubtless, because it always preserved its verdure. Horace contrasts it with the short-lived lily.

Let fading lilies and the rose
Their beauty and their smell disclose;
Let long-lived parsley grace the feast,
And gently cool the heated guest.

Juvénal mentions the crown made of this herb, which here surrounds the head of Achaia :—

And winning at a wake their parsley crown.

She here presents herself to the Emperor Adrian, in the same posture that the Germans and English still salute the imperial and royal family.

Miss Eve. I think the most noted of the public games of Greece were, the Olympian, the Pythian, the Nemæan, and the Isthmian: why were they so called?

Miss K. Those were solemn festivals in Greece, and should be known to artists, medallists, and persons of liberal education. The Olympian were dedicated to Jupiter Olympus, for his conquest over the sons of Titan, and were the most celebrated meetings in Greece, being frequented by people from all the states. They were held every fifth year, and lasted five days. No woman, upon pain of death, was suffered to be present at this solemnity. The Pythian games were consecrated to Apollo, in memory of his destroying the serpent Python. They were held near Delphi, at first every ninth, and afterwards every fifth year.

Miss Eve. Here is a figure of the Pythian Apollo. He seems to have just discharged an arrow, and to be attentively observing its effect.

Miss K. The Nemæan games were instituted by Hercules, in honour of Jupiter, after he had overcome the Nemæan lion, and were celebrated every third year, near the village of Nemæa, where Jupiter had a magnificent temple.

The Isthmian games were so called from the Isthmus of Corinth, where they were solemnized. They were instituted, in honour of Melicertes, by Sisyphus, King of Corinth, or of Neptune by Theseus. They were observed every third or fifth year.

The exercises practised in these sacred games were, leaping, running, boxing, throwing, dancing, wrestling, and racing. Poets, musicians, orators, and historians, also contended for victory. The honours paid to the conquerors at these solemn festivals, were of the highest order allowed to mortals, and wanted but little of divine adoration. They were conveyed into the city in a triumphal chariot, the walls being broken down to make them a free entrance; the highest posts in the army were assigned to them, and the first places at all public spectacles. Magnificent presents were offered them by their native cities, and they were ever afterwards maintained at the public charge. A single or repeated conquest was looked upon as a prodigious happiness, and equal to the greatest triumph in point of fame; but to come off victor in all the exercises, was thought the highest pitch of felicity and merit that human nature was capable of attaining—nay, an exaltation above the state of man. Nor was this wonderful respect confined to themselves alone; it extended to every

thing that related to them ; it rendered the place which gave them birth noted, their whole family fortunate, and their parents thrice happy in the eyes of the world. Fame, indeed, was what they all contended for, the prizes adjudged to the conquerors at any of the games being, in their intrinsic value, inconsiderable, consisting of crowns, garlands, wreaths of laurel, palm, beech, parsley, and pine, which were thought sufficient to distinguish the hero.

Miss *Eve*. It is observed, in ridicule of the ancients, that it was a noble time when the fist, trips, and Cornish hugs could make a man immortal. How many heroes of this sort would our island have furnished during the last and present century only ! — To go no further back than our own times, Big Ben, Mendoza, Dutch Sam, Humphries, Crib, Belcher, Gully, the Game Chicken, Molyneux, &c. &c. would have had their portraits stamped on the coin ; they would have been drawn by the Greeks in triumphal chariots ; poems would have been written on their strength, activity, courage, and science, those four great requisites of the pugilistic art. It is said in derision, that the wise ancients had more esteem for a Milo than a Homer, and heaped greater honours on Pindar's jockies than on the poet himself. How much our champions have lost by being born two thousand years too late, and out of Greece !

Miss *K*. The Romans also delighted extremely in public spectacles, and exhibited shews with expensive magnificence, and diversified them with agreeable vari-

ety, especially after their primitive rudeness was a little worn off, and by their frequent intervals of peace and intercourse with other nations, they had become insensibly softened. They had theatres and amphitheatres erected at a vast expence, and designed with an air of grandeur ; but, indeed, all their public buildings distinguished them as the masters of the world. These edifices, often confounded by writers, differed much both in form and use. The theatres were exclusively appropriated to all kinds of dramatic poetry ; the amphitheatres were reserved for the combats of gladiators, or those of beasts against beasts, or men and beasts. The first were of a semicircular, or rather of a semi-oval form ; the latter either completely circular or oval. In the first ages of the republic, these structures were rude, like the people, generally made of wood, to serve a temporary purpose ; but in the time of the empire, they attained the highest degree of magnificence, as the descriptions of their most authentic writers, and the remains of some of them to this day, testify. There were likewise in Rome several Xysti, which were large porticoes for wrestlers and the performers of the other exercises, when the extreme heat of the sun, or wet weather, prevented them from practising in the open air.

The Odeums, as some authors say, were music theatres ; but none of these public exhibitions were such favourites with the Romans, from the emperor to the lictor, as those called the Circensian shews, under which appellation were comprehended all representations in

the Circus—the Naumachia, the Stadia, or the Amphitheatres. The shews exhibited in the circus and the amphitheatres, were much the same, the latter being only erected for the more convenient celebration of some particular sports and exercises which were before presented in the former. All the pastimes and feats of strength and activity there, were an exact copy of those used in the Grecian games, and were generally comprehended under the title of *Pantathlum*, or *Quinquentium*, which included running, leaping, wrestling, throwing, boxing, darting, &c. The manner of contending, the laws for regulating the victory, and the prize of conquest, were in effect the same with those of Greece.

Miss *Eve*. I understand the chariot races were in as high esteem with the Romans, as any of the Circensian sports; that the charioteers were divided into four companies, and all Rome into as many factions, in favour of the colour by

which each of them was distinguished.

Miss *K*. Yes; and they made use in their chariots of two, four, six, or seven horses; and Suetonius informs us, that Nero drove a chariot drawn by ten horses, coupled together, at the public games, and also trained camels to the same service.

Miss *Eve*. Heliogabalus, I understand, improved upon Nero's plan, and introduced elephants.

Miss *K*. He did. The extent of the races, and the number of matches performed at once, were uncertain, being varied upon extraordinary occasions, or at the pleasure of the emperor. The conquerors in this sport were rewarded with crowns, coronets, and garlands, as was customary in Greece, and sometimes with very considerable sums of money.

Miss *Eve*. I have several Roman medals, with the horses thus arranged, executed with exquisite taste and precision. JUNINUS.

ACCOUNT OF THE PERSECUTION OF THE CHRISTIANS IN CHINA, IN THE YEAR 1805.

THE knowledge we possess in Europe of the present situation of the Jesuits, and Christians in general, in the Chinese empire, is so limited and imperfect, that the following narrative of the last persecution which both suffered in the capital, Peking, will, we flatter ourselves, prove highly interesting to the readers of the *Repository*. It is extracted from a pamphlet lately printed at St. Petersburg, which, owing to its contents, was, soon after its publication, suppressed;

so that but very few copies are at present in existence.

The cause which led to this deplorable event is shortly this. A dispute had arisen between two missionaries on the extent of their respective spiritual jurisdiction, who, being unable to settle the controversy amicably, resolved to transmit the case to Rome, for the decision of the Pope. The memorial drawn up for that purpose, supported by a variety of documents, together with a map of the Chinese empire,

which divided the country into the several dioceses of the mission, was accordingly entrusted to a Jesuit, who was to take the whole with him to Europe. Unfortunately, this delegate was stopped on his journey, and his papers, which were taken from him, were sent to Peking.

The map, above all, caused the greatest alarm to the Chinese Government. On seeing the country divided, as they fancied, into quite new and different provinces, they inferred nothing less than a conspiracy against the state, for the purpose of subverting the reigning dynasty. The documents accompanying it, in the Latin, French, and German languages, were delivered for translation to the Russian *Archimandrite* residing at Peking, who caused them to be rendered into Chinese by the Russian students of the latter language, Kaimenski, Lipowzow, and Rowosselow; with the injunction, however, to omit every passage which might be interpreted to the disadvantage of the Jesuits.—But this precaution proved of little avail. A severe edict was, the same year, issued by the government against Christianity, from which, as we have the translation before us, we shall afterwards subjoin an extract of the parts to which we feel ourselves warranted in giving publicity in a Christian country. An Italian missionary, *Adcodato*, was sent an exile into Tartary; the types and printing-presses of the Jesuits, for the propagation of religious books, as well as their stock of copies of the latter, were sealed up and confiscated; and the other missionaries kept in confinement, and not allowed to

go out, except under the eye of guards. Although the Chinese Christians themselves were subjected to different kinds of torture, to force them to relinquish their tenets, not above one thousand really renounced their faith. More than two hundred of the first Chinese families, among whom were several of the imperial blood, as well as twelve Chinese Jesuits and one nun, were sent as exiles to the river Ili, in Soongoria. Except the four principal churches, which adjoined the habitations of the Jesuits, all others were sequestered for the crown, and all convents abolished. Nevertheless, this persecution seems rather to have been levelled against the rich, than against the lower class of inhabitants. Many officers in the employ of government lost their rank, salary, and private fortune. At first the Jesuits intended to present a memorial in justification of their conduct and doctrine; but the fear of exciting thereby still severer persecution, induced them to defer the same, and to deliver to the *Tribunal of Usages* a letter, in the Latin language, with the ostensible request that it might be forwarded to Europe; fully anticipating, that that letter would be opened; and flattering themselves, that thereby the government would become best convinced of their innocence. In fact, the Russian translators were forthwith directed to translate the letter, the contents of which were found to be as follows:

“From PEKING to MACAO.

“Dear Friend,

“Last year I received your letter, and saw from its contents

the Jesuits, which might be of great service. At 60 we that reside here at Peking, our fate is deplorable enough, owing to the intercepted letters for Ao-Myn (Macao), among which was found the map sent by Adeodato, which circumstance has been laid to his charge as the greatest of crimes. Adeodato is the cause of all the mischief; we have nothing to reproach ourselves with, and yet we are treated like traitors, and are confined in our college as in a prison. Our religion is insulted, and less protected than the sects of idolaters. We request you, therefore, to make this known to all who may arrive, in order that no European venture to come hither; since we have suffered every kind of ignominious treatment, and in requital for our efforts and labours in astronomy, medicine, drawing, watch-making, and other branches of useful knowledge, instead of meeting with the merited reward, have to sustain persecution and intolerable slavery. Our presbyter, an old man of eighty years, forty of which he has spent in the service of this court, has, like all the rest, become an object of their scoffs and insults. We think it proper to inform you of this, and entreat you that all missionaries, whencesoever they come, may be apprized of it, to prevent their proceeding to Peking."

As the Jesuits were prohibited from corresponding in any other than the Latin language, several other letters were given to the Russian interpreters for translation. In these the writers spoke in the harshest terms against the Chinese government, and begged their friends, not to send them any articles of va-

lue, since, if even they reached Peking in safety, they could not hope to receive any part of them; and since, considering the injustice with which they were treated, it was very possible their lives might thereby be endangered.

The edict against the Christian religion was posted up in every public place throughout the empire. Its nature is not only prohibitory, but also argumentative; the religion is not only interdicted, but attacked in its principal tenets by a show of reasoning and deduction. As a public document, therefore, and a controversial composition, proceeding from a people in every point of view so different from all other nations on the globe, in some respects highly civilized, in others sunk in barbarism, and upon the whole so imperfectly known—as a public document from such a people, exhibiting a most curious specimen of Chinese logic, the edict in question is eminently interesting; and our withholding part of it, although upon the whole rather levelled against the Roman Catholic persuasion than against Christianity in general, will, we trust, not be construed into a doubt of the inability of our faith to stand against any attack, but rather be thought to proceed, as it does, from an apprehension of the possibility of its arguments operating detrimentally upon minds not sufficiently firm in faith, or enlightened by sound reasoning.

"DECREE SUBMITTED TO THE EMPEROR, AND GRACIOUSLY SANCTIONED BY HIS MAJESTY.

"In pursuance of an imperial command relative to the abolition of the European churches and convents,

and to the process to be resorted to against such persons as have gone over to the Christian faith, the Tribunal of Usages has submitted the following declaration, which has been confirmed by the Emperor.

"The Europeans have, by the publication and promulgation of their writings, sought to extend their doctrines of faith; an act which in itself affords no ground for punishment: but the people having suffered themselves to be seduced thereby, have rendered themselves liable to deserved punishment, and are to be pitied.

"In order that the common people, who entertain no clear and true conception of the doctrine of the Europeans, may not again lend an ear to their insinuations, and thereby compel the government to reconduct perverse minds into the path of truth, the Tribunal of Usages conceives it necessary to bring to the notice and knowledge of every one the following observations:

"When all shall endeavour to inculcate into others that which is here said, then only will sincerity return to men's hearts, and the most detrimental of all superstitions disappear. It is sufficiently known, that, on account of the knowledge which the Europeans possess in astronomy and mathematics, government has permitted them to erect convents in the capital, in which new-comers may reside, and live peaceably until their reception into the imperial service; but they are prohibited to contract any intimate connection or friendship with either Mandarins or Chinese. From times the most remote they

have been accustomed to call their God the Lord of Heaven, and their faith resembles also that of the Indians who live near our frontiers; for in the same manner that these adore Ko and other idols, the former equally adore images, say prayers in their churches, and read religious books and legends. This is not the place to enter into a detail of the origin of this doctrine, for it is perfectly similar to that of the Indians.

"Some crafty and designing Europeans, moreover, have, merely for the sake of lucre, propagated their faith among us; and, with that view, have printed and distributed books containing the doctrines they profess; an act utterly contrary to the laws of the empire: for, according to established custom, the people ought to read the writings of the ancient sages of the country, and preserve and follow, with sincerity and gratitude, the holy law they contain. How, then, should a pacific and mild government suffer a doctrine, which injures public morals, and destroys the sanctity of the five cardinal virtues of human society?

"Upon a careful investigation of the principles of the European religion, it will be found, that more than one half of them is destitute of sense and reason; and that all the writings treating of the same, are irrational and confused, and contain absurdities; the grossest of which may, in this place, serve to illustrate this assertion * * *

* * * * * They further say, that the followers of Jesus Christ will after death go to heaven, and that those who do not worship his name will go to

hell. Our own ages, in the most ancient periods of time, have taught, that virtue is followed by happiness, and vice by misfortune. Paradise is the reward of sincerity, of the love of our fellow-beings, of probity, and of virtue; and hell the punishment of vice, of lust, lying, calumny, and murder. In the number of the five cardinal blessings, riches, long life, and a glorious death, are foremost. Can, therefore, the followers of Jesus Christ believe, that he has been happy? and do they not act unreasonably, in praying for happiness to him, whom they themselves know to have been unhappy. That he has been punished with death, is an undoubted fact * * * * *

"His Imperial Majesty, therefore, in his unbounded lenity and benevolence, hereby promises his gracious pardon to all such followers of the European doctrines as shall renounce the same. Now, then, ye Mandshurs and Chinese who have been deceived by them, hasten to renounce their tenets, and return to a better life. Heads of families and parents, watch and preserve your houses and your children.

"It is ordained, therefore, by the present law, that every person in the service of the state who adopts the religion of the Europeans, shall be deprived of his rank, and deli-

vered over to the hands of justice. Mandshur officers will be doubly punished; and all other Mandshurs and Chinese, who assume the said faith, shall be forced into the army, and sent to the province of Ili (in Tartary).

"And in order to comply with the present most illustrious order, all such persons as may even now repent and abjure the European faith, shall be free from punishment; whereas those who do otherwise, are, by their respective superiors, to be delivered over to the Tribunal of Usages; and, should they even hereafter amend their conduct, they shall only be restored to their liberty after a proportionate degree of punishment.

"Henceforward, too, shall it be unlawful and prohibited to any Mandshur or Chinese to correspond with any European; and, in case of disobedience to this command, a heavy punishment shall be inflicted on the transgressor.

"If, therefore, after the promulgation of this decree, any one should be daring enough to plunge himself into the abyss of enormity and nonsense, by becoming an apostate from the true faith, and forgetting his own honour, he shall, without mercy, be delivered over to the severity of the law; and he will, in that case, not have reason to complain of not having been previously warned to be on his guard."

THE POET'S SECOND DREAM.

Oh! then I see queen Mab hath been with you.——SHAKESPEARE.

MR. EDITOR,

AT the conclusion of my last letter I promised you an account of my second vision; it is

now my intention to fulfil that promise.

The mind, when amused with any favourite object, will naturally

again fly to it after a slight interruption: I felt the truth of this remark very forcibly on my return to the arms of sleep; the thread of my fancy seemed not in the least entangled, and my thoughts again assumed the same forms of pleasurable fiction.

I will pass over, Mr. Editor, all the intermediate actions which my imagination pictured, and come at once to the important day of my visit,—a visit which promised present pleasures and lasting fame—a visit which appeared to me as the foundation either of my future glory or disgrace.

I dressed myself, and after putting a few stanzas into my pocket for the servants, proceeded to the scene of my promised entertainment. Upon arriving at the spot, my surprise was great when I discovered many departed authors in the employ of the Muses merely as servants, though I had always been accustomed to consider them worthy of being ranked as guests and favourites.

I was ushered into a very elegant room, in which my old acquaintance, Calliope, was seated: the walls were papered with works of many eminent poets, and the furniture was remarkable for its richness and beauty. On a fire-screen, I beheld, with amazement, the sheets of a poem written by an old friend of mine: upon my asking Calliope, how she came to select that work in particular, when so many others of superior merit claimed her attention, she answered me, it was impossible any other poem could serve so well for the purpose, since it admirably resisted every spark of fire. After wait-

ing a short time, we heard the dinner-bell: Calliope conducted me up-stairs to the room in which the feast was spread out; the door was thrown open, and my conductress led me in. I was surprised to see (in addition to the Muses) many gentlemen, to whom I was introduced. They all proved to be the shades of those eminent characters, whose genius had enlightened the world and astonished mankind, invited from other realms to dignify the table, and give a zest to the entertainment. Shakspeare appeared all that was noble, yet placid; he was treated by every one with reverence and attention. The bards in general behaved with great kindness to me, and caused my esteem for their shadows to be as great as my admiration for their substances.

We then sat down to dinner, each Muse having a gentleman by her side: some slight difference took place between Thalia and her gloomy sister Melpomene as to which had the most right to the company of our immortal bard; as neither of them appeared inclined to give up her claim, it was settled that he should take his place between them, and equally receive their attentions and kindness. I still kept close to Calliope, with whose presence and conversation I was now become particularly delighted; she helped me to the choicest viands, and supplied me with the richest wines. I observed that Shenstone, the pastoral poet, took vegetables only, and expatiated upon their merits in a very flowery style. Dryden declared it as his opinion, that Alexander's Feast was not to be compared with that at which he was then seat-

ed; and Pope confessed, that the Muses had never before so completely gratified his *taste*. My spirits became gradually enlivened by such repeated draughts of grape-juice and good fortune: my conversation, which at first was insipid and reserved, appeared to gain strength and fire; I joked with the Muses, punned with the wits, and tagged rhymes with the poets; in fact, Mr. Editor, I was all life, mirth, and jocularly. But such happiness was not to last for ever;

in one unlucky minute, when I had raised the goblet with one hand, and struck the table for silence with the other, my body experienced an unusual sensation, and on opening my eyes, I beheld my wife earnestly engaged in shaking me out of this scene of wit and conviviality. All my ideas of immortality immediately vanished, and I found myself once more "steeped to the lips in poverty."—I am your humble servant, SOMNICULUS.

GRUB-STREET, March 3, 1813.

CHARACTER OF COSMO DE MEDICI.

By AUGUSTUS VON KOTZBUE.

THE history of the Grand Duchy of Tuscany under the family of the Medici, by Riguccio Galluzzi, is one of the old works that are well worthy of perusal. The energetic and faithful delineation of Cosmo de Medici, who, when no more than eighteen years old, had already distinguished himself as a hero and a statesman, is particularly interesting. It is true, that, without the assistance of Charles V. this prince would scarcely have been able to maintain himself on the throne of Tuscany; but for his subsequent renown he is indebted to himself alone. He triumphed over the rebels exiled from Florence, and created a police in that disorderly capital: he resisted the avaricious Pope Paul III. sometimes by flattery, and at others with defiance. By the mere superiority of his genius, he asserted his precedence over the Duke of Ferrara. Hanking after the acquisition of Sienna, that state was first protected, then attacked, afterwards defended, and

at length subdued by him. In his conduct to the emperor he displayed the difficult union of gratitude and generous pride; he thwarted his ministers, and discovered their intrigues, but never forgot the benefits conferred by the emperor, and returned them with important services. Sensible how advantageous a pope well affected towards him would prove to his interests, he procured the election of his friend Cardinal de Monte. He understood the rare art of combining politics and honour; he proved himself grateful, and indeed almost great in his inflexible enmity to France; he formed a counterpoise to that power in Italy, and compelled her to renounce the dominion over Sienna: in a word, he maintained before astonished Europe the character of a potentate of the first rank. His admirable example refutes the horrid assertion of a modern writer, who is not ashamed to declare without reserve, that *gratitude is an affair of the feel-*

ings, not of the understanding; that states and their chiefs, as such, ought not to suffer themselves to be guided by their feeling, and least of all in politics; that in politics morality is unseasonable and misplaced; that rulers may be grateful as long as they can be so compatibly with the interest of the state; and that they need fulfil their engagements only just so long as it is their interest to adhere to them. But he who practises these detestable maxims—how would he behave if they were practised towards him? Can there be a stronger refutation of such principles, than the abhorrence of them expressed by their votaries as soon as they themselves become the victims of this doctrine?

But to return to Cosmo—justice requires that we should exhibit the reverse of his picture. His severity sometimes degenerated into tyranny; he oppressed his subjects with taxes; and his unjust suspicions were often not to be extinguished but with blood. He introduced the secret inquisition. Florence was divided into five districts; and in each prowled several informers, who received large salaries, and were exempt from arrest for debt. It is melancholy when a sovereign has recourse to such means, but still more melancholy that in every country there are to be found persons who are not ashamed to follow this basest of all occupations. Let us candidly acknowledge, that if a ruler despises his subjects, they have nobody but themselves to blame, for mankind is in truth a mercenary race.

Cosmo was also compelled, as his historian assures us, sometimes to appear cruel. That it was actually his intention only to appear so, is

proved, among other things, by a kind of club which existed in his time, and was composed of about thirty respectable citizens; the members, in their jovial meetings, diverted themselves at the expence of the government, and even of the person of the Grand Duke. The latter being informed of it, only laughed, and said, "Among so many persons of such different classes, it is impossible that any plots can be formed against the state. The Florentines were always of an ardent temperament, and I would rather see them noisy and merry, than hanging their heads in sullen silence."

Thus, in 1549, he issued an ordinance, sentencing every person in whose possession heretical books should be found, to ten years confinement in the galleys; and yet a few years afterwards he ventured to mitigate a papal decree, enjoining that all such books should be burned. Cosmo was a warm patron of commerce and literature, and whatever injured these he thought derogatory to his power and his glory. Convinced that trade, the source of his wealth, was not unworthy of a prince, he considered himself honoured by the title of a *Merchant*. He cultivated the sciences from inclination, and befriended them out of gratitude for the splendour which they had diffused over his house. The homage which he paid to the arts was equally sincere. He burned with desire to see Michael Angelo at Florence, and therefore addressed to him the following cordial letter: "As the present state of things affords room to hope, that you would be disposed to undertake a journey to Flo-

gence, I earnestly request you to do so, and assure you that it would give me extreme pleasure to see you again. Be not afraid that I shall lay the smallest restraint upon you, for *I well know what veneration is due to your age and your exalted talents.* Only come, and you shall spend your time just as you please. I shall have gained a great deal, if I can but see you again. *My pleasure shall not encroach upon your's, and all my endeavour shall be to honour you, and procure you all the gratifications that you deserve.*" Michael Angelo was affected even to tears at the perusal of this letter. He would have hastened without loss of time to Florence, had he not been detained at Rome by a painful disorder and the building of the Vatican. But though resident at Rome, he superintended the erection of the principal buildings of Florence, and, among others, of the library of St. Lawrence, one of the noblest monuments of Cosmo's reign; for in the sixteenth century this library was unrivalled for the copious stores of ancient and modern literature which it contained.

Cosmo also enjoys the glory of having restored the University of Pisa, and founded the Academy of Florence; and in both these institutions he spared neither pains nor expence. He invited at any price the most learned men both in and out of his own dominions, and proved their invariable patron and friend. He was particularly attached to Jovius, the celebrated historian, who was his preceptor in the study of antiquities, in which department the science of medals had from his youth engaged his especial attention. Jovius died at Florence in 1552, and the whole court attended the interment of his remains, which were deposited in the burial-place of the Medicis. It is a remarkable circumstance, that Charles V. cautioned the Grand Duke to take care lest Jovius should introduce into his history something detrimental to his reputation. Thus the great, how much soever they may despise the opinion of their contemporaries, nevertheless pay some deference to that of posterity.

DR. GOLDSMITH.—A VISION.

(Continued from p. 72.)

A FEW hours reflection on the Doctor's impassioned invective against reviewers, prepared me for a second colloquy with him. I came, or dreamt I came, determined to defend the critics; but the first sentence I uttered entirely disconcerted me, by putting the philosopher in a passion. "Yes," said he, "you have learnt the whole of their

arguments by rote, and strung them into an apology. I know all their shabby subterfuges. They sneered at old Cumberland for his experiment of an honest review; they said it was quite a principle in literature, that contemporary criticism should be anonymous; an article with the author's names to it, however ably executed, must inc-

ritably dwindle in importance, from the decisive dictum of a council of censors, to the mere essay of an individual. The whole trade would be exposed by the establishment of such a practice; the art and mystery of reviewing would be thrown open to the world; and, in time, the literary republic, delivered from the oligarchy who held it in awe, would be rioting in anarchy and confusion. I myself, sir, have foreseen this, and you see here, among my unfinished letters, a half-written essay, called *Every Man his own Reviewer*. This is not hyperbole: I can cite three instances, at least, within these twelve months, of a poet reviewing his own poems; or (what amounts to the same thing) sending hints to a friend, as materials whereon to build a judicious commendatory critique. No more, then, of your threatened defence, but let us take up the subject where we let it fall last night. I believe I stated to you, my idea of a review of manuscripts; you saw and approved the principle of the project. Can any thing be more natural than for a publisher, on receiving a weighty manuscript, to send it to some literary person for his opinion? Certainly no man in the trade, from Jacob Tonson down to Joseph Johnson, ever thought of trusting entirely to his own judgment on the works that were offered to him. What is my plan but an extension and improvement of an established practice?"

"Doctor," I here interrupted him, "you surely forget, that old Joseph Johnson exercised a very sound judgment in the instance of Cowper; and"——

"Don't harass me with excep-

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tions," replied the poet; "I tell you, it is the uniform practice of all publishers to have important works reviewed in manuscript; such only excepted as are offered by authors of established celebrity, or of great property and consequence. Now attend. Here are my proposals.

"1. A council of authors shall be formed for the purpose of reviewing manuscripts. The names of these authors shall be published in all the public journals; and a declaration, bearing their signatures, shall be printed, as a book, and entered at Stationers' Hall.

"2. A scale of fees, proportioned to the size of the works they review, shall be formed. No smaller fee than two guineas shall be taken for any work, however small, on any subject whatever.

"3. The council of authors shall meet twice a week during the publishing season; and once a week throughout the rest of the year.

"4. The works sent to be reviewed shall be assigned by the council to such individual members respectively as may be best acquainted with the several subjects; but every critique returned with the manuscript shall be signed by all the members of the council, as bearing their concurrent approval.

"5. The council will consider it optional in any author to publish their opinion along with his book. In cases where that opinion has been accompanied with advice for improving the work, the author will be competent to state the advice, and his book will show the extent to which he has followed it.

"6. The number of members composing the council shall be un-

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limited. Any sound critic in the republic of letters is admissible.

"7. Any professed reviewer in any of the anonymous reviews, will be, of course, admissible, if he satisfactorily abjure the damnable practice of anonymous reviewing.

"8. A committee shall be appointed to examine all abusive articles in reviews; trace them to their source; expose the motives which produced them; and advertise the names of the writers.

"9. An appeal lies to the council of authors from the sentence of those self-created lords, the anonymous reviewers; and the council of authors will treat such sentence impartially, as they shall do other books, essays, or papers which come under their cognizance.

"10. Another committee shall be appointed to draw up a complete history of anonymous reviews, comprehending an exposure of the nefarious arts sometimes practised in those publications.

"11. The council of authors shall publish, quarterly, a report of their transactions, under the title of '*Transactions of the Society for the Protection and Advancement of Literature.*'

"12. The immense profits of this work shall be equally divided among the members of the council, and no attempt shall be made to swindle the public by any canting appeal to their feelings in favour of decayed authors. Any member may, however, subscribe what portion of his dividend he pleases to the Literary Fund.

"There," said the Doctor triumphantly "are *twelve good rules*, at least I take them so to be. After

all, this is a mere *projet*, a rough draught, a crude scheme requiring digestion and amendment. Tell me what you think of it."

"I think, Doctor, with deference, that you had better leave the literary world as you find it. You can no more prevent anonymous reviews, than you can prevent anonymous publications of another kind. As to any authority which these monthly or quarterly censors claim over their brethren, we need not be under the smallest anxiety; they cannot long support such authority without giving the clearest proofs of superior learning, critical acumen, and general literary ability. As to the abuses originating in private partiality, or rivalry in party spirit, either of a sectarian or a political nature, they invariably correct each other. We have reviewers, as we have clubs, of every persuasion, and the public opinion, through their medium, preserves its proper equipoise. I say nothing of the strange quarrels and bickerings which would be continually rising in your council of authors; of those discordant opinions which would delay their decisions so long, that a writer, when he sent his book to the council, would fear he was doing worse than throwing it into Chancery.

"Anonymous reviewers, you say, do more mischief than good: I fear, sir, you have made this assertion without having duly considered the subject; and may I add, without offence, that Johnson's remark on your hasty decisions appears but too well founded? 'Goldsmith never made up his mind about any thing.' It seems a paradox, I confess; but you are not the only philosopher

who has come to a conclusion, without properly making up his mind on the premises. You have forgotten, sir, the able essays which have, from time to time, appeared in our most celebrated critical journals; essays written by men of the first rank in the state, who, if debarred of their rights to publish their opinions anonymously, could not consistently publish them at all. You do not remember, sir, that the celebrated Letters of Junius are, vir-

tually, an anonymous, periodical, political review, and as such they have served the cause of English liberty more effectually than any avowed publication of the past or present age."

The Doctor putting up his papers, hastily and indignantly withdrew. I despair of being favoured with another vision.

Your's, sincerely,
DEMOCRITUS MINOR.

THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

No. XXV.

*Necte tribus nodis ternos, Amarylli, colores:
Necte, Amarylli, nodo, et Veneris, dic, vincula necto,
Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina ducite Daphnin.
Linus ut his durescit, et hæc ut cera liquescit,
Uno eodemque igni; sic nostro Daphnis amore.*———VIRGIL.

Three colours weave in threefold knots, and cry,
"In threefold bond this true-love's knot I tie"
As the same fire makes hard this cake of clay,
In which this waxen image melts away;
Thus, god of love, be my true shepherd's breast
Soft to my flame, but hard to all the rest.
Ye songs, spells, philters, amulets, and charms,
Bring, quickly bring my Daphnia to my arms.

THE passions lead us into error, among other obvious causes, because they fix our attention to that particular part of the object which they present to us, blinding our eyes, as it were, to every other side of it. A sovereign, passionately ambitious of the name of conqueror, forgets not only the miseries that follow his car, but the inconstancy of Fortune. He does not reflect, that the real welfare and happiness of his subjects are no more than a pretence for his martial frenzy; that pride alone forges his arms, and displays his ensigns; while his whole attention is engrossed by the expected pomp of future triumphs. Fear, equally powerful with pride,

will produce the same effect: it will raise ghosts and phantoms; people tombs with the shades of those who repose beneath them; and, in the obscurity of the forest, conjure up airy forms to affright the traveller; it will sometimes seize on all the faculties of the soul, without leaving one of them at liberty to reflect on the absurdity of such ridiculous terror. But the passions not only fix the attention on particular sides of the objects which they present to us, but they also deceive us, by the fanciful appearance of objects which do not exist. It is not uncommon for us to believe, that we see in things what we are desirous of finding

there. Illusion is the necessary effect of the passions; the strength or force of which is generally measured by the degree of obscurity into which they lead us. There is no age which has not, by some ridiculous efforts of belief or incredulity, afforded matter of laughter and mockery to those which succeeded it.

But of all the passions to which humanity is liable, none has given rise to so many superstitions as that of love: so that the wit seems to be almost justified in the opinion which he has left upon record, that "to act the part of a lover and to play the fool, were one and the same thing." The other passions of the mind, like serpents lodged within, poison, it is true, our best satisfactions; but this, like Aaron's rod, devours them all, and turns them to its own purpose.

All ages appear to have resembled each other in the conduct and symbols of this passion. The Greeks and Romans made a discovery of their love, by writing upon trees, walls, doors, &c. the name of the beloved object: they had no glass windows, or they would probably have made them subservient to the display of their amorous sentiments. They frequently decked the doors of the houses where their Daphnes and Amaryllises resided, with flowers and garlands, sprinkled the door-post with wine, and made libations of it on the spot, as the sacrifice of love to beauty; while the garland being untied by the fair one to whom it was offered, or the return of a similar present, were considered as a certain proof of female acquiescence. They had also several methods of disco-

vering whether their passions would prove successful, which answer to the application of cards, and other inventions of modern times, employed by the young people of our own enlightened age. When their love (I am still speaking of the ancient innamoratas) failed of success, they had various arts to excite a return of affection in the lovely objects of their passion. They had recourse to enchantresses and magical incantations: but the most common means employed on these important occasions were, philters and love potions, the operation of which was sometimes, not only violent and attended with danger to their lives, but, which is worse, was frequently known to deprive such as drank them of their reason. The account of the ingredients of which some of them were composed, as mentioned by the writers of those times, are so various and extraordinary, that, had I space to recount them, they would be found to rival the mixture of Hecate's cauldron, in the tragedy of *Macbeth*.

But besides these philters, various other arts were employed to excite love, in which the application of certain substances was to have a magical influence on the person against whom they levelled their skill. A hyæna's udder, worn under the left arm, was supposed to draw the affections of whatever woman they fixed their eyes upon. Burning laurel and melting wax were supposed to be capable of exciting the flame of love. When one heart was to be hardened, and another to be mollified, clay and wax were exposed to the same fire together. Love-knots were supposed to have singular power; and

the number three was particularly observed in all they said and did. These arts branched out into innumerable forms of attraction and inspiration; but no good effect was ever expected to result from them, if they were not attended with magical verses, and certain formula-ries of words and actions.

Thus it appears that superstition in affairs of love is of very ancient origin; and the love-sick girl who goes to the cunning man, or crosses the gipsy's hand with her last sixpence, to know when she shall be married, or the number of children she is doomed to have; or, by consulting the cards, discovers her lover in the knave of hearts, will find an example in Dido, queen of Carthage, whom Virgil represents as going to consult the priest, to have her fortune told respecting the passion she entertained for Æneas.

I have rather extended my thoughts further than may have been thought necessary for my purpose; but the number of Valentines which I received, suggested them to me, as an introduction to some very curious information which I at the same time received on the amorous sorceries practised by young men and maidens respecting the success and failure of their views in the grand object of matrimonial establishment. I can only select a few of the very numerous attempts to ascertain the future fate of lovers.

A young woman, who signs herself *Mary Hopeful*, tells me, that, on the eve of last Valentine's-day, she procured five bay leaves, and pinned four of them to the four corners of her pillow, and the fifth

to the middle, having been informed, by a very sensible old lady, that if she dreamed of her sweetheart, they should be married before the year was out. But to make it sure, she boiled an egg hard, and having taken out the yolk, filled it up with salt; she then went to bed, and eat it shell and all, without speaking a word, or drinking after it. She adds, that as she dreamed of Mr. Lump, the grocer, she has no doubt but she shall have the honour to address me, within the year, under that title.

Deborah Doubtnot informs me, that having slept in a strange bed the other night, she tied her garter nine times round the bed-post, and knit nine knots in it, and then repeated to herself,

This knot I knit, this knot I tie,
To see my love as he goes by,
In his apparel and array
As he walks in every day.

She accordingly saw Mr. Trusty pass by the house as she was dressing herself at the window the next morning. She at the same time requests me to tell her, as this gentleman was going to the drill, he being one of the volunteer association, whether his regimentals may be considered as every day clothes.

Miss Wishful, however, desires to abuse all these foolish notions, as she is sure that they are all absolute nonsense. She was told, it seems, when she was in a more credulous temper than she is at present, that if she walked backwards without speaking a word into the garden on midsummer eve, and gathered a rose, and then kept it in a clean sheet of paper without looking at it, till Christmas-day, it

would be as fresh as in June; when, if she had stuck it in her bosom, her future husband would come and take it. This ceremony she performed with a most rigid adherence to every part of it. However, when Christmas-day arrived, and with a palpitating heart she opened the paper, nothing appeared but a withered flower. She acknowledges that she was so mortified on the occasion, that she should not have been able to hold up her head the whole day, if Mr. Twogood, the mercer, who dined with her papa, had not told her, she was like a mince-pie, as it contains the sweets of the four quarters of the globe.

With another very interesting question I shall conclude my selection from the heap of materials which are now before me.

Miss Nancy Sharpset desires to know, whether she has a right to lie in bed with her eyes shut, on St. Valentine's morning, till Betty comes and tells her that her father's book-keeper, a very handsome young man, has taken his seat in the counting-house.

It would puzzle, I believe, the whole Antiquarian Society to trace these strange whims and fancies to their proper origin; though they seem to me, in one way or other, to be of the most remote antiquity.

I shall now proceed to a fair correspondent, of a very different character.

TO THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

SIR,

I am perfectly aware of the enquiring eye of the world, and the remarks to which a lady subjects herself on addressing a gentleman previous to any personal ac-

quaintance; but however that may be, where intellectual acquirement is the object, it strikes me as a mark of cowardice, not to pursue it. Besides, I have no doubt, if I should hereafter be so fortunate as to be favoured with the knowledge of you, that I shall fully convince you, that a deference to the opinion of the world is most legibly penned in the collection of precepts by which my conduct is governed. Thus much I have thought it necessary to say upon the subject, lest, from your perfect ignorance of myself and character, an idea of frivolity might be excited in your mind respecting me, which, as a first impression, it might hereafter be difficult to efface.

I am a woman, Mr. Spectator, and you will indulge me, therefore, with a few words about myself; although, as regards vanity, I possess as small a portion of that quality as at any time falls to the share of my sex. As for the voluntary contributions of the intelligent and the polite, one cannot receive them but with certain marks of satisfaction; and the aversion I have conceived to the wounding another's feelings, has rendered me a living sacrifice at the shrine of secret suffering. As for the complimentary eulogiums which I received in what may be called fashionable society, I have ever noticed them with as little attention as common civility would allow.

My aunt and I have not long been arrived in town, from a beautiful seat which she possesses in Devonshire, where the cooing of the doves, the bawling of the lambs, and rippling of the waters, rarely fail to furnish food for conversation; for

if, on the perusal of a novel, she meets with a passage descriptive of a lover retiring among the embowering groves, there to meditate and pen a sonnet to the melting languor of his mistress's eyes, she is instantly enraptured; and, indeed, had there not been a large portion of flowery language in one of your admirable papers, I should have had uncommon difficulty in gaining her consent, *car je suis sous sa garde*, to address you. Now, Mr. Spectator, though this turn for romance and provincial seclusion, may be by no means unnatural in a disappointed spinster (for such my dear aunt, the most candid of human beings, acknowledges herself to be), I do not hesitate to avow, that I am not indisposed to look a little into that world in which it may be my lot to pass a portion, at least, of my future life. But my more immediate wish is to become acquainted with some literary man of established reputation; and from the very great pleasure with which I have read your papers, and the instruction I have derived from them in the country, I feel a wish to be improved by your conversation in town. Now I really know not how to contrive an interview, as you may readily believe, without your assistance. Of this you must be the best, as, indeed, you can be the only judge.

I must desire you not to be alarmed lest my aunt should fall in love with you, for she has devoted herself to a state of celibacy, from which she will never depart; and as for myself, I must see you before I will give you leave to fall in love with me. I cannot help having the name which my parents gave me,

but I desire you will not entertain an unfavourable impression of me, because I am compelled to subscribe myself, your obliged, humble servant,

FANNY WAVER.

Whether my fair correspondent is serious or jocose; whether she is quizzing me, or flattering me, or is seriously disposed to form an acquaintance with me, from any favourable impressions which my writings may have been so fortunate as to make on her mind, I really cannot determine. Her letter is certainly written with spirit and elegance; and the seal of it, if it is her own, tells me, that Fanny Waver is of a family and connection that might command any society in the kingdom, without having recourse to an anonymous application. I must beg leave to inform Miss Fanny Waver, be she who she may, that I should be very ill qualified for the task of instructing others, if I were to be a dupe myself. This is not the first time I have had flattering offers made to me; nay, I once received a letter, written in a very fair hand, on paper perfumed with musk, and whose cypher had a very amorous motto, which desired me to shew myself on the south side of Grosvenor-square, precisely at one o'clock on the following day, with a white handkerchief in my hand; when I was assured, that, if my person proved as charming as my writings, a lady of beauty and fortune would make herself known to me, as preparatory to an hymeneal union. But I did not expose myself to this inviting chance; and continue contented in my snug little apartment, next the sky, satisfied with con-

templating moral beauty, as it appears in the dignified qualities of which our nature is susceptible, and deriving my principal happiness from the endeavour to make others happy, by persuading them to be good.

Miss Funny Waver will excuse me, if I delay any further attention to her proposal, till she condescends to make me better acquainted with the real writer of the letter which contains it.

I cannot, however, conclude, without a few lines to Mrs. Deborah Worry, of Worry Hall, in the county of Rutland. This good lady complains most bitterly of Valentine's-day, which she says, for two or three days before, and as many after it, turns all the people's heads in her family. On the morning of this anniversary, she can find no one to answer her bell; the servants' hall, the kitchen, and the stable, are always so many different scenes of confusion; either from the emotions of triumph, or the feelings of disappointment, the whole house is in an uproar. On the last Valentine's-day, she says, she had scarce set down to breakfast, when the cook entered, and begged leave to change the rolls, as those on the table had been brought in by mistake, having been intended for Thomas the gardener, and William the butler, Valentines having been put in them when they were dough, and had been baked in the oven. The old lady seems to be quite in a fuss about it, and thinks she has narrowly escaped being choaked by a Valentine. She accordingly requests me, with great earnestness, to employ all the powers of my pen to put an end

to an abominable custom, which drives every thing out of the heads of the young people at this time of the year, but lovers and sweet-hearting. But with all my disposition to attend to the wishes of my correspondents, I cannot bring myself to comply with her's. On the contrary, I think that Valentine's-day is attended with many advantages. We are all of us indebted for every thing we have in this world, to love-making, and therefore we should be very ungrateful, if we did not employ all honest means to promote it. Valentine's-day, besides, calls forth, in one way or other, the exertion of intellectual powers, in every various rank of life; and I once heard a gentleman say, who was considered as an elegant poet, that he probably might never have known his talent for versification, if certain impulses of the tender passion had not, at a very early period of his life, inspired him to write a Valentine. It also encourages the arts, by rewarding the invention of devices for the occasion. It likewise promotes certain branches of trade, by the great consumption it occasions of paper, pens, ink, wafers, and sealing-wax. And both as a patriot and a man of letters, I cannot but look with complacency on a day, which adds, while it lasts, so considerably to the revenues of the Post-Office. I think, therefore, that Mrs. Deborah Worry should content herself with taking care that Valentines do not choke her in the parlour, and leave them to their natural operations in every other part of the house.

Meteorological Diagrams of the Pressure & Temperature in the Year 1812,
 exhibiting the Monthly Means and Extremes
deduced from diurnal Observations made at Manchester,
 in Latitude 53° 25 North and in Longitude 2° 10' West of London, by

THO. HANSON.

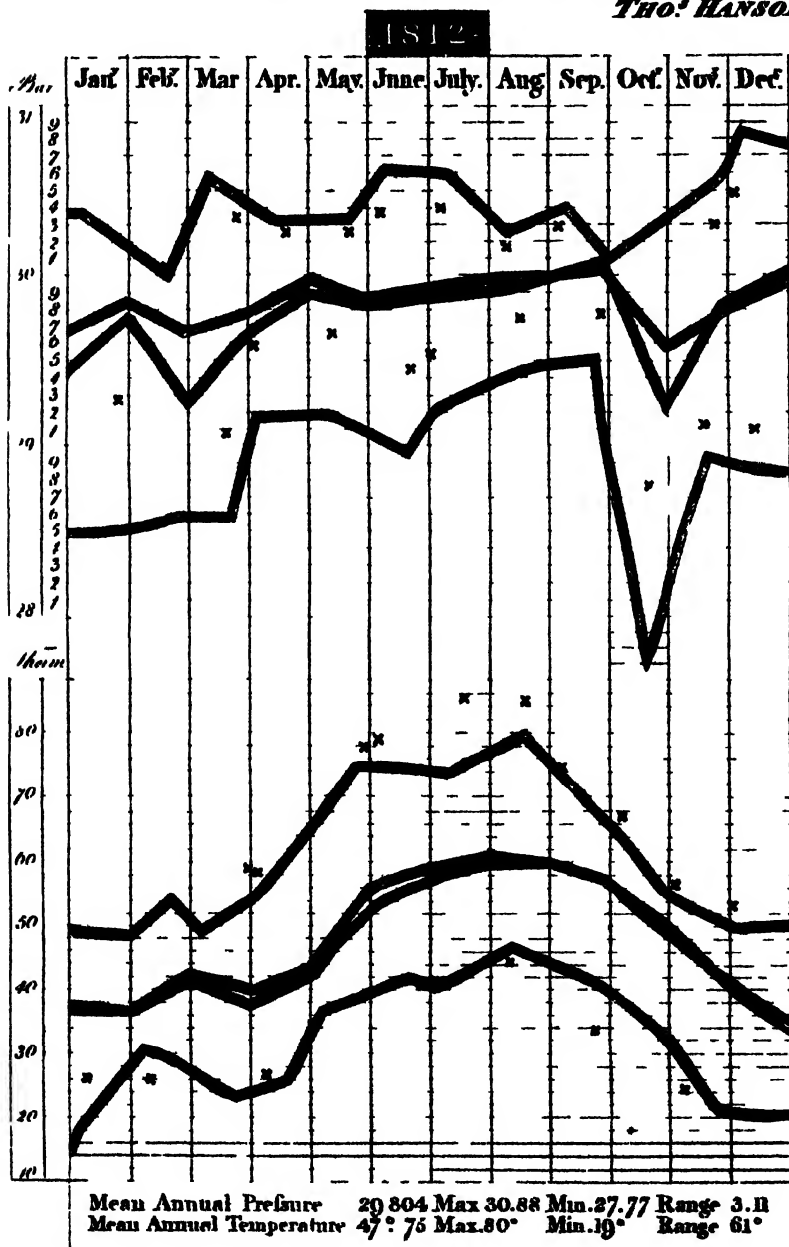


PLATE 31. — EXPLANATION OF THE METEOROLOGICAL CHART OF THE ATMOSPHERICAL PRESSURE AND TEMPERATURE FOR THE YEAR 1812.

By THOMAS HANSON, Esq.

IN my last chart, inserted in the *Repository* for April 1812, were given, in addition to the results made at Manchester, the mean monthly results and annual extremes deduced from observations taken at Stratford, Essex, by Mr. Gibson, which have been regularly inserted in the *Repository*.

For the purpose of rendering the chart still more interesting, by bringing into one view meteorological facts of two remote places, I have noted the monthly extremes of the pressure and temperature for the past year, as taken by the above gentleman. The extremes for Stratford are designated by stars, coloured to correspond with my curves; the time of the month, also, when the extremes occurred, may be pretty nearly ascertained, if it be kept in mind, that the perpendicular spaces are to be divided into as many imaginary spaces as there are days in the months.

Having thus premised, in addition to what has been given in former annual reports, some observations on the pressure and temperature, as delineated in the accompanying chart, with other meteorological occurrences; shall next claim our attention.

January. — The first ten days were very changeable; the commencement was warm and rainy, with a gentle south wind; but on the 4th, the temperature was lowered to 19°, which appears to be

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the annual minimum: this was soon followed by a boisterous, variable wind, and rising barometer, which last shewed the monthly maximum on the 8th. The pressure now continued desultory to the 27th, which was a completely rainy, dull, and windy day: the maximum monthly temperature took place on the 24th. The barometer, in three days, lost an inch and a half of pressure; the lowest state was on the evening of the 29th.

February. — The temperature of this month was much milder than that of the preceding one; occasioned by the prevalence of south, south-west, and west winds, which produced a greater number of rainy days: the mean temperature for the month was about five degrees higher than that of January; the daily maximums were generally above 45°, and the minimums never under 30°. There were several hail showers on the 13th and 15th, accompanied, as is frequently the case, with boisterous winds. The atmosphere was much agitated throughout the month.

March was attended with frequent lightning and thunder; there were frequent showers of hail, snow, sleet, and rain, at the commencement: and towards the close. The atmosphere, from the 10th to the 20th, lost two inches of pressure, and to the 31st, suffered very great and sudden commotions. Immediately preceding these great vari-

F f

tions, the minimum temperature was noted, but which was soon augmented; for the wind changed from the north-east to south: the consequence was, that rain fell profusely; the river Irwell rose near five yards above its common level in a few hours: this was occasioned not so much from the fall of rain, as from the melted ice and snow from the neighbouring hills. Upon the whole, March was a cold, changeable month, which gave a very favourable check to the unseasonably rapid progress of vegetation in February.

April.—The characteristic state of this period was decidedly cold and dry: prevailing winds, north and north-east; which, with the coldness of the preceding month, co-operated in checking the mild effects of February. Great variations of temperature in twenty-four hours were very frequent. The maximum was on the 2d, and the minimum on the 19th.

May was ushered in with fine warm brilliant days, but the nights were cold for the season during the first week, yet not so as to damage the blossoms materially. It was about this time that the rapid progress of spring was observed. On the 8th and 9th the temperature rose rapidly. On the 10th, 28th, 29th, and 31st, much lightning and thunder, accompanied with seasonable showers of rain:—prevailing winds, west. The maximum temperature was on the 24th: the monthly mean is nine degrees higher than that of the preceding month.

June.—The weather, during the first fourteen days, was brilliant and warm, frequently attended with re-

freshing breezes from the north: the maximum temperature was on the 7th, and that of the pressure on the 8th. The rest of the month was gloomy and rainy:—prevailing winds, west. On the 16th there were slight showers of hail; and on the following day, much lightning and thunder, with heavy showers of hail and rain: wind north, pressure decreasing, and which arrived at its minimum on the 19th.

July.—The most prominent occurrence in this month, was the proximity of the monthly minimum and maximum temperatures; the former occurred on the 4th, and the latter on the 7th; which makes a difference of 34°. The maximum pressure was on the 9th. On the 22d there was a heavy hail shower, with rain.

August.—This period was fine and brilliant throughout—prevailing winds, south and south-west. Nearly the whole of the rain measured fell on the 23d. The monthly and annual maximum temperature was on the 18th, when the heat became sultry and oppressive; and on the following day, there was much lightning and thunder, and showers of rain. The 19th and 21st presented similar occurrences, which, with a change of wind from the south to the north quarter, had the effect of lowering the temperature considerably; for on the 27th the minimum was 33° *minus*. During the whole of the month, the atmosphere was but little agitated; the spaces did not amount to four inches: the minimum occurred during the thunder of the 19th.

September.—The curve of tem-

perature now began to descend, with gloomy and rainy days, interspersed with gleams of sunshine, which characterized the first fifteen days: the maximum was on the 14th, and the minimum on the 25th. On the 28th rain fell very copiously; the river Irwell rose in consequence higher than it has been these fifteen years. The barometer has obeyed similar trivial movements in this, as it did in the preceding month.

October.—This month bears date to an unparalleled depression of the barometer; it occurred about noon of the 19th: the wind blew at the time a hurricane, accompanied with showers of hail and rain. The spaces described by the barometer in five days, viz. from the 17th to the 22d, were four inches and a half. The temperature, for the most part, was mild, 32° only occurred once. Foggy nights were frequent, sometimes attended with hoar frosts.

November.—The temperature in this month was very unequal; it commenced with the monthly maximum. On the 8th it was as low as 28° ; then on the 14th as high as 50° ; again, on the 24th at 24° ; which last was the monthly minimum;—at the close 51° . The wind, as might be expected, was variable, and at the minimum pressure, which was on the 17th, blew a heavy gale from the south-east.

December.—The first six days were mild, with gentle showers of rain. On the 7th the barometer shewed the monthly and annual maximum. The temperature was now suddenly lowered, for on the 9th it was at 21° : very white hoar

frosts in the mornings; and on the 16th a slight appearance of snow, for the first time this season. Very cloudy and foggy weather; occasional showers of hail and sleet; continued to fall; and about the end, rain fell to the depth of half an inch.

The annual atmospherical pressure for the past year, is 29.8 inches. The minimum, already noted, occurred on the 19th of October, and the maximum fifty days afterwards. The range of these extremes is 3.11 inches. The greatest variation of pressure in twenty-four hours, took place on the 25th of February.

The annual mean temperature is very near 48° , being a degree less than the mean of last year: the difference of the annual maximum and minimum makes a range of 61° . The mean temperature for the six summer months is $54^{\circ}.94$; and for winter, $40^{\circ}.55$. The greatest variation in twenty-four hours was on the 24th of June.—At the time of my removal from the Lying-in Hospital, in October, 1811, it became necessary to make a meteorological arrangement, which was noticed in my Journal for that month; since then no alteration has been thought requisite. But from the very open situation of the Lying-in Hospital, compared with my present residence, it was expected that the annual mean temperature would have been a little higher at the latter place; but, on the contrary, it is lower than the means of the five preceding years: the difference, however, is very trifling, and which may possibly

arise in consequence of separating the day from the night thermometer.

The following inferences will naturally be drawn from an inspection of the chart:—That the mean monthly results of the pressure and temperature for the year 1812, were almost invariably higher at Stratford than at Manchester;—that the extremes of pressure at the former place, very rarely exceed those of the latter, but, on the contrary, are always considerably less. With respect to temperature, the monthly maximums have been higher at Stratford, except the months of February and September; and the minimums lower, with the exception of January and April. Our mean curves of temperature are nearly alike in the winter months, but those of summer recede; or, in other words, the temperatures are nearly alike in the winter months, but they are higher at Stratford during summer: yet this difference is not so apparent as in the mean curves of the preceding year.

The annual mean pressure for Stratford is 29.88 inches, or about one-tenth of an inch more than the mean of Manchester. The maximum, of 30.49 inches, was on the 8th of December; and the minimum, 28.75 inches, on the 19th of October: of course, the annual range will be 1.74 inch; whereas mine exceeds three inches.

The annual mean temperature for the same place is $48^{\circ}.65$, or nearly a degree higher than the mean for Manchester: 85° is the annual maximum, which occurred

on the 18th of July and 18th of August; and the minimum, of 19° , on the 19th of December:—range, 66° ;—temperature of the six summer months, $56^{\circ}.3$, and for winter, $40^{\circ}.9$;—total fall of rain for the year at Stratford, 28.74 inches.

From observations taken also in the vicinity of London, and which are regularly inserted in the *Monthly Magazine*, I have been able to compare the maximums and minimums with mine, and find, as well as those at Stratford, that they generally happen nearly at the same time.

How the ranges of pressure at the two southern places of observation, should be so very much less than those at Manchester, cannot be easily accounted for: a difference will undoubtedly occur, from a variation of latitude, but not so much as our results present. It is presumed, that if a more regular mode was adopted for meteorological notations, periodical results, made at different places, would be found to agree much nearer than they now do. With respect to the barometer, I conceive a sufficient attention is not paid, in adjusting the mercurial surface before an observation is made, particularly when there is much friction to overcome, as is the case in the wheel kind; and unless the attention be directed incessantly, day and night, to the common mercurial thermometer, it will be impossible to note the actual daily maximum and minimum temperatures, which is a very desirable object; but which may be attained, with little trouble, by using a Sex's thermometer.

TABLE OF RAIN, BAROMETER, AND WIND.

1812.	RAIN.		BAROMETER.	Number of Changes.	WIND.											
	Inches.	Wet Days.			Spaces in Inches.	North.	N. E.	East.	S. E.	South.	S. W.	West.	N. W.	Variable.	Calm.	Brisk.
January .	3.190	8	8.25	17	2	0	1	4	4	6	1	3	3	0	2	2
February	4.575	12	10.75	17	2	0	0	1	5	2	7	3	3	0	3	3
March .	5.115	9	11.60	18	1	9	4	7	3	3	2	1	1	0	1	2
April . .	.960	3	6.80	16	5	10	3	3	3	3	0	0	3	1	1	1
May . . .	3.115	10	7.00	14	2	3	1	0	5	3	12	2	0	0	3	1
June . .	4.800	8	5.90	13	6	0	0	1	6	3	11	0	0	0	1	0
July . . .	4.595	10	6.80	13	0	0	0	0	20	3	7	0	1	3	0	1
August .	1.130	1	3.80	12	5	3	0	0	13	5	1	3	1	0	1	0
September	3.100	7	5.10	15	0	1	3	0	6	3	1	12	0	1	0	0
October	5.470	16	11.80	17	1	1	0	3	7	6	6	4	3	0	3	2
November	3.505	12	8.00	11	6	2	1	2	2	3	4	2	2	0	1	1
December	.995	6	7.20	11	3	3	2	0	5	1	2	1	5	0	3	0
Total	11.750	102	93.00	174	30	32	21	21	85	50	60	31	22	1	21	13

The annual rain, snow, hail, &c. is $41\frac{1}{2}$ inches; the greatest quantities fell in March and October, and the least in April and December. From observations on the weather in Salford, Manchester, by Mr. George Walker, it appears, that he makes the fall of rain for 1812, a little more than 38 inches; and that there have been 175 days of rain, and 58 of frost; and that the greatest number of the former occurred in January, February, March, and October.

I have only noted down 102 wet days, 73 less than the above account; but by a wet day I wish it to be understood, one that has a shower or showers of rain, which, when measured, will be at least one-twentieth of an inch.

The mercurial surface has risen and fallen to the space of 93 inches, and the number of changes is 174. The greatest number of spaces and changes described, were in March and October, when most rain fell, and the least movements in August.

The south, west, and south-west winds, have been, as usual, the prevailing ones this year; the most brisk and boisterous were in February, June, and October. Hurricanes have blown very seldom; they are invariably attended with a low state of the barometer.

MANCHESTER, Feb 20, 1813

EXHIBITION OF THE BRITISH GALLERY OF PAINTINGS.

(Continued from p. 157.)

77. *Cattle going Home in a Shower.*

—J. Burnett.

THAT purity of colour and vigour of effect which so eminently characterize the works of Cuyp, are happily imitated in this pleasing performance of Mr. Burnett, who has superadded an originality in representing the scene under the influence of a recent shower, wherein the herbage appears to glisten with the invigorating drops: the road too is saturated with the genial rain; and the fowls, sheltered beneath the thorn, are painted with uncommon truth to nature. There is clearness of touch in this picture which entitles the artist to much praise, as it is a quality not very generally attended to by the landscape-painters of the present day.

99. *Gravel-Diggers.*—J. Linnell.

This very pleasing representation of a gravel-pit, may be numbered amongst the finest pictures of the collection; the effect is bold, the colouring rich and clear, and the penciling masterly. It is obvious, that the study for this natural composition must have been coloured upon the spot. Judging from this and various late specimens from the pencil of Mr. Linnell, and other cotemporary rising artists, we may hope, ere long, to see this department of art vie with the rural pictures, of the best times, of the Flemish and Dutch schools.

68. *Perseus and Andromeda.*—

Mrs. Anstey.

Few poetic subjects have employed the talents of the painters of all the modern schools, more

frequently than this; but however various the method of treatment, yet, at the first glance, we recognise the same picture. This lady has evinced much knowledge of the naked figure, both in drawing and colouring, in her *Andromeda*: and the whole design is painted with great freedom.

60. *Naomi and her Daughters-in-law.*—Miss Ann Jackson.

It is grateful, in commenting upon works of art, the productions of the fair sex, when the subject which is selected is such as displays the talents of its author, without the liability of censure for being of a nature that is not strictly conformable to female delicacy. It is acknowledged, that a lady may have a genius for composition wherein an exhibition of the naked figure is most congenial to her talent for painting: yet, without wishing to encourage fastidious notions upon the subject of art, allowing full scope to philosophical feelings as they regard study, there are subjects of art not less dignified, where the human figure may be displayed, embracing whatever is fine in composition, expression, drawing, and colouring, and yet clothed. If subjects are occasionally painted wherein the human figure is shewn entirely naked, we cannot but express our wish, that the composition should not be chosen by a lady.—This picture is composed with the purest taste, is well drawn, and is conformable to the beautiful passage in sacred writ from which it is taken. It is





well coloured, and has considerable pathos.

171. *Sow and Pigs*.—James Ward, R. A.

Until the late extraordinary genius, G. Morland, gave to the world his beautifully coloured pictures of the most humble rural subjects, no one would have conceived that a stye, with a sow and litter of pigs, could have furnished a subject that could be admitted to adorn the walls of an elegant mansion. Morland, however, has produced some of his most fascinating pictures from

these apparently unworthy studies. —Mr. Ward, whose talents soar much higher than those of his ingenious predecessor, can descend from the most lofty subject—the falling horses in the chariot of the Sun, to the swineherd, or the sow and litter of pigs. This picture is finely coloured, and painted with the most spirited pencil; and although the subject is so low in its nature, yet does it possess the genuine richness of a fine Venetian picture.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF PAINTING IN WATER COLOURS.

(Continued from p. 149.)

THE many aids which the present period affords for facilitating the study of landscape, account for the rapid progress which is daily made by an accession of professors, as well as amateurs, to the already extensive list. Chatelain published some small drawing-books of landscape half a century ago; Paul Sandhy also produced a series of subjects to teach the art. The discovery of engraving in aquatinta, from its near resemblance to Indian ink shadows, and its facility of execution, led many to publish drawing-books; and although the subjects selected for imitation were rarely fine specimens of drawing, yet they were superior to what had appeared before, as English artists had begun to make all their drawings from nature.

Gainsborough's sketches had improved the general taste for English landscape composition; he taught the artists and amateurs how to select. From his designs a love

for the picturesque was created, and those who, before the appearance of his rude oaks and deep-rutted lanes, his rustic figures and moss-grown cottages and barns, with the truth of colouring which he introduced from his attentive observation of nature, were content to amuse themselves by making landscape compositions from the Italian, Dutch, and Flemish prints, now left their painting-rooms to explore the scenery of their own country, to work from nature, and became acquainted with the best, as well as the readiest means to form landscapes of equal beauty with those of their great prototype.

Those who are well versed in art, can readily discover in the works of almost all the English landscape-painters previous to the time of Gainsborough, that their compositions are not only unlike the character of English scenery, but can point out where a tree, a rock, a building, or a figure is stolen, and

from whose works. Sometimes one of these heterogeneous compositions has a cottage in the foreground taken from a print of Decker; behind may be seen a wood from a print of Waterloo; and before, a pond, a stump, a mass of dock-leaves, weeds, and rushes, from Wynants. These, perhaps, may sometimes accord, as the artists derived their notions of composition from their observation of nature, and from scenery of the humble picturesque class. But so little acquainted with the fitness of a whole were these plagiarists, that an extensive distance must adorn the scene; and, as no source was found so prolific as the prints from Claude Lorraine, an Italian classic back-ground completed the landscape part of the picture. The boors of Ostade, the horses of Wouvermans, and the cows, sheep, &c. of Berghem and Paul Potter, were made equally subservient to the picture: and thus it is that the works of the English landscape-painters, until within a few years, are worthy of the places to which they are usually consigned; to ascend from the drawing-rooms of the mansions where they once were placed, to the apartments of the servants, until, by an almost certain fate, they become fixtures, without frames, upon the damp walls of a broker's shop.

Cozens published a work on trees, in imitation of chalk, which had an extensive sale, was much admired, and copied by numerous persons, who were desirous of improvement in landscape. The style of this work was bold and masterly, and all who copied the subjects with attention, acquired a

freedom of execution which enabled them to draw similar objects from nature. Laporte's publications on trees and other subjects, for the assistance of the student, possess much freedom of style. Delamotte also has published a series of prints of forest and other trees, which have considerable merit, being drawn with great truth and spirit, and selected with judgment.

Morland's drawing-book, of figures, in imitation of the pencilled studies which he made from nature, for the purpose of introducing in his pictures, has contributed to teach the knowledge of selecting English rustic character. These were drawn with great feeling, and with a loose and masterly pencil.

Pyne's *Microcosm*, which contains one hundred and twenty folio plates of rustic figures, carts, ploughs, horses, oxen, sheep, boats, barges, implements of husbandry, &c. &c. has afforded the means of teaching how to group figures, &c. for landscape, and has improved the taste of amateurs, by leading them to sketch similar objects from nature.

Hills's etchings of horses, oxen, bulls, cows, deer, asses, mules, sheep, pigs, dogs, &c. making together upwards of four hundred plates, form a collection of groups, which has not only furnished the landscape-painter with materials for the embellishment of his scenery, but has improved the general taste of the artists in this department of study.

The great celebrity which Glover had obtained by the drawings which he annually sent to London, during his residence at Litchfield; led him

to remove with his family to the metropolis; and the establishment of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, afforded him the opportunity of making his transcendent talents more generally known. The numerous works from his pencil that were viewed at the first opening of the exhibition of that society, in Lower Brook-street, at once raised his reputation to its greatest height. The magic of his effects, the truth and beauty that prevailed in his works, excited a general eagerness to become possessed of his drawings; and the applications from the many who were desirous of acquiring his manner of drawing, were sufficient to have employed ten artists of his abilities. From this period, every person of taste became interested in the welfare of this department of art. In every polite circle the conversation turned upon the Exhibition in Brook-street, and every artist of established reputation was prevailed upon to become a teacher of his art. The public expressed their approbation of this new society's Exhibition by more than words; almost every member experienced the grateful feeling which must ever arise from encouragement: the world no longer viewed

his labours with apathy, but appeared zealous to promote his studies by approbation and by patronage. Hence, in two or three years, the art attained to the highest summit of excellence, and the country seemed proud of those talents which had created so new and so beautiful a style of painting.

The artists were led to indulge in the fond hope, that the patriotic example which some munificent gentlemen had given, would be generally followed; and that galleries of drawings would be formed, which should contain specimens of the works of the best professors of our day. But so noble an attempt has failed; although the price not unfrequently given for one picture of an ancient master, would be sufficient to form a handsome collection of modern drawings! Were it asked why this predilection for ancient works still continued to exist, when the talents of so many that could be named, were equal to the best artists of any age or country, this answer, perhaps, would not be cynical, nor in the slightest degree untrue:—Because that age is yet to appear, wherein mankind can feel sufficiently magnanimous to pay due respect to cotemporary genius.

ON COMMERCE.

No. XXIX.

THE method which Mr. Poivre, the governor of the Isle of France, took to obtain the plants producing these valuable, but to the Dutch almost invaluable spices, was by sending men, trustworthy and in every other way qualified for the

purpose, into the least frequented parts of the Moluccas, to search for what the Hollanders had, for such a length of years, withheld from the rest of Europe: the labours of these his sagacious and persevering agents, were crowned with success.

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Of these plants some were carried to the several Islands of Sechelles, Bourbon, and Cayenne, but the greatest part were retained here: all those which were distributed amongst private persons, perished; and even the care of the botanists, at the king's garden, could only preserve 58 nutmeg and 38 clove-trees. Of these last two bore flowers, in October 1775, which became fruit in the next year; but in this first essay, the cloves were small, dry, and meagre. To the same governor the island is indebted for the *rima*, or bread-fruit tree, which is now cultivated here: whence he procured it we are not informed. He also introduced the dry rice of Cochin, so called from its not growing in water, like all other rice. To Monsieur de Bourdonnais, another of their governors, and who may, with truth, be called the father of this island, the inhabitants are obliged for the manioc root, which he brought hither from Madeira: with the meal produced from it, the slaves are chiefly fed; three pounds of the bread made of it being the daily allowance to each. Here it may be proper to correct a mistake into

which we have fallen, in asserting that the cocoa-tree is not to be found in the Isle of France. It is, indeed, but of late years, as it may be termed, that the colonists have again possessed them, there being but one on the island so lately as 1760. This was on the land of a Madame Lejuge: but this useful tree has since continued to be cultivated; and it is therefore reasonable to suppose, that, before this time, they are sufficiently numerous. Neither Bourbon nor this island seems to have produced any native quadrupeds: those which are now met with, are imported; the neat cattle from Madagascar; the others, which are goats, hogs, and deer, have been in early times landed by various navigators, for the benefit of those who might touch here, and be in want of fresh provisions. The deer have multiplied exceedingly in the forests, and are excellent food, especially during the months of April, May, June, July, and August. The sheep, which have been domesticated, have never increased. The cows give little milk, and their calves degenerate.

MERCATOR & CO.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

In a few days will be published, part I. (containing the Voyage from Copenhagen to the Brazils, the South Sea, Kamschatka, and Japan) of *Voyages and Travels in various Parts of the World*, during the years 1803; 4, 5, 6, and 7, by G. H. Langsdorff, Aulic Counsellor to his Majesty the Emperor of Russia; Consul General at the Bra-

zils, &c. &c. This learned naturalist had accompanied Captain Krusenstern in his voyage round the world, but left the expedition at Kamschatka in 1805, to undertake a voyage to the Aleuta Isles and the north-west coast of America, and subsequently returned home through Siberia to St. Petersburg.

In the course of the ensuing month will be published Somey-vile's *Hobbinal*, and *Rural Sports*, illustrated by brilliant wood-cuts, printed on India paper, from the designs of Thurston, and engraved by Nesbitt. The work will be printed by Bulmer, and published by R. Ackermann, 101, Strand.

The third edition of *Doctor Syn-tar's Tour in Search of the Pictu-resque*, will be published in the next month, with a complete set of new plates, etched from his own drawings by T. Rowlandson. Published by R. Ackermann, 101, Strand.

Shortly will be published, elegantly printed on a large sheet of superfine drawing-paper, *A Statistical Table of Europe*, uniting all that is most important in the geography of that distinguished quarter of the globe, and shewing, at one view, the territorial extent, the military strength, and the commercial importance of each state, by Thomas Myers, A. M. of the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, author of a *Compendious System of Modern Geography*, historical, physical, political, and descriptive.

Mr. Thompson's work on *Sicily* will certainly be published in a few days.

An Italian translation of Madame Cottin's *Elisabeth*, adapted for the use of students in that language, will shortly be published by Mr. Santaguello.

Miss Plumtre has been for some time past sedulously employed in a translation of *The Travels of Dr. Pouqueville in the Morea, Albania, &c.* They will be accompanied by engravings from drawings taken on the spot.

A satirical and humorous work

from the pen of Eaton Stannard Barret, Esq. will shortly appear, entitled *The Heroine, or Adventures of a fair Romance-Reader*.

A French edition of Chateaubriand's *Genie du Christianisme*, printed uniformly with his *Itineraire de la Grèce*, is nearly ready for publication.

Mr. Black is engaged in a translation of the recent *Travels of Leopold von Buch in Norway and Lapland*. The author has attained considerable eminence as a mineralogist, and his work may therefore be expected to afford particular pleasure to readers of that class.

Mr. Hamilton Roche, of Sudbury, the author of "*Salamanca*," is preparing for publication an heroic poem, entitled *Russia*.

Mr. Britton is preparing *The History and Antiquities of Salisbury Cathedral*, illustrated by engravings; including biographical anecdotes of the bishops, and of other eminent persons connected with the church. He is also collecting for Lincoln Cathedral.

William Reid Clanny, M. D. of Sunderland, has been elected an honorary member of the Royal Irish Academy.

Mrs. Rundall, of Bath, is preparing for publication, in one quarto volume, *The History of England*, illustrated by forty copper-plates of engraved symbols, designed as an assistant to the young student in history.

The Rev. Mr. Houlst, of Little Baddow, Essex, has in the press, a small work, entitled *The Excursions of Vigilius*.

Mr. James Forbes will soon publish, in four volumes quarto, with ninety-three engravings from origi-

nal drawings, illustrative of the scenery, natural history, costume, antiquities, &c. of India, *Oriental Memoirs*, selected and abridged from a series of familiar letters, written during seventeen years residence in India; including observations on parts of Africa and South America, and a narrative of occurrences in four India voyages.

Mr. Turnbull is printing a new edition of his *Voyage round the World*, in a quarto size, with considerable additions and improvements.

It has been mentioned, that cast iron, when at a certain degree of heat, may be cut like a piece of wood with a common saw. This discovery was announced in a letter from M. Dunford, director of the iron works at Montalaire, to M. d'Arcet, and published in the *Annales de Chimie*. This experiment was lately tried at Glasgow, with complete success, by a gentleman of the Philosophical Society there, who, in presence of the workmen belonging to an ironmonger, cut, with the greatest ease, a bar of cast iron, previously heated to a cherry red, with a common carpenter's saw, in the course of less than two minutes: the saw was not in the least injured by the operation.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

The Overture, Songs, &c. in the new grand romantic Drama, called the ÆTHIOP, or the Child of the Desert, as performed at the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden, composed, and arranged for the Piano-Forte, by H. R. Bishop. Pr. 10s. 6d.

THE above musical drama having been withdrawn, for a time, from the stage, and subsequently reproduced under the title of HAROUN

ALRASHID, with additional songs by the same composer, we shall include the latter in our present notice.

In the overture, the short adagio attracts our attention by impressive grandeur of style and science; and the same merit, in a proportionate degree, is discoverable in the succeeding allegro, which is spirited, and replete with select ideas. What we miss, is a little more elaborate contrivance with the solid and good materials which Mr. B.'s talents at all times place at his command: the progress of the movement is too simple, the chain of successive chords is not sufficiently mellowed and disguised by passages, counter-movements of the parts, &c.: there is too little artifice, even allowing for the natural imperfection of a piano-forte extract. The andante and second allegro form an excess beyond the rules of dramatic overture. Of the vocal pieces, to all of which we cannot advert, Mr. Broadhurst's "*My dark-eyed maid*" possesses much sweetness and connected flow of melody; but p. 17, bar 2, contains an uncouth and unresolved transition to E. The trio, "*Mighty man, if I surrender*," deserves our cordial commendation. The different movements, and their variegated constituent parts, form a highly picturesque dramatic scene: the latter portion of p. 22, and especially pp. 23 and following (where the sudden entrance into four flats demands our praise), have our unqualified approbation; nor can we omit the good trio p. 25, and its apt and effective bass part. Mr. Fawcett's comic song is respectable; ll. 2, 3, and 4, of p. 13, in particular, are mark-

ed with humorous character; and the original abruptness of the termination has not escaped us. The finale is animated and brilliant. Among the additional songs, under the title of HAROUN ALRASHID, Mrs. Bishop's "*The nightingale*," cannot fail to excite interest. The recitative, with the philomelic accompaniment, is fancifully sentimental; and the allegro *à la polonaise*, with its neat motivo, but, above all, the short part in five flats, merit favourable mention.—"*The Echo*," sung by Mr. Broadhurst, is an able composition. Here we have it in our power to congratulate Mr. B. on the score of ingenious structure and contrivance. In the recitativo, the clever responses of a triple echo of different wind instruments, merging at times into the strains of the voice, have an excellent effect; and the short andantino bears equal marks of compositorial skill: the accompaniments aping the voice a bar behind-hand, so as to fall into correct harmony in the shape of a fugue; the sound progress of the bass, in the manner of our good old masters; and other concomitant beauties, reflect honour on the author.—Mr. Sinclair's "*The language of love*," is a very pretty and delicate trifle; the triplets in the voice impart to the melody a peculiar lightness and gracefulness. In another song of Mrs. Bishop's, "*Farewell the golden day, farewell*," we notice with satisfaction, in the second movement, the peculiar character of the time (not uncommon in the Italian school), by which a long high note intervenes between two short ones of half the value, thus producing an animated character in the melody; and the running accompani-

ments of the wind instruments in the latter half, afford to the voice a brilliant and striking support.

The celebrated Air of the Lady of the Lake, composed, and arranged as a Rondo for the Piano-Forte, by T. Cooke. Pr. 2s.

While we see nothing that calls for distinct praise, we cannot, in justice, attach any particular objection to the general complexion of this rondo. Ungrammatical octaves occur, p. 1, l. 2, bars 6 and 7; and the left hand is too simply and too sparingly provided for. This circumstance, however, may render the publication the more welcome to beginners, to whose adoption of this rondo for their practice, we will not offer any impediment.

Goulding & Co.'s Les petits Bijoux, No. V. containing Sweet Robin, composed, and arranged with Variations, by T. Cooke. Pr. 2s.

Considering the meagre subject which, in this instance, has formed the author's choice, we ought to regulate our pretensions of the superstructure accordingly. Altho', therefore, the present *Bijou* may not shine like a brilliant of the finest water, we are willing to own, that the pebble has been set in a workmanlike manner. The variations are faithful, of distinct diversity in character, and in every respect proper for practice.

VOCAL MUSIC FOUNDED ON WALTER SCOTT'S ROKEBY.

Since our last, in which we commented upon some of Mr. Whitaker's compositions from the afore-said poem, we have perused the under-mentioned further musical effusions on the same subject, partly of Mr. Whitaker's and partly of Mr. Mazzinghi's.

Allen A-Dale, Song, by J. Mazzinghi. Pr. 1s. 6d.

The Sound of Rokeby's Woods I hear, Song, by the same. Pr. 1s. 6d.

O Brignal Banks are wild and fair, Glee for Three Voices, by the same. Pr. 3s.

Let our Halls and Towers decay, Song, by the same. Pr. 1s. 6d.

The Harper's first Song, Song, by the same. Pr. 3s.

The Harper's second Song, Song, by the same. Pr. 2s. 6d.

The Cypress Wreath, Glee for Three Voices, by the same. Pr. 3s.

And whither would you lead me, then, Glee for Three Voices, by the same. Pr. 2s. 6d.

The Cavalier, Song, by J. Whitaker. Pr. 2s. 6d.

My Harp alone, Song, by the same. Pr. 1s. 6d.

A weary lot is thine, fair Maid, Song, by the same. Pr. 1s. 6d.

The wandering Harper, Song, by the same. Pr. 1s. 6d.

As our room will not admit of an individual analysis of every one of these numerous vocal illustrations of Mr. Scott's poetical muse, we shall confine our notice to such of them as attracted our attention in a superior degree.

"*The Sound of Rokeby's Woods*," (Mazzinghi) is distinguished by an interesting symphony, a richly diversified accompaniment, and a chaste, pathetic melody. The whole is a highly finished performance. In the last line, *p. 4*, the short syllable "the," is drawn too long, by having a whole half bar allotted to it.

"*O Brignal Banks*" (Mazzinghi), is an excellent glee. The melody is artlessly innocent, quite in the ballad style, and the parts *à tre voci* fall in with much effect. We

observe, with approbation, the natural expression of "*And as I rode by Dalton Hall*" (*p. 2*); as also the interesting solo part for the bass voice, *p. 6*.

The Harper's first Song (Mazzinghi), set to an *obligato* harp-accompaniment, consists of a recitativo, an intermediate instrumental solo, and the song itself. The latter ingratiates itself by the simplicity of its elegant melody, assisted by an active instrumental support; and we mark the passage, "*Take the wand'ring Harper in*," as peculiarly happy, especially with the introduction of the striking chord of *A b* (*p. 5, l. 3, b. 1*), where, however, the *F* in the bass had better have been *F sharp*.

The Cypress Wreath (Mazzinghi) claims our favour by the very graceful nature of its melody, especially at the outset; the chorus terminations are characteristic and harmonious; the solo part for the first voice (*p. 7*), is animated; and the application of the diminished seventh at, "*With bloody hands the victor weaves*," highly seasonable. This composition does the author infinite credit.

"*And whither would you lead me, then*," is, unquestionably, the most elaborate of Mr. Mazzinghi's *Rokeby's*. In the structure of this glee, we observe much artificial contrivance, several good contrapuntal touches, and altogether, a superior portion of the author's store of science, especially *p. 6*. The legendary import of the text is successfully imitated by the music, which, throughout, is full of character, and rendered interesting by a succession of new ideas and diversified combinations.

"*The Cavalier*" (Whitaker) pleases by its spirited, emphatic melody, the peculiar turn of which, in the second bar, is remarkably happy; the concluding passage, likewise, is full of animation. We could have wished for an occasional intermission of the continual harpeggio triplets in the accompaniment.

"*My Harp alone*" (Whitaker), an agreeable, ingenious melody, properly sustained by the accompaniment; the burthen, "*My harp alone*," is natural and well rounded.

"*The wandering Harper*" (Whitaker) is much in the same style as the preceding; and the same observations as to melody and accompaniments, would apply in this instance likewise. The instrumental part is evidently in the character of the harp, and, as such, gives additional effect to the vocal strain.

Sacred Melodies, adapted to the Psalms of David, according to the Version of Brady and Tate, selected and composed for the Congregation of St. Mary's Truro, by C. W. Hempel. Pr. 7s.

We have no doubt that the present publication will, if it receive the circulation its merits entitle it to, greatly contribute to the author's praiseworthy object of restoring parochial psalmody to its ancient purity, simplicity, and dignity. The names of Handel, Arne, Purcell, Arnold, Courteville, and of many other celebrated ecclesiastical harmonists, and the particular choice from their works, are sufficient indications of the judgment and taste Mr. H. exercised in his selection. Nor ought we to omit the venerable Martin Luther, whose fine melody of the 106th

Psalms, and that delightful and well-known one of the one hundredth, are not surpassed by any in the collection. About one third of the work appears to be of Mr. Hempel's own composition, and is of such a nature as to excite envy of the provincial congregation who can boast of such a conductor of their spiritual strains. His melodies to the 51st and 85th Psalms, are noble and impressive, and the harmonies select; the 105th, above all, is a masterly composition: the 148th is probably the least interesting. One material objection only is, that Mr. Hempel sets frequently too high; in church melodies the voice ought never to be forced up to A, or even G. In the different pieces we observe an occasional inattention to pauses; and the signatures, *con dolore*, *con giubilo*, *con supplica* (however appropriate,) are a little too learned and uncommon for the object of this work.—The neat typographical execution, excellence of the paper, and the reasonableness of the price of this publication, are further secondary recommendations.

Divertimento for the Piano-Forte, composed, on the Subject of a favourite Air in the Burletta of Mida, and dedicated to Miss Henrietta Russell, by G. E. Griffin. Pr. 3s. 6d.

Another of the "*Pray Goody's*," though, thus far, last, not least in our love. The allegro founded on the air is ushered in by a brief largo, replete with delicate and select expression, especially towards the end, where the expected subject is elegantly hinted at in a minor mood. The allegro exhibits the

theme under a variety of protean shapes, enters into occasional modulations, crossed-hand passages, minor allusions, &c. in abundance, and in the best possible style. Indeed the whole of this performance bears the character of elaborate perfection in a high degree; only it is a little too voluminous for its nature. The author himself seems to have been sensible of having given "too much of a good thing," by the optional curtailment he indicates p. 6. But as the *quasi* condemned portion is perhaps the best of the whole, we had rather take all as it stands.

Sonata Duet for Flute and Piano-Forte, in which are introduced popular Airs, composed, and dedicated to Miss E. King, by T. C. Weidner. Pr. 5s.

In this sonata the flute performs the principal part, and the piano (excepting concertante parts) generally the accompaniment. Experienced players on both instruments, will find ample scope for the exercise of their abilities; the quick passages are not only numerous, but frequently intricate, especially for the piano-forte, where sufficient attention has not always been paid to digital convenience, as in the flute. The allegro in G. is shewy, and diversified by a connected succession of pleasing ideas; the modulations are respectable, and the portion in five sharps, with the succeeding transition to C, merits unqualified approbation. The subject of the andante is taken from the air, "*Adieu, thou faithless world,*" and "*The Bucks of Tipperary*" has furnished the theme for the rondo. *The favourite Overture, for the Piano-Forte, to the new Pantomime*

of Harlequin and the Red Dwarf, or the Adamant Rock, composed by W. H. Ware. Pr. 2s.

Mr. W. probably adapted his efforts to the end proposed, in this instance. To usher in a Christmas pantomime, the present overture may, perhaps, have been deemed good enough by the author; but its texture rendered it scarcely worth while to give it publicity. What is meant by the D's sharp, p. 5, l. 4, we do not know; we apprehend E flat was intended, and as such, the solution by the diminished seventh would have been more intelligible.

"*Here do we three meet again,*" *Glee sung by Messrs. Broadhurst, Treby, and Tinney, in Ditto, composed by Ditto. Pr. 2s.*

Although the general complexion of this glee offers no striking peculiarity, or any traits of skilful arrangement, some agreeable turns are introduced, which may tend to assist its circulation.

"*The young Savoyard,*" *Ballad in Ditto; by Ditto. Pr. 1s. 6d.*

Plain and homespun; one of those common $\frac{4}{4}$ motives, which we hear every day, without being either offended or pleased.

Divertimento alla Montanara, for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss Stanwir, by P. Antony Corri. Pr. 4s.

The task of going through a work like this, may fitly be compared to a pleasant walk in a flowery meadow, and proves a graceful compensation for the frequent tugs through brambles and bogs, which ~~add~~ to the lot of a reviewer. A largo, a march, and a rondo in E \flat , constitute this divertimento. In the first, we at once recognize our

author by the elegant correctness of his harmony, and the chasteness of his melody. The march is a charming movement; the various classic thoughts follow each other in the most natural, unlaboured succession; as in a handsome edifice, every thing is in its place, nothing too much, nothing wanting: the idea *p. 3, l. 2*, appears to us particularly happy; and the conclusion of the march, *p. 5*, truly energetic and imposing, admirably contrasts with the innocent simplicity of the pastoral theme of the rondo. Here we equally remark many passages worthy of the author, such as the tasteful idea, *p. 7, l. 1*; the digressive evolutions in the same page; the *fantasia* in C, *p. 9*; the attractive minor, *p. 10*, &c. Unfortunately (*quandoque dormitat et bonus Homerus*), an offensive grammatical error has crept into the harmony of the very outset of the *fantasia*. In the two first bars, the immediate succession of two perfect chords in close contact, produces both octaves and fifths. That this is a slip of the pen, the rest of this publication would prove, even to those who are strangers to Mr. C.'s talents.

The Review, a Military Divertimento for the Piano-Forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute, composed by F. Fiorillo. Pr. 4s.

This divertimento, which consists of a march (or rather a set of marches), an allegretto, and a short finale, has afforded us real amusement; especially the author's original idea of representing in the march the different styles of music peculiar to the allied nations supposed to pass in review, viz. English, Germans, Swiss, Irish, Spanish, No. LII. Vol. IX.

Portuguese, and Scotch, in which attempt he has generally succeeded; indeed, every one of these national fragments is of very distinct character, and very fancifully imagined. The allegretto merits, in every respect, the epithet of an elaborate, scientific, and tasteful movement; it is somewhat long, but its intrinsic value, and the number and variety of select ideas it exhibits in its progress, prevent its extent from being felt tedious. The finale, deduced from the English March, has likewise our warmest approbation.

A Spanish Serenade, for the Harp and Piano-Forte, as performed with universal applause by the Author and Mrs. Lovegrove, in which is introduced the Spanish Patriots' Hymn, Boleros, Fandango, &c. composed, compiled, and dedicated to Miss Power and Miss Mary Power, by J. E. Weippert. Pr. 6s.

Mr. Weippert's serenade is not Spanish by its title alone; its national character is perceptible in every page; it is a book of Spanish music. This alone would, we presume, be a sufficient recommendation to the publication, without the addition of our testimonial, as to the judicious and effective arrangement of the two parts, and of each separately. They are, in their turn, charged with the melody and with alternate responses; a circumstance which, considering our partiality to the performance, makes us regret, that, by the occasionally adding the obligato passages of the piano-forte to the harp part, this serenade has not been rendered complete for one instrument by itself. The passages,

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however, are throughout so analogous, that a little previous attention and investigation will supply that desideratum.

*** *Mr. Fisin's Judgment of*

Paris, and several other pieces with which we have been favoured subsequently to those noticed above, will appear in our next; as also Mr. Lanza's Elements of Singing.

ARCHITECTURAL HINTS.

PLATE 25.—DESIGN FOR A GOTHIC CONSERVATORY.

AMONG the means adopted for the purposes of elegant and useful recreation, the CONSERVATORY is pre-eminent; in few instances has it been cultivated to an extent that might be expected in our climate, which, by its variableness and sudden transitions, gives increased importance to such resources as may be afforded by our homes. When the weather is unfavourable, the Conservatory presents a promenade, where the advantages of exercise and air may be obtained, and where the eye will be delighted with the beauty of the plants, and the ear by the melody of the aviary, which is a most desirable addition; the fragrance of the flowers will add to these charms, and an endless interest will be afforded to the mind of taste, and to the botanist, who will find in the Conservatory an admirable substitute for more lengthened excursions. If health, the offspring of exercise; if the welfare of the mind, certainly very intimately connected with rational and pleasurable impressions, be worth our serious regard, surely this means, which at all seasons so well affords them, merits the highest cultivation: in winter it is a warm, and in summer a cool retreat from the severities of

each, and many hours in both have been applied with additional delight to books in these retirements, which is ever suited to recreation and to study. The Gothic style admits a construction of building so light and elegant, that it adds charms to those of nature, combined with which, in this instance, it would seem to realize those dreams of fancy, in which we sportively paint to our imaginations the palaces of the sylphs and genii.

The design which accompanies these observations, is constructed on one of many forms that would be applicable to the purposes of a Conservatory: it is of a round figure, and thereby admits a circular promenade; a reservoir of water is in the center, and might contain gold and silver fish. The entrance to the vestibule is at the steps in front, a bath is opposite to this; and on each side are rooms, forming aviaries. Notwithstanding the simplicity of this figure, a very great variety of effect would be produced. The motion of the spectator would seem to be transferred to the surrounding subjects, and at every step the disposition of them must appear to change; the *jet d'eau* would unite in producing this object with the plants and with the

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS.

NORTH OF EUROPE.

ALTHOUGH the long expected Russian military reports have reached this country, they do not extend beyond the 27th January, since which time the most important further occurrences have taken place, the tidings whereof have been received through a variety of other trustworthy channels. The immense and increasing distance of the Russian armies from their capital, whither the official accounts generally proceed in the first instance, is productive of great irregularity and delay in the arrival of intelligence in this country; so that the nearer our victorious allies approach to England, the longer we are in receiving the *authentic* details of their operations.

That these operations, after the terrible and deadly blows inflicted on the enemy on the Dnieper and Berezyna, should have become less martially brilliant and sanguinary, is in the nature of things. When the trunk of the tree is felled, the branches only remain to be lopped off. But that they are not less important than the former glorious deeds of which they are the necessary results, a glance at the map of—*Germany* is sufficient to prove. Who could have thought it possible that these northern heroes, on the 19th of Oct. in the vicinity of Moscow, would four months afterwards triumphantly enter *Berlin*? Such, however, is the fact; indeed, we believe them advanced considerably beyond that city, and at no great distance from the *Elbe*.

This incredible rapidity is another proof of the total extirpation

of the French army, to give an instance of which, *from French returns found upon captured commanders*, we shall merely state the following facts:—4th regiment of voltigeurs, present under arms at the departure from Smolensk (already much reduced), 32 officers, 427 privates; remained 16th Dec. 10 officers, 29 privates. 6th regiment tirailleurs, present under arms at Smolensk, 31 officers, 300 privates; remained 31st Dec. 14 officers, 10 privates. The imperial guards, which entered the campaign nearly 30,000 strong, mustered 1500 in their retreat through Insterburg. The immense number of unburied dead this army left behind, has spread contagious distempers along the track of their disastrous flight: near Wilna alone, Lord Cathcart states that 16,000 corpses, collected from the neighbourhood, had been piled up in heaps to be burnt as soon as a sufficient quantity of fire-wood could be procured. Of such havoc history, surely, affords no parallel.

We have to resume our narrative from the passages of the Russians across the Niemen, along which river the great Count Wittgenstein pushed his advance with incredible rapidity, in the hopes of intercepting Macdonald, who, on or about the 22d Dec. had begun his retreat in great haste from before Riga. General Paulucci, with part of the garrison of that fortress, closely pursued Macdonald, took many prisoners, and captured Memel on the 27th following, taking two Prussian battalions in that city. It appears now, that, by an able manœuvre

of Count Wittgenstein's, not only the Prussian contingent under General D'York became completely cut off from Macdonald, but the latter, likewise, so surrounded that he was induced to enter himself into negotiations: while, however, these were pending, Macdonald availed himself of the respite, and dexterously gave the Russian commander the slip, thus extricating himself and about 5000 men who had remained to him. In order to rescue Macdonald and save Königsberg, Murat had sent fresh troops from Danzig; between these and Macdonald's corps, Wittgenstein again interposed a strong detachment of light troops, under General Schepceff, who meeting the enemy at Labiau (4th Jan.) attacked him instantly. The contest lasted till the evening, when the discomfited French betook themselves in disorder to Königsberg, closely followed by the Cossacks, who the same night fought their way into the streets of that fortified capital of Prussia Proper, making themselves masters of the town, its magazines, and artillery, and taking, besides 8000 sick, 1300 prisoners. Among the ordnance, was a great part of the battering train from Riga, 30 of which the French had thrown into the river.

From Königsberg, Count Wittgenstein, issued on the 7th Jan. an energetic address to the German nation, its princes, nobles, citizens, and peasants, exhorting all ranks to the noble work of ridding their country of French oppression. The corps under Admiral Tchichagoff, which had proceeded in a more southerly direction, having now again advanced so as to come up

with that of Count Wittgenstein, both continued their march to the Vistula, where the arrival of reinforcements, and the strength of several fortified places, such as Danzig, Elbing, Marienburg, Marienwerder, Graudenz, Thorn, &c. would have enabled the shadow of an army to make *some* stand. But, alas! there was not even *magni nominis umbra*! Elbing, Marienburg, and Marienwerder cost the Russians not so many days. They were all forced on the 11th and 12th Jan. with the gain of some hundreds of prisoners and a good number of cannon; and the day after (Russian new-year) Colonel Czernicheff, first of all the Russian troops, crossed the Vistula with a strong column of light infantry and Cossacks; and the investment of Danzig was the immediate consequence. Besides this fortress and that of Thorn, we know of none retained by the French; and as the garrison of Thorn consists of the remnants of the Bavarian contingent, and no further mention is made of the place in the French papers, we are inclined to think it likewise abandoned. On the 14th Jan. a brisk affair took place at Derschaw (left bank of the Vistula), in which the French were again routed with the loss of some hundred prisoners; and a few days subsequently Bromberg was taken, and in it considerable magazines of provisions.—On the 26th of the same month, the French garrison of Danzig attempted a vigorous sortie, but was repulsed as vigorously; and on the 8th of Feb. Major-General Sievers summoned Pillau, the French garrison of which, 1200 men strong, under General Cas-

tella, capitulated, to be sent beyond the Rhine.

The operations, or rather the march, of the Russian main army, under the immediate eye of its great monarch, and under the direction of the veteran hero, the Prince of Smolensk, recommenced from the city of Wilna. From that city, the route pursued was by Meretz (where the emperor crossed the Niemen), thence to Lyck, Johannisburg, and Willenburg, where the last regular official accounts reported head-quarters on the 26th of Jan. although a subsequent demi-official statement extends to the 7th Feb. when head-quarters were at Plocz, on the Vistula. While thus the main army advanced towards Warsaw, another Russian column, under General Sachen, moved in a more southern and parallel direction against the Polish capital.

Here we are left destitute of any further official statements from Russia, a circumstance the more to be regretted, since the events of February appear to be of a far more decisive and momentous nature than those just recited. Fortunately, the successful tide of affairs has taken off the restraint from some of the Continental journals, and the glorious tidings of the heroic achievements of our northern allies, have forced their way, by various channels, to the shores of the Baltic and the German Ocean.

From these we collect, that the Austro-Saxon corps had taken a position at Pultusk, to cover Warsaw; and that on the approach of the Russians, Regnier, with the

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Saxon contingent, separated from the Austrians, and retreated hastily upon Posen. Of the fate of the Austrian corps we have no certain intelligence, but, comparing all accounts, it would seem that the Russians allowed it *amicably* to return within the Austrian frontier, and that its commander in chief, Prince Schwarzenberg, has gone home to Vienna. There is no doubt that the Russians obtained possession of Warsaw early in February, probably without any bloodshed or violence. General Miliradovitch, with the advanced guard, marched through that city on the 9th; and the Breslaw Gazette states, that the magistrates and other civil officers were continued in their functions. We presume that it is Miliradovitch's corps which fought, on the 18th following, the battle of Kalisch (between the Oder and Vistula), against the Saxons under Regnier, joined to the French force under Durutte. They were, according to the Dresden official account, surprised and routed; probably dispersed.

In regard to the ulterior proceedings of the army under General Wittgenstein, and to the general events in the north of Prussia, we find that a supreme regency or junta for the government of the Prussian states has provisionally been established at Königsberg, which acts in the name of the king; that General D'York has the command in chief of the *degallicized* part of the Prussian forces; that, owing to the patriotic spirit of the brave Germans, his troops have rapidly increased to 40,000 men, part of which act before Danzig, and another part have advanced against

Stettin, at the mouth of the Oder. As early as the 20th Feb. small parties of Cossacks made their appearance before Berlin, but were kept off by Augereau; the public spirit in the latter city began immediately to burst forth in open defiance, and render the situation of the French precarious. Some affairs seem to have taken place in the vicinity of the Prussian capital, which finally was abandoned by the French troops; *when?* we are not able precisely to state, probably about the beginning of March. Their retreat was directed upon Magdeburg on the Elbe, where an army had been collecting for some time under General Lauriston, and where, under the protection of that strong fortress, the enemy probably will attempt to make another stand, as fruitless as any of the former; for the activity of the Russians leaves no time for recovering breath from the panic occasioned by the dreadful reverses. The generous purpose of the advance of our ally into Germany, instead of weakening his numbers, increases them as he proceeds. All Germany hails the arrival of its saviours; the Prussians are inspired with a patriotic frenzy to consummate the work of deliverance: the merchants leave their counting-houses, the civil officers their desks, the scholars their colleges, to fight the cause of their country: the students of Halle abandoned the university to enlist under the banners of liberty. Now will the sacred manes of Schill, of Hoffer, of Palm, be avenged by thousands and thousands of Schills and Hoffers. This is no longer the cause of weak and short-sighted princes; it is the

cause of the people: their princes do not enter into the account, and, unless they join the voice of their subjects against the French tyrant, their crowns will fall in the general crash of the empire of the villain, now trembling for his fate in his capital. Such perhaps may be the lot of the King of Saxony, who, instead of hailing the arrival of the Russians, as his real friends, thought proper to identify his interest with that of the French, and to fly from his capital at the approach of the Russians towards Dresden, which the latest accounts report as actually in their possession; adding, that even at Wittenberg on the Elbe, the Cossacks had appeared in force. How different, how consummately prudent, the conduct of the King of Prussia, who, to escape French controul, retired to Breslaw, where he has tranquilly awaited the issue of his cause, and whither, according to recent advices, the magnanimous Alexander is now proceeding to have an interview and conference respecting the ulterior conduct of the war.

But it is not Prussia alone which has evinced a spirit becoming the descendants of Arminius and of the conquerors of the Roman legions. The whole north of Germany, and for ought we know the south no less, have openly raised the standard of insurrection. At Lubeck, at Bremen, at Hamburg, and in several towns of the electorate of Hanover, the people, in spite of the hostages forced from them, have risen upon their intrusive oppressors, and in some instances inflicted summary justice on them. In Hamburg, in particular, the French *douaniers* have

been expelled by force of arms, and several of the latter have paid with their lives for their resistance to the will of the people. Unfortunately for the patriots, a French force in the neighbourhood re-entered the city and retenged their brethren in the blood of some Hamburg citizens; but their stay was short, the approaching danger in the south finally obliged them to give up the city, the communication with which and England is now on the point of being restored. Such is the situation of the conqueror of Moscow; he cannot defend his own frontiers; for Hamburg *was* the *fourth* city of the mock empire of Napoleon. But these are only the preludes of far more bitter draughts prepared for the tyrant: the time is near when, instead of shutting out England from the Continent, *he* will be excluded from the rest of Europe. One power, after another, endeavours to break its destructive friendship with France. Denmark has already made pacific overtures to this country by means of a messenger recently arrived, and has abstained from further hostility. Sweden, after temporizing for nearly two years, now the game is certain, appears at last to have bargained to afford us her assistance, when almost superfluous. A large subsidy (stated at 60,000*l.* per month) is forthwith to carry a Swedish army to Pomerania, by this time abandoned by the enemy. There certainly is no harm in making ~~sure~~ *sure* of the game; but, in our opinion, such great pecuniary aid, dispensed to Prussia, more necessary as to money, and infinitely more abounding in valiant troops,

would produce infinitely more important results. From Holland, too, a deputy is said to have arrived in this country to invite the Prince of Orange over to that country; and his recall from Lord Wellington's army is reported to have been forwarded by government to Spain. Austria, too, has sent a courier to England with pacific proposals. The unfortunate family connection, however, between Napoleon and Austria appears to have so far operated on the Emperor Francis as to use his endeavours for tranquillizing Europe by an immediate general peace, to bring about which he has proposed his mediation; and a public declaration of the Austrian cabinet assigns that object as the ground of her increasing her military establishment, and putting it on a war footing.

We may be accused of unfeeling extravagance, when we maintain, that the only security towards a permanent peace, for this country as well as for all Europe, is the head or the abdication of the implous and murderous rebel, who for these thirteen years and more has plunged Europe into a gulph of desolation and misery, the physical and moral effects of which will be felt for a century to come. Peace with Bonaparte *now*, is pouring oil into a dying lamp, which a few years hence is to consume our homes. We have at various times presumed in our Retrospect, to venture an anticipation of future events upon the strength of existing causes and their natural effects: we predicted the uncheering result of the last Spanish campaign, when its superficial effect ~~was~~ *was* the most brilliant; we have clearly indicated

the probable course of events in regard to the defection of Prussia, and the consequent general rising of the people of Germany. In this there was as little prophetic merit, as in the assertion which we shall now venture to advance, that the vigorous prosecution of the war for a short time longer, will produce the most rapid dissolution of Bonaparte's artificial and oppressive sway, and that by means of French efforts. In France every thing goes by fashion, and the Napoleon fashion will terminate with the Napoleon power; when pushed to extremes, the French are likely to dispose of Napoleon as they have done of Robespierre and other revolutionary characters. The manifesto of Louis XVIII. just published, weak as it is in language, will, in our opinion, accelerate the crisis. As it soberly promises continuance of function and rank to the civil and military authorities, confirmation of the possession of national property to the present holders, and, above all, abolition of the conscription, many former staunch adherents of Bonaparte will reflect on the choice, whether to follow the sinking fortunes of Napoleon I. and last, or be instrumental in the more promising work of restoring Louis XVIII. to the throne of his ancestors.

FRANCE.

On the 14th Feb. Bonaparte opened the sittings of the legislative body by a speech from the throne, which derives its importance from the altered tone his mischances have infused into his hitherto pompous and arrogant rhetoric. We for the first time hear him talk of "heavy calamity brought

down upon his army, great losses, &c. which would have broken his" (feeling) "heart, had he been accessible to any other sentiments than those of the interest, glory, &c. of his people."—"He is satisfied with *all his allies*." Nothing can be more moderate surely! "*He* will abandon none of them." Unfortunately they are abandoning him as fast as they can. "He desires peace." Never spoke a word more true. For the situation of France he refers the legislative body to the *Exposé*, which Count Montalivet contrived to lay before them on the 25th Feb. In this document, the flourishing condition of agriculture, commerce (*without the sea*) and manufactures, is almost exclusively dwelt upon, thus offering to the French people an ample consolation for the destruction of their brethren abroad, in the contemplation of the thriving state of the breed of sheep, the culture of beet-root, &c. throughout the empire. The exterior situation of France, which hitherto had furnished the most brilliant portion of the *Napoleon Exposé*, Mr. Montalivet treats in the following neat and satisfactory manner: "I will not speak to you, gentlemen, about military or political events. I can add nothing to what you *know*, and what the emperor told you in a few words and with so much profoundness."

The Concordat with the Pope was also laid before the legislative body. Its ten public articles are of very trifling import under the present aspect of affairs. "Pope VII. is to exercise the pontificate in France and Italy; is to have a court, and to receive ambassadors

from foreign states; such of his domains as have not been alienated, shall be administered by his agents, and those which are alienated, shall be replaced, to the amount of two millions of francs in revenue: the Pope is to grant his investiture to the bishops nominated by Bonaparte, within six months after such nomination; in default whereof, the metropolitan, or oldest bishop, is to proceed to the investiture; and the bishoprics to be established in *Holland and the Nonseatic towns (!)* are to be settled between the Pope and Emperor in concert.—Enough of what will be a dead letter in less than a twelve-month!—a much more important act of the great Napoleon remains to be handed down to posterity.

“To acknowledge the services rendered us in the last campaign by the Duke of Elchingen (Ney); to consecrate the remembrance (honourable for our people) of those great circumstances in which our armies have given such great proofs of their bravery and devotion; and that every thing that tends to perpetuate the memory of it to posterity, should be conformable to the glory and interests of our crown, we,” or (to speak in the third person, after giving this interesting preamble,) Bonaparte, by a solemn act of state, dated 8th Jan. last, created Ney a prince *in partibus*, no less than PRINCE OF MOSCOW, or Moskwa, the castle of Rivoli (of which there exists already a revolutionary duke), and its dependencies being previously erected into the principality of Moskwa, and given to this new prince, with other domains sufficient to render the gift worth while. To judge of

the actions of such transcendent geniuses as Bonaparte by the rules of common prudence, would be absurd; otherwise, we should have conceived, that, in circumstances like his, the very sound of the name of Moscow would have excited recollections not altogether agreeable; and that the creation of a Prince of Moscow would rather tend to perpetuate the memory of events which do not stand in need of being handed down to posterity on his account. As Bonaparte has, on all occasions, imitated the conduct of the ancient Romans, it may be supposed that, in this instance, he followed the example of Caligula, who, for reasons equally inscrutable, created his horse consul.

AMERICA.

It is with feelings of more than the keenest grief, we have to pollute our pages with the record of another victory of the Americans over the proud, the hitherto invincible navy of Great Britain. By American journals recently arrived, we learn, that, on the 29th Dec. last, at about ten leagues from the coast of the Brazils, our frigate the Java, Captain Lambert, in her way to the East Indies, was met by the American frigate Constitution, Commodore Bainbridge. An action of nearly two hours duration ensued, in which the British frigate lost 60 killed and 101 wounded; had her bowsprit and every mast and spar shot away; was altogether reduced to an unmanageable wreck, and compelled to strike to the enemy, whose loss is stated not to have exceeded nine killed and twenty-five wounded. The British commander, Captain Lambert, is reported mortally wounded; and

among the prisoners who were released on parole, is Lieutenant-General Hiship and his staff, who were proceeding to Bombay in the Java.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The attention of the British public, and even of Parliament, has, for this month past, been engrossed by a variety of proceedings, which have successively taken place in consequence of a restraint put upon the intercourse between the Princess of Wales and her daughter, the Princess Charlotte; and by the publication of the documents relating to the so called "Delicate Investigation" in 1806, of certain charges brought forward against the Princess of Wales. Even if we felt not the utmost repugnance to enter upon the recital of matters connected with the unfortunate alienation subsisting between any branches of the family of our venerable Sovereign, the limits allotted for our political Retrospect, would preclude our furnishing our readers with even a concise abstract of the voluminous mass of matter

which, we devoutly hope, will ultimately not acquire historical moment; which, moreover, we lament to say, has now received the most unreserved publicity, and the details of which are within the reach, and now, no doubt, within the knowledge of all our readers.

On Wednesday, March 3d, Mr. Grattan carried, in the House of Commons, his motion for going into a committee to consider the expediency of removing the disqualifications affecting the king's Catholic subjects; preserving safe and unaltered the Protestant succession; and maintaining the Protestant Established Church of England and Ireland as by law established, and the Kirk of Scotland. The debate on this important and vital question had, by adjournment, continued four days, and the numbers voting on each side were as follows:

For Mr. Grattan's motion . . .	201
Against	224

Majority in favour of the motion 40

FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

PLATE 29.—MORNING COSTUME.

A POLONESE robe and petticoat, of fine cambric or jaconot muslin, ornamented at its several terminations with a border of net-work, finished with an edging of muslin, gathered very full, and a vandyke cuff, *en suite*. A bonnet-cap, composed of jonquille satin, and treble borders of scallopped lace, confined on one side with ribband of the same colour. Gloves and slippers of yellow kid.—This robe, so attractive, novel, and elegant,

is more particularly adapted to the slender or tall figure; and is furnished us from the house of Mrs. Gill, of Cork-street, Burlington-Gardens, to whose unrivalled taste, unique elegance, and novelty of design, we have for some time past been indebted for the superior order of female fashions by which, we flatter ourselves, this publication is ever distinguished.

PLATE 30.—CARRIAGE COSTUME.

A high round robe of jaconot or cambric muslin, with plaited ho-



CARRIAGE DRESS.

dice, long sleeve, and deep falling frill, terminated with a vandyke of needle-work. A Russian mantle, of pomona or spring green sarsnet, lined with white satin, and trimmed with rich frog fringe and binding, confined with a cord and tassel, as taste or convenience may direct. A cottage slouch bonnet, of corre-

sponding materials, edged with antique scalloped lace, confined under the chin with ribband, tied on the left side; and appositely ornamented with a small cluster of spring flowers. Slippers of green kid, or jean, and gloves of primrose kid.

MEDICAL REPORT.

AN account of the practice of a physician from the 15th of February to the 15th of March, 1818.

Acute Diseases—Catarrh, 9.... Sore-throat, 3...Peripneumony, 2.. Pleurisy, 1...Acute Rheumatism, 3.. Erysipelas, 1...Cholera, 1...Acute diseases of Infants, 6.

Chronic Diseases.—Pulmonary consumption, 3.....Scrofula, 2..... Cough and dyspnœa, 15..Rheumatism, 8...Asthma, 8...Pleurodyne, 2..Dyspepsia, 4..Diarrhœa, 3..Gastrodynia, 5...Tape-worm, 2...Chronic inflammation of the liver, 1.... Dropsy, 3....Mania, 1....Palsy, 2.... Female complaints, 5.

Catarrh continues to prevail, with various degrees of severity; in some instances, affecting most of the individuals in a family. Small-pox, also, strange to relate, has proved very fatal of late, the bills of mortality from the 16th of February to the 9th of March, announcing no fewer than seventy-one deaths from that pestilence of the poor, for to them it is chiefly confined. When children are inoculated for the small-pox at a proper age, and after suitable regimen and nursing the disease, in general, is safe; but when it suddenly attacks the large unhealthy families of the poor, in dirty, ill ventilated apartments, wholly unpre-

pared for the attack of so formidable an enemy, the ravages it makes are dreadful, and it becomes what certain cold-blooded philosophers have boasted of, a most certain and effectual check to superabundant population. But humanity shudders at the horrid idea of industriously preserving and maintaining a disorder upon such malignant principles of extermination: the instant such a motive is made apparent, it is abandoned with detestation, and the parent is ashamed to acknowledge the monstrous birth. What then keeps up and diffuses abroad the small-pox contagion? The prejudice or the ignorance of those who either will not, or cannot, coolly and cautiously investigate the subject, and not allow themselves to be imposed upon by the numerous fabrications of the day. It is not attempted to be denied, that small-pox has occasionally occurred after a patient has gone through the vaccine affection; but the subsequent disease has always been admitted to have been rendered milder than it would otherwise have been: and it must not be forgotten, that cases of small-pox occurring twice to the same individual, have been recorded upon the most indubitable evidence.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE mild dry weather through nearly the whole of last month has favoured the seasonable avocations of the farmer. The spring sowing is in a more forward state than could have been expected, from the heavy rains that had fallen in the preceding months. The tenacious soils have worked kindly, except those that were rendered adhesive by the feet of animals, in the consumption of winter crops; these require much labour, and for them some frost would be very acceptable.

The young wheats continue to increase in the promising appearance of a prolific tillow; the late congenial weather has given the flag the most healthful colour; and the late sown crops of the winter kind, have recovered from the effects of a superabundant moisture. The spring sown are breaking forth in the most healthful state, and promise, from the great breadths that have been sown, to add considerably to the future stock of this indispensable article.

The barley sowing is in a forward state, and the early sown peas are putting forth the infant plants without having received much injury from the slug.

Turnips, from the mildness of the season, have run much to top, except the Swedish, which, of all the brassica tribe in the climate of England, are the most backward, and consequently the most useful vegetable to fill up that important interval betwixt hay and grass.

Rye, tares, lucern, saintfoin, clover, and all the soiling species, are in the most forward and luxuriant state. Great exertions are making in almost every district to bring into cultivation the numerous and extensive wastes, the necessity of the times having operated most powerfully to remove the prejudices of the people, who now are convinced, that common right of lands is incompatible with a regular supply of human food for an increasing population.

Poetry.

LINES ON A BILL OF MORTALITY.

BY A LADY.

"Now pause, and think—a monitory rhyme
Demands one moment of thy fleeting time!"

ONCE more this sad *memento* strikes the
eye,

Smites the warm heart, excites the tender
sigh;

Calls forth afresh the sympathetic tear,
And bids us mourn again th' expiring
year:

Let the gay youth review the solemn page,
And see death certain here at every age.

Not all the charms that beauty can display,

Stop the stern tyrant for a single day;
Not all the fondness that a mother knows,
Nor all the sweet solicitude she shews,
Can for a moment her lov'd offspring save,
Or snatch her darling from an early grave.

In vain we sit and plan for future years,
And talk of distant joys, of hopes and fears;
Ah! what avail life's most delugious
schemes!—

One moment shews them idle, empty
dreams;

Some sad occurrence,—some beloved friends

Sink to the grave—and all th' enchantment ends !

Witness, ye mourners of the present year,
Who still lament what late ye held so dear,
With what keen pangs ye gave the last embrace,

How loth to quit the lov'd, tho' lifeless face !

'Tis then we view in Truth's unerring glass,

How vain is life, how swift our minutes pass :

Frail nature sinks beneath the awful sound,
And every joy seems sick'ning all around ;
With streaming eye, we view their silent tomb,

And deeply feel that death's our certain doom.

Old age, and heedless youth, and beauty's charms,

Shrink at the thought, and feel the dread alarms ;

No mortal friend the drooping mind can cheer,

No human pow'r protect that mind from fear.

Religion, come with energy divine,
To calm the troubled soul is only thine ;
Teach us, what mental joy from virtue flows,

And the true peace which piety bestows ;
Teach us, that vice, alike through every stage,

Disgraces youth, and shames decrepid age ;

That goodness paints the beauteous face more fair,

And stamps true rev'rence on the hoary hair.

Rise, then, my soul, to nobler prospects rise,

Let Hope, sweet Hope, transport thee to the skies ;

There shalt thou meet again each valued friend,

And all thy doubts, and all thy fears shall end ;

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Each pain shall vanish, ev'ry sorrow fly,
And Mercy's hand shall wipe each weeping eye.

SABRINA.

DECEMBER 31, 1812.

THE ST. IVES' CONCERT :

A CORNISH TALE.

On a time, in the West, where St. Ives placed her seat,

And Cæcilia's sweet sounds never found a retreat,

Some admirers of music a CONCERT proposed,

And their aim to the natives was quickly disclosed.

"What's a CONCERT? a CONCERT?" they eagerly cried ;

"ONE AND ALL" for intelligence earnestly sighed ;

Some believed it a *beast*, others thought it a *spright*,

Or an *animal strange* that had never seen light.

As a *rarceshow* fine, they attended the day,

What each face then depicted, no words can convey ;

Hopes and wishes were strong, when at length there appeared

A post-chaise from Penzance, which they instantly cheered.

In a crowd round they thronged, with their mouths gaping wide,—

Out a gentleman popt, whom they anxiously eyed ;

But each whispered the other—"Oh ! that's not the thing,

Though, perhaps, he's the man who the CONCERT's to bring."

Next a lady stept forth, but they saw nothing new,

Still the object desired was kept from their view ;

All aghast they remained, expectation ran high—

On the door-open carriage was fix'd ev'ry eye.

K k

When at last there alighted, of wonder-
ful size,
A fat dame, who at once fill'd them all
with surprise :
" Here's the CONCERT ! " they echoed,
" the CONCERT we seek ! "
" Why, you fools," said the driver, " 'tis
Madam ***** ! "

THE MOON-RAKER :

A WILTSHIRE TALE.

A Wiltshire wight his steed bestrode,
And off betimes to market rode,
To get provisions for the week,
And other necessaries seek.

Long time he rambled up and down,
To cheapen thing throughout the town ;
This was too dear, and *that* too high :—
Some thought he nothing meant to buy.

At last, howe'er, his wares he got,
And then prepared for home to trot ;
Where he arrived, a little late,
And left his horse without the gate.

The wife, to see her spouse, was pleased ;
Soon of his load they Dobbin eased ;
Each article was counted o'er :—
A CHEESE was missing of the store.

How could it thus have gone astray ?
It must have fallen on the way !
" Haste back, my dear," exclaimed the
wife,
" You'll find it, I will bet my life "

The night was clear, the MOON shone
bright,

When sallied forth again this wight ;
Approached at length the river's side,
And there, he thought, his CHEESE he
spied.

How should he, from the limpid stream,
His trundling piece of goods redeem ?
'Twas what he'd lost, beyond a doubt ;
Perhaps a RAKE might get it out !

The instrument he quickly brought,
Then raked and raked, but nothing caught ;
In vain was every effort made,
Still would the CHEESE his grasp evade.

The SUN arose, the MOON withdrew,
The object sought was lost to view ;
No further hope the scene inspired,
With grief the countryman retired.

SONNET TO HEALTH.

Nymph of the rosy cheek and shining eye,
At whose bright glance the shades of
sickness fly ;

Thou, who delight'st th' inspiring dawn
to greet,

And bathe in dewy pearls thy tender feet,
Come from thy moun ain bowers,
Or from those vales of flowers

Where the young zephyrs drink thy spi-
cy breath ;

Hither thy footsteps, bend,
Here thy soft influence lend,
And chase the visionary form of death.

How shall I woo thee, blooming Health !
to spread

Thy precious garland o'er my lover's
head ?

If thy own celestial grace,
Painted in some shepherd's face,
Has ever caught thy roving eye,
Has ever wak'd one tender sigh,
Soft Sympathy will tell thee,auteous
maid !

What boding fears the breast of love in-
vade :

Then shall thy power my Strephon's eye
reume,

New-tune his voice, and give his wonted
bloom.

ANACREONTIC.

Bring the cup, and let us press it,
To-day is ours, the gods' to-morrow ;
We'll quaff the wine, and then we'll bless
it,

Wine they say will banish sorrow.

At this false world we needs must pine ;
Then, comrades, let's know more about
it,

Since truth they tell us lies in wine,
We cannot get at truth without it.

LONDON MARKETS.

Return of Wheat from March 1 to 6.

TOTAL, 5,504 quarters.—Average, 127s. 0d. per quarter, or 26s. 9d. per quarter higher than last return.

Return of Flour from March 6 to 12.

TOTAL, 14,498 sacks.—Average, 109s. 4d. per sack, or 0s. 1d. per sack higher than last return.

Average of England and Wales, March 13.

	s	d	Barley	Beans
Wheat	121	2	67	0
Rye	88	5	44	3

CORN, SEEDS, &c.

	s	d	Taxes, per bushel
Wheat white, per quarter	90	143	20 33
—red—	90	138	22 29
—foreign—	92	130	—
Rye	70	83	26 35
Barley, English	45	73	14 96
Malt	86	104	90 106
Oats Feed	24	42	63 72
—Friesland—	—	—	100 180
—Potatoe—	46	54	95 120
Beans, Pigeon	80	86	100 140
—Horse—	—	—	—
Peas, Belting	90	110	75 110
—Grey—	80	86	90 135
Flour per sack	110	—	12 64
—Seconds—	95	100	70 78
—Scotch—	90	98	30 31

American Flour—s—s per barrel of 195lbs.
Raped, per last — £63 a £70 a £75
Oil Cakes, per thousand £17. 0s. to £18 0s.

SUGAR, &c. per Cwt.

COFFEE, Bonded.

	s	d	Dominica, Surinam, &c.
Muscovade, fine	92	a 95	75
—good—	87	a 91	0
—ordinary—	82	a 86	0
East India, white	85	a 92	74
—yellow—	81	a 84	69
—brown—	78	a 80	50

Jamaica.

	s	d
Double Loaves	164	a 175
Hambro ditto	128	a 135
Powder ditto	128	a 136
Single ditto	124	a 134
Canary Lumps	121	a 128
Large ditto	118	a 126
Bastards, whole	85	a 87
—faces—	90	a 90
—middles—	87	a 89
—tips—	83	a 86

COCOA, Bonded.

	s	d
Plantation	65	a 60
Spices and Pepper, per lb.	—	—

GINGER.

	s	d
Jamaica, white	82	a 200
Barbadoes, ditto	75	a 80
—black—	70	a 75

RICE, Bonded.

	s	d
Carolina	24	a 26
—black—	25	a 27
—Pimento—	2	a 3

Average price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of duty, 58s 4 1/2.

Several purchases of Raw Sugar, of fine quality, have been made by the shipping; the demand for the home trade continues dull. We have had a little enquiry for Refined Goods for exportation, towards the close of the month.

HOPS in the Borough.

	£	s	d
Bags	—	—	—
—Kent—	—	8	12
—Sussex—	—	8	11
—Essex—	—	0	0

CORN, &c. per Quarter.

	March	Wheat	Barley	Oats	Beans	Peas
Norwich	13	64	a 127	52	a 64	33
Northampton	13	124	a 130	66	a 70	45
Canterbury	—	—	—	—	—	—
Lewes	—	—	—	—	—	—
Chichester	13	80	a 128	60	a 78	35
Ashbourne	13	120	a 129	66	a 78	44
Guildford	20	—	—	—	—	—
Gaithersburg	17	118	a 120	68	a 78	46
Louth	17	115	a 120	68	a 78	46
Huntingdon	13	107	a 120	68	a 78	44
Newark	17	116	a 120	68	a 78	40
Spilsby	17	105	a 115	45	a 68	36
Reigate	—	—	—	—	—	—
Devizes	18	106	a 124	45	a 74	43
Reading	20	110	a 124	45	a 74	43
Swansea	17	125	a 125	68	a 78	35
Henley	—	—	—	—	—	—
Maidenhead	16	106	a 124	62	a 79	38
Salisbury	16	118	a 124	62	a 79	38
Pearth	—	—	—	—	—	—
Hull	—	—	—	—	—	—
Basingstoke	17	122	a 126	58	a 70	38
Walsfield	19	106	a 115	38	a 72	35
Aldford	—	—	—	—	—	—
Warminster	—	—	—	—	—	—

SPIRITS, per Gallon (exclusive of duty).

	s	d	Brandy, Cognac	Spanish	Irish	Scotch	Low, Lel.
Brandy, Cognac	8	9	a 9	6	—	—	—
Spanish	5	0	a 5	2	—	—	—
Irish	8	0	a 8	0	—	—	—
Hollandia Gin	8	0	a 8	0	—	—	—
Rum, Jamaica	4	6	a 4	6	—	—	—
—Low, Lel.	3	9	a 3	9	—	—	—

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR FEBRUARY, 1813.

Conducted, at Manchester, by THOMAS HANSON, Esq.

1813. FEB	Wind.	Pressure.			Temperature.			Weather.	Evap.	Rain
		Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.			
1	S 1	30,75	30,33	30,560	40,0°	35,0°	37,50°	rainy	—	—
2	Var. 1	30,45	30,30	30,375	40,0	32,0	36,00	cloudy	—	—
3	S 1	30,60	30,45	30,525	42,0	32,0	37,00	cloudy	—	—
4	S 1	30,60	30,40	30,500	42,0	34,0	38,00	cloudy	—	—
5	S W 1	30,40	29,70	30,050	43,0	35,0	39,50	cloudy	—	—
6	W 2	29,70	29,50	30,000	43,0	36,0	39,50	cloudy	—	—
7	W 3	29,65	29,55	30,000	46,0	36,0	41,00	cloudy	—	—
8	S W 3	29,65	29,04	30,345	52,0	38,0	45,00	rainy	—	—
9	W 4	29,45	29,04	29,245	50,0	37,0	43,50	cloudy	—	—
10	W 3	29,85	29,45	29,650	48,0	36,0	40,50	fine	—	—
11	S W 2	29,60	29,65	29,775	47,5	39,0	43,00	fine	—	—
12	S 3	29,65	28,72	29,185	50,0	39,0	44,50	cloudy	—	—
13	S 2	29,00	28,72	28,860	49,0	37,0	43,00	fine	—	1,075
14	S 2	29,00	28,55	28,775	52,0	37,0	44,50	rainy	—	—
15	S W 3	28,55	28,40	28,505	50,0	37,0	43,50	cloudy	—	—
16	W 4	28,92	28,40	28,660	49,5	37,0	43,25	cloudy	—	—
17	S W 4	28,92	28,40	28,660	46,0	36,0	41,00	rainy	—	—
18	S W 4	29,50	28,05	29,210	47,0	39,0	43,00	cloudy	—	—
19	S 3	29,70	29,07	29,385	50,0	36,0	43,00	cloudy	—	—
20	S W 3	29,60	29,17	29,385	51,0	40,0	45,50	cloudy	—	—
21	S W 2	29,41	29,15	29,295	54,0	45,0	49,50	rainy	—	—
22	S W 4	29,40	29,15	29,275	54,0	33,0	46,00	rainy	—	—
23	S W 3	29,85	29,40	29,625	47,0	34,0	40,50	fine	—	—
24	N W 3	30,19	29,95	30,020	47,0	34,0	40,50	fine	—	—
25	S W 2	30,19	29,84	30,015	46,0	34,0	41,50	rainy	—	—
26	S W 3	29,84	29,49	29,665	51,0	34,0	42,50	rainy	—	—
27	W 4	30,20	29,49	29,890	45,0	33,0	40,00	cloudy	—	—
28	W 3	30,50	30,29	29,395	50,0	38,0	44,00	fine	—	.985
		Mean 29 530			Mean 41,97					2,040

RESULTS.

Mean monthly pressure, 29 530—maximum, 30 50, wind W. 3.—Minimum, 28 40, wind S. W 4.—Range, 2,10 inch

The greatest variation of pressure in 24 hours, is 1 inch, which was on the 19th.

Mean temperature, 40° 97.—Maximum, 50° wind S. W 2.—Minimum 32° wind Var. 1.—Range 22.

The greatest variation of temperature in 24 hours is 17°, which was on the 26th.

Spaces described by the barometer, 13,15 inches.—Number of changes, 21.

Rain, &c. this month, 2 040 inches.—Number of wet days, 14.—Total rain this year, 3,485 inches

WIND.

N	NE	E	SE	S	SW	W	NW	Variable.	Calm.
0	0	0	0	7	12	7	1	1	0

Brisk winds 12—Boisterous ones 5

The monthly mean temperature of this month is six degrees warmer than that of the preceding one: the minimum, which was just freezing, occurred on the morning of the 2d.—The weather, with the exception of a few days, was gloomy, cloudy, and rainy throughout; accompanied with very long continued boisterous winds, from the west and south-west, particularly during the last fortnight.—The atmosphere, as is usual in high winds, was very much agitated in the present month: the minimum was on the 17th, attended with a strong wind from the south-west; the greatest variation in twenty-four hours took place the day following: after the mercurial surface had described a few obtuse angles, it gained the summit of elevation on the eve of the 28th.—On the 13th, in the evening, there was a large, but faint lunar halo, wind south, and almost calm; the barometer, during the day, lost an inch of pressure.—How far these occurrences may indicate an approaching storm (as was the case in the present instance), must be decided by future observations.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR FEBRUARY, 1813.

Conducted by Mr. J. GIBSON, Laboratory, Stratford, Essex.

1813 FEB.	Wind.	Pressure.			Temperature.			Weather.	Exp.	Rain.
		Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.			
1	N W	30,26	30,25	30,255	41°	30°	35,5°	cloudy	—	—
2	N W	30,27	30,26	30,265	37	32	34,5	cloudy	—	—
3	N W	30,35	30,27	30,310	43	34	38,5	cloudy	—	—
4	W	30,36	30,19	30,270	41	34	37,5	cloudy	—	—
5	S	30,19	29,78	29,985	47	30	41,5	cloudy	—	—
6	S W	29,89	29,78	29,935	47	38	42,5	fine	—	—
7	S W	29,90	29,79	29,885	48	37	42,5	showery	—	—
8	S W	29,66	29,61	29,645	56	44	48,0	stormy	—	—
9	S W	29,88	29,66	29,770	51	35	43,0	showery	—	.36
10	W	30,00	29,88	29,940	46	33	39,5	fine	—	—
11	S	30,00	29,75	29,875	47	35	41,0	fine	—	—
12	S	29,75	29,28	29,515	50	44	50,0	cloudy	—	—
13	S W	29,48	29,47	29,425	57	39	48,0	showery	—	.33
14	S W	29,38	29,27	29,335	52	42	47,0	stormy	.71	.30
15	S W	29,34	29,27	29,305	52	41	46,5	windy	—	.18
16	N W	29,44	29,34	29,390	48	41	44,5	windy	—	—
17	S W	29,37	29,30	29,335	52	43	47,5	rainy	—	.27
18	S W	29,88	29,37	29,625	52	41	46,5	windy	—	—
19	S	29,66	29,60	29,630	50	40	48,0	cloudy	—	.19
20	S W	29,80	29,66	29,730	53	42	47,5	cloudy	—	—
21	S W	29,70	29,69	29,695	57	40	51,0	fair	—	—
22	S W	29,80	29,69	29,745	57	41	49,0	boister.	—	—
23	N W	30,03	29,80	29,915	45	35	40,0	rain	—	.43
24	W	30,14	30,03	30,085	49	32	40,5	fine	—	—
25	S W	30,14	29,90	30,020	50	35	42,5	cloudy	—	—
26	S W	29,94	29,90	29,920	52	35	43,5	cloudy	1.25	—
27	N W	30,29	29,94	30,105	46	32	39,0	windy	—	.22
28	N W	30,35	30,30	30,325	50	34	42,0	fine	.23	—
		Mean			Mean			Total	2.19 in.	2.28 in.

RESULTS.—Prevailing winds, south-west.—Mean height of barometer, 29,828 inches; highest observation, 30,35 inches; lowest, 29,27 inches.—Mean height of thermometer, 43,5°.—highest observation, 57°—lowest, 30°.—Total of evaporation, 2.19 inches.—Rain 2.28 in.

Notes.—1st. Foggy morning.—4th. Very gloomy morning.—7th. Heavy shower of rain about 4 o'clock P. M.—8th. Stormy morning; very boisterous night.—9th. A tremendous gale of wind and rain from the W. about two o'clock P. M. with thunder and lightning; considerable damage done by it, at Stratford, to the chimnies and roofs of houses.—11th. A lunar halo at night.—12th and 13th. Stormy nights.—14th. Boisterous morning.—15th. Very stormy evening and night.—16th. Stormy night.—17th. The wind blew quite a gale all night, with rain from the S. W.; the marshes bordering on the River Lea overflowed.—18th. A very strong wind from the S. W. all day.—19th. Very tempestuous night.—24th. A hail-storm between five and six o'clock P. M.—26th. Stormy night.

Prices of Fire-Office, Mine, Dock, Canal, Water-Works, Brewery, and Public Institution Shares, &c. &c. for MARCH, 1813.

Albion Fire and Life Ass	£45 a 45 10s. per sh.	Grand Junction Canal	£239	per sh.
Globe Ditto	104 do.	Huddersfield Ditto	18 a 17 gs.	do.
Royal Exchange	275 do.	Kennett and Avon Ditto	93	do.
London Dock Stock	100 a 10s per ct.	Shrewsbury Ditto	110	do.
West India Ditto	146 do.	Leicester Ditto	210	do.
East Country	68 do. per sh.	Wills and Berks Ditto	16 10s.	do.
East London Waterworks	63 a 65 10s do.	Beeralstone Lead and		
West Middlesex Ditto	36 10s a 37 do.	Silver Mines	45	do. pm.
Blackfriars Canal	565 do.	London Institution	48 a 47 a 45 do.	
Grand Trunk Ditto	110 do.	British Herring Fishery	8	do. dis.
Coventry Ditto	800 do.	Covent-Garden Theatre	400	do.
Edinburgh Ditto	65 do.	Auction Mart	90	do.

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PRICES OF STOCKS.

Date	Bank Stock	3 Pr Ct Consols	3 Pr Ct Red	Cons 14 pr ct	Navy 5 pr ct	Long Ann	Oranum	Imp 1 pr ct	Imp Ann	Imp Ann	Imp Ann	Sea Stock	Sea Ann	India Stock	India Bonds	Exchgr Bills 31d	1st Insty, Tickets	Cons for ac. Feb 26
Feb 22	—	58 1/2	59 1/2	75 1/2	88 1/2	15 1/2	7 1/2 Pm	—	—	—	—	62 1/2	—	—	7 Dis	6 Pm	58 1/2	Feb 26
24	219 1/2	58 1/2	59 1/2	75 1/2	88 1/2	15 1/2	7 1/2 Pm	—	—	—	—	62 1/2	—	—	6 Dis	6 Pm	58 1/2	58 1/2
26	219 1/2	59 1/2	59 1/2	76	88 1/2	15 1/2	7 1/2 Pm	—	—	—	—	62 1/2	—	10 1/2	6 Dis	6 Pm	—	—
28	220	59 1/2	59 1/2	75 1/2	88 1/2	15 1/2	6 1/2 Pm	5 1/2	4 1/2	—	—	—	—	10 1/2	6 Dis	6 Pm	—	—
29	219 1/2	58 1/2	59 1/2	75 1/2	88 1/2	15 1/2	—	5 1/2	4 1/2	—	—	—	—	10 1/2	6 Dis	6 Pm	—	—
30	219	58 1/2	59 1/2	75 1/2	88 1/2	15 1/2	—	5 1/2	4 1/2	—	—	—	—	10 1/2	6 Dis	6 Pm	—	—
1	219 1/2	58 1/2	59 1/2	75 1/2	88 1/2	15 1/2	—	5 1/2	4 1/2	—	—	—	—	10 1/2	6 Dis	6 Pm	—	—
2	219 1/2	58 1/2	59 1/2	75 1/2	88 1/2	15 1/2	—	5 1/2	4 1/2	—	—	—	—	10 1/2	6 Dis	6 Pm	—	—
3	219 1/2	58 1/2	59 1/2	75 1/2	88 1/2	15 1/2	—	5 1/2	4 1/2	—	—	—	—	10 1/2	6 Dis	6 Pm	—	—
4	219 1/2	58 1/2	59 1/2	75 1/2	88 1/2	15 1/2	—	5 1/2	4 1/2	—	—	—	—	10 1/2	6 Dis	6 Pm	—	—
5	219 1/2	58 1/2	59 1/2	75 1/2	88 1/2	15 1/2	—	5 1/2	4 1/2	—	—	—	—	10 1/2	6 Dis	6 Pm	—	—
6	219 1/2	58 1/2	59 1/2	75 1/2	88 1/2	15 1/2	—	5 1/2	4 1/2	—	—	—	—	10 1/2	6 Dis	6 Pm	—	—
7	219 1/2	58 1/2	59 1/2	75 1/2	88 1/2	15 1/2	—	5 1/2	4 1/2	—	—	—	—	10 1/2	6 Dis	6 Pm	—	—
8	219 1/2	58 1/2	59 1/2	75 1/2	88 1/2	15 1/2	—	5 1/2	4 1/2	—	—	—	—	10 1/2	6 Dis	6 Pm	—	—
9	219 1/2	58 1/2	59 1/2	75 1/2	88 1/2	15 1/2	—	5 1/2	4 1/2	—	—	—	—	10 1/2	6 Dis	6 Pm	—	—
10	219 1/2	58 1/2	59 1/2	75 1/2	88 1/2	15 1/2	—	5 1/2	4 1/2	—	—	—	—	10 1/2	6 Dis	6 Pm	—	—
11	219 1/2	58 1/2	59 1/2	75 1/2	88 1/2	15 1/2	—	5 1/2	4 1/2	—	—	—	—	10 1/2	6 Dis	6 Pm	—	—
12	219 1/2	58 1/2	59 1/2	75 1/2	88 1/2	15 1/2	—	5 1/2	4 1/2	—	—	—	—	10 1/2	6 Dis	6 Pm	—	—
13	219 1/2	58 1/2	59 1/2	75 1/2	88 1/2	15 1/2	—	5 1/2	4 1/2	—	—	—	—	10 1/2	6 Dis	6 Pm	—	—
14	219 1/2	58 1/2	59 1/2	75 1/2	88 1/2	15 1/2	—	5 1/2	4 1/2	—	—	—	—	10 1/2	6 Dis	6 Pm	—	—
15	219 1/2	58 1/2	59 1/2	75 1/2	88 1/2	15 1/2	—	5 1/2	4 1/2	—	—	—	—	10 1/2	6 Dis	6 Pm	—	—
16	219 1/2	58 1/2	59 1/2	75 1/2	88 1/2	15 1/2	—	5 1/2	4 1/2	—	—	—	—	10 1/2	6 Dis	6 Pm	—	—
17	219 1/2	58 1/2	59 1/2	75 1/2	88 1/2	15 1/2	—	5 1/2	4 1/2	—	—	—	—	10 1/2	6 Dis	6 Pm	—	—
18	219 1/2	58 1/2	59 1/2	75 1/2	88 1/2	15 1/2	—	5 1/2	4 1/2	—	—	—	—	10 1/2	6 Dis	6 Pm	—	—
19	219 1/2	58 1/2	59 1/2	75 1/2	88 1/2	15 1/2	—	5 1/2	4 1/2	—	—	—	—	10 1/2	6 Dis	6 Pm	—	—
20	219 1/2	58 1/2	59 1/2	75 1/2	88 1/2	15 1/2	—	5 1/2	4 1/2	—	—	—	—	10 1/2	6 Dis	6 Pm	—	—

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 For MAY, 1813.
 VOL. IX.

The Fifty-third Number.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS,

We earnestly solicit communications (post paid) from the professors of the arts in general, as well as authors, respecting works which they may have in hand. We conceive that the evident advantage which must accrue to both from the more extensive publicity that will be given to their productions through the medium of the Repository, needs only to be mentioned, to induce them to favour us with such information, which shall always meet with the most prompt attention.

J. M. L. has our best thanks for his Prose Essay, but as it seems to bear rather too hard upon a particular class of persons, and it is not our wish to make enemies, we must decline the insertion of it in the Repository. It will be returned to him, on application to the Publisher. His Stanzas shall have an early place.

Several articles of Literary Intelligence, which arrived too late for the present Number, shall, of course, be attended to next month. We must once more request all such articles to be forwarded to us on or before the 15th of the month.

On an examination of Theodore's poetical pieces, we find them so far below the standard proposed for the Repository, as to be obliged to decline their insertion.

The Proprietor begs leave to remind such of his Readers as have imperfect sets of the Repository, of the necessity of an early application for the deficiencies, in order to prevent disappointment. Those who chuse to return their Numbers to the Publisher, may have them exchanged for Volumes in a variety of bindings, at the rate of 4s. 6d. per Volume.

THE
Repository
OF
ARTS, LITERATURE, COMMERCE,
Manufactures, Fashions, and Politics,
For MAY, 1813.

The Fifty-third Number.

—————The suffrage of the wise,
The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

ARMSTRONG.

CONVERSATIONS ON THE ARTS.—By JUNIUS.

(Continued from p. 196.)

Miss K. Du Piles, speaking of the sculpture of the Greeks, says, that they more commonly made their figures naked than the Romans, and chose subjects more agreeable to the desire of exciting an admiration of the depths of the art, by representing their knowledge of the human form. Michael Angelo, Raphael, Fuseli, and some others among the moderns, seem also very desirous to shew the purity of a correct outline of the naked figure. A facetious writer mentions some modern painters, and several at present in this country, who run into the contrary extreme, and whose figures often look like porters overloaded in a blanket manufactory, sweating under the fatigue of their employment. Winkelmann says of the moderns, that most artists, since Raphael, seem

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to have forgotten, that drapery is susceptible of grace, in giving such a preference to heavy garments, which may justly be denominated the wrappers of ignorance; since a thick drapery, with large folds, may spare the artist the pains of tracing the contour under it with beautiful accuracy, after the manner of the ancients. Bernini, Pietro da Cortona, Carlo Maratti, and many others, have fallen into this practice.

Miss Ege. How do you manage your drapery?

Miss K. I always draw the figure first, and aim at purity of outline, which I endeavour to set off by drapery to the best advantage. Even when I draw a tree, I draw the boughs first. I draw both, as it were, anatomically, softening as I proceed. When I clothe the tree

L 1

with leaves, I observe their perspective in the foliage on various roads,

Miss *Eve*. Suppose you were going to paint the whole-length of a lady, in the manner of Sir Joshua Reynolds, how would you begin?

Miss *K*. I would chuse some of the most approved attitudes of Vandyke, Rubens, Holbein, Velasquez, More, Lely, Kneller, &c. such as the common-place one of the hand turned behind, and holding up the drapery. I would dress my layman from the best selection that has been made by these great masters of the art. The folding would of course make considerable difference in the detail, or smaller parts. I would here and there alter, for disguise, without reducing the merit, as apothecaries do with their innocent coloured liquids. As the painters whom I should chuse for my models have adopted the best selections, I must either do this, or worse: I therefore copy these great masters as the less evil. I can so disguise, that the most penetrating artist can seldom trace my plagiarisms; and as to the *cognoscenti*, my methods are algebra to their conceptions.

When I would make a picture shewy, I put plenty of red, yellow, and white towards the middle. These balance, contrast, &c. according to the reason and scheme of the work. Much of this machinery, also, I borrow from those masters who can best supply it; I skim, as it were, the cream of their works. But to return.

The Greeks, in their statues represented gods rather than men; and in their basso-relievos, Bacchanals and sacrifices, rather than

history. The Romans, on the contrary, in their statues and basso-relievos, aimed at transmitting the likenesses of their emperors to posterity, studiously preserved the truth of history, and dressed their figures according to the prevailing mode.

Miss *Eve*. How different is the method which the sculptors of this country have adopted! Gibbons, for instance, has represented Charles II. in the center of the Royal Exchange in a Roman dress. His brother James, at Whitehall, appears in the same costume; and the busts of Fox, Pitt, Bardsley, Burke, Garrick, and Dr. Johnson, are all, Cæsar-like, without drapery.

Miss *K*. A writer on grace observes, that grace extends even to the garments, and such were given to the Graces by the ancients. "How," he asks, "would you wish to see the Graces dressed? Certainly not in birth-day robes, but rather like a beauty you love, in an easy *negligée*."

Miss *Eve*. Will you sing me a classical song about love?

Miss *K*. I will sing you the ancient love song of that unfortunate pair, Hero and Leander.

Leander, on the bay
Of Hellespont, all naked stood;
Impatient of delay,
He leap'd into the fatal flood:
The raging seas,
Whom none can please,
'Gainst him their malice shew;
The heavens lower'd
The rain down pour'd,
And loud the winds did blow.

Then casting round his eyes,
Thus of his fate he did complain:
Ye cruel rocks and skies,
Ye stormy winds and angry main,
What 'tis to miss
The lover's bliss,

Alas! ye do not know!
Make me your wretch
When I come back,
But spare me as I go.

Lo! yonder stands the tow'r
Where my beloved Hero lies,
And this th' appointed hour,
Which sets to watch her longing eyes.
To his fond suit
The gods were mute,
The billows answer'd, No:
Up to the skies
The surges rise,
And sunk the youth as low.

Meanwhile the wishing maid,
Divided 'twixt her care and love,
Now does his stay upbraid,
Now dreads he should the passage prove.
O Fate, said she,
Nor Heaven, nor thee,
Our vows shall e'er divide;
I'd leap this wall,
Could I but fall
By young Leander's side.

At length the rising sun
Did to her sight reveal, too late,
That Hero was undone;
Not by Leander's fault, but fate.
Said she, I'll shew,
Though we are two,
Our loves were ever ones:
This proof I'll give,
I will not live,
Nor shall he die alone.

Down from the walls she leap'd
Into the raging seas to him,
Capt'ring each wave she met
To teach her weary arms to swim:
The sea-gods wept,
Nor longer kept
Her from her lover's side;
When join'd at last,
She grasp'd him fast,
Then sigh'd, embrac'd, and died.

Miss Eve. What think you of love? Do you believe that it often produces the joys which are anticipated by lovers?

Miss K. For a short time it may. Their continuance depends on the qualities on which love is founded. The raptures of sensuality soon subside; but love founded on esteem is more durable. Love, without

doubt, is often the source of much happiness. "Without love no happiness," is a sentiment which Milton puts into the mouth of Raphael.

Miss Eve. How is this expressed?

Miss K. Adam, when conversing with the angel in Paradise, wishes to be informed how superior spirits express their love. His words are:

To love thou blam'st me not, for love thou say'st
Leads up to heaven, is both the way and guide;
Bear with me, then, if lawful what I ask:
Love not the heav'nly spirits, and how their love
Express they? By looks only, or do they mix
Irradiance virtual or immediate touch?

To whom the angel, with a smile that glow'd
Celestial rays red, love's proper hue,
Answer'd,—Let it suffice thee, that thou know'st

Us happy, and without love no happiness.
Whatever pure thou in the body enjoy'st
(And pure thou wert created), we enjoy
In eminence, and obstacle find none
Of membrane, joint, or limb, exclusive bars;
Easier than air with air, if spirits embrace,
Total they mix, union of pure with pure
Desiring; nor restrain'd conveyance need,
As flesh to mix with flesh, or soul with soul.

Miss Eve. Where there is real affection, I think the happiest lovers are such as you and I, who delight in the practice of virtue and the pursuit of science—a sort of fellow students, like Abelard and Heloise. Such a husband and wife, after their studies, and even in their contemplations, to use the language of Milton,—

Total they mix—union of soul with soul.

Sappho, of Mitylene, was such a woman; but Phaon, though so beautiful, was probably not such a man. This unfortunate female, to cure her passion, leaped from the Lovers' Rock into the sea, and perished.

Miss K. There is an uncommon sweetness in the ~~form~~ of her poetical fragments that are yet extant. Do you remember any of them?

Miss Eve. I will sing to the harp a song by that celebrated poetess of Lesbos.

Blest as th' immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

'Twas this depriv'd my soul of rest,
And rais'd such tumults in my breast;
For while I gaz'd, in transport lost,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glow'd, a subtle flame
Ran quick through all my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,
My ears with hollow murmur rang.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd;
My feeble pulse forgot to play,
I fainted, sunk, and died away.

Miss K. In this newspaper is an affecting picture of the destructive effects sometimes attendant on ill-starred love.

"A few miles from Florence, a lady of singular beauty and exquisite symmetry, was lately found dead beneath a tree. She held fast in her lifeless hand the miniature painting of a gentleman, and upon her snow-white breast was pendent a ticket or label, inscribed with the following words:—'O you who have hearts susceptible of sympathy and compassion, if you find the remains of a woman who lost her reason for love, disdain not to fulfil her desire, and perform the last sad office of affording her a coffin and a grave. Were you to open her bosom, which, in all events and vicissitudes of fortune, remained chaste and pure, you would therein find a heart the victim of suffering and woe.'"

Miss Eve. Poor, unhappy lady! she was probably an Italian. The worthiest natures suffer most when love is unfortunate.

Which are, in your opinion, the handsomest women in the world?

Miss K. Some of the natives of Georgia, Circassia, and the neighbouring countries, are said to be the most beautiful; some of the Grecian and Turkish women, with their noses slightly convex or straight, their brilliant hawk-like eyes, resembling living diamonds, and their dark hair. Those countries are said to be the most agreeable in the world, and some of their females are considered as its most beautiful, elegant, and lovely inhabitants. The Turkish seraglios are supplied with beauties chiefly from Circassia and Georgia.

The ancients are said to have preferred golden hair, or that of a bright glossy yellow colour. Most of the women of England, or Britons, are related to have had hair of that colour, before the invasion of Julius Cæsar.—You, Miss Eve, and many other Jewesses, have, in great perfection, those sparkling, hawk-like eyes, resembling pairs of living brilliants, those Grecian and Roman noses, and that dark hair of which I was just speaking.

Miss Eve. I was walking yesterday through Whitechapel, with a Miss Mendez. "How handsome many of these Jewesses are!" said a person passing by. "'Tis a pity," answered another, "that so many of them look so much like gypsies."

Miss K. Lady Montagu, in one of her letters from Turkey, says, that the Turkish ladies use a mixture whose effect is to darken the eyes. It is this hawk-like eye that

Burns, the Scotch poet, describes in one of his songs:

Miss *Ere*. Will you sing it?

Miss K.

Again rejoicing Nature sees
Her robe assume its vernal hues,
Her leafy locks wave in the breeze,
All freshly steep'd in morning dews.

CHORUS.

And maun I still on Minie doat,
And bear the scorn that's in her ee,
For it's jet black, and it's like a hawk,
And it winna let a body be.

In vain to me the cowslips blaw,
In vain to me the violets spring,
In vain to me in glen or shaw
The mavis and the lute-white sing.

And maun I, &c.

The merry plough-boy cheers his team,
Wi' joy the tentie seedman stalks;
But life's to me a weary dream,
The dream of one that never wakes.

And maun I, &c.

The wanton coot the water skims,
Among the reeds the ducklings cry;
The stately swan majestic swims,
And every thing is blest but I.

And maun I, &c.

The shepherd
... o'er the moorlands whistles shrill;
Wi' wild, unequal, waud'ring step,
I met him on the dewy hill.

And maun I, &c.

And when the lark 'tween light and dark,
Blythe wakens by the daisy's side,
And mouthing sings on flutt'ring wings,
A woe-worn ghost I homeward glide.

And maun I, &c.

Come, Winter, with thine angry bowl,
And raging, bend the naked tree;
Thy gloom will sooth my cheerless soul,
When nature is all sad like me.

And maun I, &c.

Miss *Ere*. Do you know Burns' dates?

Miss K. He was b'ed to the plough, and died at Dumfries, July 21, 1796, aged about 38. He is called the glory and the shame of Scotland, because he was permitted to live and die in indigence.

Miss *Ere*. His merits entitle him to the appellation of a second Allan Ramsay: he deserved a better fate.—Can you tell me what was the *Troje ludus* among the Romans?

Miss K. This game is said to have been invented by Ascanius, and was celebrated by companies of noble youths, neatly equipped with proper armour and weapons, and headed either by the next heir to the empire, or the son of some eminent senator, who was styled *Princeps Juventutis*. This game was performed on horseback, and the motions of a warlike onset or retreat, were employed as the medium of instruction in martial exercises. It answers to the *Pyrhica Saltatio* of the Greeks, with this difference, that the latter was exhibited on foot. The shews of wild beasts among the Romans were designed to pay honour to Diana, the patroness of hunting. To this end, all kinds of wild beasts were brought, at an immense expence, from the most remote parts of the world. Some of these creatures were intended merely to gratify the curiosity of the people, who doated on such strange sights, as crocodiles, unicorns, and flying dragons; others were brought for combat, as lions, tigers, leopards, lynxes, and rhinoceroses; others purely for the delight and use of the spectators, who were allowed to catch what deer, hares, and rabbits they could.

The shews of beasts among the Romans may be reduced to three classes:—1. When the people were thus allowed to carry off such oxen or sheep as they could catch, for their own use.—2. When beast fought against beast, as a lion

matched against a tiger, a wild bull against an elephant, a rhinoceros against a bear, or deer were hunted by a pack of dogs.—3. When the combat was between man and beast. The men engaged in this enterprize had the general name of *Bestiarii*, and were either condemned persons, or those who hired themselves out like gladiators, for pay; and at last the nobility, gentry, and even females had the courage to engage voluntarily in these actions. But of all the Circensian shews, as they were termed, those of the gladiators were the favourite entertainment of the Roman people in general. They owe their origin to the very ancient custom of sacrificing captives or slaves at the funerals or tombs of eminent men; the people of antiquity having a notion, that the ghosts of the deceased were gratified with this practice. As persons of all ranks were found to take particular delight in such cruel spectacles, it became customary for the heirs, not only of the principal magistrates, but also of the wealthy citizens, to present them with the fights of gladiators; and even the priests themselves were often exhibitors of these sanguinary entertainments. At last the consuls, dictators, and emperors, in order to ingratiate themselves with the commonalty, made a birth-day, a triumph, or the consecration of a public edifice, a pretence for exhibiting a shew of gladiators; and as their return became more frequent, so did the number of the combatants and of the days devoted to the solemnity increase; the former rising from three pair to 320, and the latter from one day to 123. Some

of these gladiators were either captives taken in war, or persons condemned to that life, or slaves bought and instructed by able masters, and let out to hire for the purpose. In a short time, however, the freemen themselves claimed the privilege of being killed to divert their fellow-citizens, and took pay for so doing at the amphitheatres. Knights, senators, and ladies of quality themselves were not ashamed to enter the lists, and own the profession, till restrained by a public edict of Augustus.

The Naumachia, as to their form, are nowhere particularly described, but are supposed to have differed very little in that point from the circus, or amphitheatre; only the lower part, or ground plot, was filled with water, for the representation of naval fights or rowing matches. They were at first designed to initiate the Romans into a knowledge of sea affairs in their wars with the Carthaginians, and were afterwards improved into one of their solemn shews, as well to gratify the people as to promote naval experience and discipline. Some of the emperors, affecting popularity, were at vast expence to court the people by entertainments of this nature. The Emperor Claudius made use of the Fucine lake, on which he exhibited a most magnificent naval engagement to an infinite multitude of spectators. Domitian formed by art a sea of water, and then produced a number of vessels on either side, sufficient to have furnished two complete navies for a real fight: but Heliogabalus, in his representation of a naumachia, filled the channel with wine instead of water, and thus outdid all his former

outdoings. Such was the excess to which these spectacles had arrived, that it was not uncommon for one of the most beautiful females that could be procured, to act stark naked on the stage, as the representative of Venus rising from the sea.

The Stadia were places in the form of a circus, appropriated exclusively to races of men and horses. The most magnificent of these structures was built by Domitian.

The Campus Martius, consecrat-

ed to the god Mars, was much resorted to by the Romans, on account of the sports and exercises performed there. Here the young nobility practised all feats of activity, and learned the use of arms and the rudiments of war. Here too races of chariots, or between single horses, often took place; and, upon the whole, the pleasing variety of sights exhibited on this spot, rendered it one of the most agreeable places about the city.

JUNINUS.

LETTERS FROM ITALY.

LETTER XIX.

Dear T—,

THE return of the court from Palermo, so long and so anxiously wished for, and so often falsely reported, is no longer a matter of speculation. It has been officially announced, and the preparations for a suitable reception of the royal fugitives, are already in great forwardness: but I sadly fear I shall not be a witness of all the fine sights and shows which will be exhibited on the occasion. Naples is already intolerably hot, and growing worse every day, while I am not getting much better in my health, however good my spirits may be. I have therefore resolved to depart northward (homewards, my boy!), as soon as I can find a companion among the daily arrivals of officers from Malta, on their way to England. Alone I cannot venture to traverse Italy and France in my present debilitated state; but to meet with a sensible and feeling fellow-traveller, good natured enough to put up with the society

of one whom he may, perhaps, have to nurse, is not an easy matter. One refusal I have already encountered, on mentioning candidly my condition; and another I have given to a poor fellow more shattered than myself, whom probably I should not have brought beyond the Pontine marshes: not surely from any uncharitable motives; but what attention could an invalid like me pay to an aguish and ophthalmic chaise companion, blind of one eye, and of doubtful vision with the other?

The universal joy which the news of the king's expected arrival has spread over this city, could not be greater for a Titus, an Antoninus, a *Henry quatre*, or a George. The people here are literally mad. This ecstasy my cynic landlord, who sees every object through the medium of his discoloured and splenetic fancy, malignantly deduces rather from the eagerness of the vulgar for the expected festivities and exhibitions, and their hope of

the return of prosperity with that of the court and its numerous attendants, than from any effervescence of loyalty; a virtue which he prides himself to possess in a pre-eminent degree, and for which, indeed, according to his relation, he has suffered severe persecution during the revolutionary epoch of the recent Neapolitan history. When he speaks of his king, it is invariably by these fond terms, "*il nostro amatissimo sovrano.*" * This really sincere devotion to his king, a few days ago, procured him a singular office.

In order to give to this city, beautiful enough in itself, a kind of temporary holiday dress, it is at this moment in the act of being decorated with a number of superb gingerbread structures, wherever there is room for cramming them, all of classic model, you may suppose.—Amphitheatres, temples, triumphal arches, and colonnades, are springing up like mushrooms. The marble and granite solidity of their ancestors of the Augustan age—lack a day!—is aped in canvas and deal boards! The superintendence of the erection of one of these doll's houses, is said to be a good thing; and I am assured by Don Michele, that, if every competitor had had a slice of the job of canvas-architecture, a very decent city might have been run up; and that, as government could not possibly satisfy all, many of the disappointed canvas-candidates had gone over to the opposition, (if I may be allowed to profane this hallowed term by transplanting it to Neapolitan soil) and might, for ought he knows, attempt to make a patriotic bonfire of these combustible monuments

of modern grandeur, even before they were completed.—"These are your Neapolitan patriots," exclaimed the indignant Don Michele, "whose country is in their purse, instead of being in their hearts. You smile, Signor Don Luigi! Ah! you, that come from the bosom of a free and great people, are unacquainted with the sordid, the base motives which guide the actions of a majority of our Neapolitans, from the highest to the lowest. Protection, patronage"—(the word *interest* is not current at Naples) "is here the surest road to preferment," &c.

I'll save you the rest of his eloquent philippic, which, to know the rights of it, equally had its source in disappointment. Poor Don Michele had made great interest for the amphitheatre, which, in the full confidence of his loyalty, he made sure to obtain, but which fell to the share of a more powerful competitor: thus, not getting the amphitheatre, he was obliged to content himself with a triumphal arch. This humbler employ he would disdainfully have refused, had not his better-half (one of those good-natured creatures who know how to accommodate things to circumstances), by the admixture of two or three apposite proverbial sayings, proved, to demonstration, the expediency of being contented with the lesser boon, if the greater be out of our reach. Although, however, Don Michele, in appearance at least, had so far yielded to his consort's reasonable representations, as to accept of the honour of the triumphal arch, and to put an active hand to the great work, his mind has been any thing but at ease ever

since. He is determined to welcome his amatissimo sovrano with a *supplica*, setting forth the vile arts practised against one of his majesty's liege subjects; and for this week past there has been more sparring between this opposite couple, than during my whole previous stay in the house: only a day or two ago, when I asked Donna Luisa, what the noise below was about, she replied with a sigh, "Cos' altro se non quel maledetto *Fiteatro**?"

Yesterday had been agreed upon to accompany Don Michele down to the city to inspect the fruits of his architectural genius, together with the other *machiné*, (as he calls these wooden monuments) in different parts of the town.—While dressing, I plainly heard under my feet, his stentorial lower notes in counterpoint with the additional keys of madame, on the eternal subject of these unfortunate *machiné*; to put an end to which concert, I used greater speed in my toilette.—Just as I entered the room, Donna Maria thought proper to put forth a submissive argument or two, in her way, at a time when the kind office of mending a fallen loop in a faithful pair of silk hose of her grim lord (*stante pede*), gave her a just hope of obtaining a reciprocally kind ear to her well-meant representation, and when the aspect of the negative pole of his dread person had lulled her usual fears. Don Michele could not help listening with unwonted composure to his wife's rhetoric; for, with his chin in the lap of Delila (a fac-simile of the monopodic at-

titude of a crane), his great instinctive efforts to regulate the continual fluctuations of his center of gravity, engrossed all his attention. He seemed fully sensible of the risk of having, by the slightest vibration, his cuticle incorporated with the hosiery west. His posture might, at that moment, have been fitly compared to an attitude of *Parisot's*, had it been accompanied by any thing but the latter's winning smile. His bitten lips seemed to tell what, under circumstances of less restraint, he would, and could have said to Donna Maria's arguments. Unfortunately for her, (however generic to the sex) the thread of her arguments was infinitely longer than that of her silk. She had been prudent, had she cut both simultaneously; but, in releasing *cara sposo* from durance vile, she continued, with much fluency, to doubt whether, after all, there was any great difference betwixt an *Arco tronsfale* (as she pleased to term it) and a *Fiteatro*.—"As much difference," replied Don Michele, while turning his terrific visage again for the first time towards her, "as there is betwixt your stupid head and mine—excuse her ignorance, Signor Don Luigi!—Why, woman! you might just as well compare your tinderbox with the communion-plate in the *Duomo*."—Now, for as much as the music of a fair tongue is most seldom *senza replica*, Donna Maria very properly rejoined, "Be it so, my dear; but then, if you can't have the communion-plate, why not make yourself happy with the tinderbox?"

It was impossible to help smiling at this curious comparison; even Don Michele's lips assumed, involun-

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* What else but that confounded amphitheatre!

luntarily you may suppose, a satyr-like twist; but, recovering instantly the grave proportions of his amiable countenance, he begged of me, in miserable French, to check my mirth, otherwise his wife might think she had said something good; and having, by a gentle rub or two, renovated his *fazzoletto** (which, by a short exposure to the rays of the sun, over the sticks of a few fragrant carnation-pots, had been subjected to a previous evaporation of its aqueous particles); having thus renovated, I say, his *fazzoletto* into a fitness for the ulterior services of the day, he reported himself ready for the start; and taking his respectful place on my left, we sallied forth on our way to see this famous triumphal arch. In this our triumphal procession, we passed by the Largo del Spirito Santo, a pretty square, decorated on one side by a decent stone colonnade, which, on the present great occasion, was probably deemed an insufficient ornament. Some dozens of busy carpenters, &c. gave a pledge, that whatever was in the power of deal, canvas, ochre, white-lead, and size to achieve, would be done, to create a superb colonnade to last for a day or two.

Upon my word, dear T. these temporary structures appeared to me as so many ominous presages of the brevity of the joy &c. . . .

Proceeding down *Mont-Oliveto*, we reached the *Sedile*, or *Seggio del Porto*, the site of Don Michele's triumphal career. I ought to inform you, by the way, that this *Sedile del Porto* is one of the four or five singular edifices in Naples, the purpose of which I had some Handkerchief,

trouble to find out. The Neapolitan nobility, it appears, is divided into several associations, enjoying particular privileges, and having particular public functions assigned to them. These *sedili*, or *seggi*, I am told, are the halls or headquarters of each association, where, formerly more than now, they had their meetings to deliberate upon matters of their common interest. They are lofty, fanciful structures, open on all sides, and inwardly decorated with innumerable coats of arms of the families belonging to the respective associations.

Although Don Michele gave himself very great airs of importance with the workmen, I soon found reason to suspect, that he is but a secondary person in this great national undertaking; for an architect was present to direct the operation. My friend, probably superintends the financial branch, at least I saw him pay the workmen. These are mere surmises, for, when I asked him what the architect had to do in the concern, he replied, in a surly tone, "What else but to execute my design? And what do you think of the design, Signor Don Luigi, eh?—Have you any thing of the kind in England?"—"Not of the same materials, I must own."—"I understand; but you will allow, if we can do the thing with these materials, we must equally be able to do it in granite or porphyry. The difference lies only in the time and expence. The Neapolitans, trust me, sir, know something about the arts, although they cannot make patent snuffers or corkscrews."

From the triumphal arch, which, even in its unfinished state, exhibited a taste and chastity of concep-

tion far above what I knew my friend to possess (and I flatter myself to have pretty well fathomed his mental power and circumstance), our course went to the royal palace, to see the amphitheatre that was building in the square before it. The whole was in great forwardness, and I confess I was struck with pleasing surprise at the unexpected sight. Fancy to yourself an exact fac-simile of one of the finest Roman amphitheatres, full size, that is, house-high and more, with its numerous arches, rows of seats, vomitories, in short, with every characteristic feature of these extraordinary structures, faithfully and minutely copied and imitated, and you may form an idea of this wooden amphitheatre. Where it was finished and coloured, it required a very near approach to discover its materials, so skilfully was the canvas painted in imitation of stone. The deception really could not be greater. We have no idea of a thing of this kind in our northern matter-of-fact latitudes: the Italians are at home in these matters; they are adepts in the art of perspective, in the just distribution of light and shade, in the knowledge of grandeur of effect, &c. Their pure sky and the sublime monuments around them, afford them facilities in this respect, which are denied to us. I left this sham-theatre with inward approbation, and willingly gave a few carlins to a parcel of workmen, who politely obstructed our departure, with a request for something *per bere alla salute de Ré.*

(To be continued in our next.)

THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

No. XXVI.

*Iratusque Chremes tumido delitigat ore,
Et tragens perumque dolet sermone pedestri
Telephus ac Pelcus, quum pauper et exul interque
Proicit ampullas ac sesquipedalia verba,
Si curat cor spectantis tetigisse querelâ* — *Illos Ars Poet.*

Yet Comedy sometimes her voice may raise,
And angry Chremes rail in swelling phrase:
As oft the tragic language humbly flows;
For Telephus or Pelcus, midst the woes
Of poverty or exile, must complain
In prose-like style, must quit the swelling strain,
And words gigantic, if with Nature's art
They hope to touch the melting hearer's heart.

AMONG the peculiar characteristics of modern literature, if literature it may be called, is the employment of long words and bombastic expressions; beneath which, the ignorance of many of those who call themselves literary men, contrives, among the class of their readers, to lie concealed. So that they can work up a sentence into

what they call splendour of expression, their object is attained. The justness of the thought, the truth of the observation, or the rectitude of the opinion, has little weight with them. When a common-place remark is thus elevated on stilts, and a vulgar notion, which a few monosyllables might express, is clothed in a gorgeous robe of what

Ben Jonson calls *Foot and half-foot words*, then the pride of fine writing is enjoyed by the fine writers to whom I allude. But the vexation of my mind on the occasion, does not arise so much from the folly of those who write, for they are paid for it, as the ignorance of those who read, and consequently encourage them; or rather that there should be so large a class of readers so little advanced beyond a state of ignorance, as to encourage such writers. I have sometimes suspected, that the body of printers were at the bottom of this style of writing, as it is a very important change in their favour: it would have been very well worth their while to have given a premium, and a handsome one too, to the writer who, in a certain number of sheets, had demonstrated the happier knack at deviation from simplicity of style and intelligent expression, into exuberant expansion of cogitation, perturbation of imagery, figurative distortions of phraseology, and the adaptation of the greatest number of words from the *New London Spelling Book's* catalogue of such as are of five and six syllables. I shall not surely be contradicted in my opinion, that if a Spectator of Mr. Addison (I, of course, mean the subject of it,) were given to one of the professors of the high modern *slang*, to re-write, he would contrive to wire-draw it into three times its present length. The elegance, the precision, and the simple grace of the original, would probably be overwhelmed by the accumulation of prolonged expressions; but then the augmentation of letter-press would be effectually obtained.

It was a saying of Charles II. that there was no fool so great, but he might find a greater fool to admire him; and to that consolation I leave the class of writers who have called forth these observations. I must beg leave, at the same time, to declare, as an act of justice, that I do not suppose any of them to be concerned in the advertisements of the *puffing* auctioneers, &c. and the dictatorial information of their catalogues, as it is evident that they are their own scribes. But to proceed to the letter which has occasioned the preceding remarks: whether it is written in the solemn belief, that its style is in conformity to what the best critics have considered as elegant, simple, and impressive; whether the writer has given it as an example of what he has worked up in his imagination, to suppose the true, ardent mode of epistolary writing; or whether he wishes to quize the affectation of adapting high-sounding expressions to common thoughts, or long words to short sentiments, I do not presume to enquire. But be the motive to this composition what it may, I am disposed to think that its uncommon and happy arrangement of pleasing expressions will entertain others as it has amused me.

TO THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

PARLIAMENT-COURT, Artillery-
place, Aldersgate-street.

SIR,

The association between the accumulations of science, the acintillations of wit, and the coruscations of genius, which are so perceptible in your monthly effusions, together with that graciousness of encouragement which you manifest

with such a characteristic liberality, have induced me to exert my consolidated powers of ratiocination, in order to produce such a combination of grave disquisitions and animating sentimentalities, as may not only be favoured with your distinguishing reception, but be honoured also with your flattering felicitation.

Epistolary lucubrations, I well know, should be written in strict conformity to nature; because nothing but a strict conformity to nature can render any composition beautiful or just: and a departure from familiarity of language can only be justified on occasions not familiar. Whatever elevates the sentiments, will consequently elevate the expression, and proportionate images will arise at the call of our respective thoughts in characteristic succession and quality. These are the predominating regulations by which, as you must have already observed, I am uniformly governed and influenced in the conformation of my style, and the infusing into it that unbounded vigour which, without any precipitancy of thought, I shall venture to say, is an indubitable and propitiating feature of my writing.

In addressing myself to you, Mr. Spectator, I most solemnly swear by Dionysius Halicarnassus, that I have made no accumulation of preparatory phrases, but have let my thoughts expand in an easy, familiar course of investigation, suited to the taste of such polished and fashionable readers as I suppose yours to be. At present, however, I shall waive any regular and systematic communication to you, as I shall wait to know whether this

exemplar of my pen creates a votive inclination to have me for a correspondent. I live in the country, as the agreeableness of rurality are most congenial to my dispositions. Nothing is so delectable to me, as a ruminating perambulation beneath overspreading ramifications and intricate interlacements of a corresponding accumulation of umbrageous beauty. Thus becanopied I sit and think, far remote from the ambiguities, impracticabilities, and meteorous pleasures of what is called the world. The turmoil of this metropolitan city I shall leave the day after morrow, and shall expect your notification with great impatience, in your next number, whether my meditations are to be condensed in any of your future pages. I beg you will permit me to conclude with a sonorous, comprehensive, and respectful declaration, that I am your most obedient, humble servant,
AARON TURGID.

I think it right to insert the following letter, though I am by no means qualified to answer the query. If my correspondent has a fancy for a lawsuit, and wishes to keep a court of justice in a roar of laughter, let him transfer the question from me to the first attorney he meets, and he will be completely gratified.

TO THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

INSBURY-SQUARE.

SIR,

I am a respectable wholesale dealer in the city, and having taken my son into partnership, I can now and then spare a few weeks to go to the sea-side, as salt water has been successfully recom-

mended to me for a scorbutic habit of body, with which I have been afflicted for some years, and is sometimes attended with very unpleasant effects. The symptoms appearing about three months ago, which turned my attention to the sea-coast, I went to the inn to take a place in the stage-coach for Worthing: the places, however, being taken for a fortnight to come, I was ruminating in what manner I should proceed; when a well looking, smiling gentleman came into the coach-office to make a similar enquiry. Our mutual disappointment brought on a conversation, which ended in an agreement to hire a post-chaise to take us throughout our journey.

On the day appointed we accordingly set out, and our first stage passed very agreeably, for he was one of the funniest men I ever saw in my life, and had something pleasant to say to every one with whom we had the least communication. But our harmony began to suffer an interruption on remounting the chaise after we had stopped to breakfast. I had been for so many years accustomed to take my pipe, when I had nothing to do, that I could not give it up on the present occasion, and my smoking in the chaise brought on some pretty sharp remonstrances. I was also in the habit of taking *asifictida* pills, and their accidental effects added to his discontent; but as the chaise was paid for to our journey's end, I knew he could not help himself; and, on my telling him, that a companion in a post-chaise, was taken like a companion for life, for better and for worse, he said, he had not thought of that, and seem-

ed to be satisfied. We had not, however, proceeded above a couple of miles, when I perceived something rather queer in his appearance; and, on enquiring into the cause of it, he told me, with a melancholy look, not to be alarmed, but that he had unfortunately been bit by a dog who was supposed to be mad; and was advised by the physician of Bedlam Hospital to go to the sea-side for the benefit of bathing in salt water, as a preventive of his going mad himself. He, however, with a kind of hesitating speech, entreated me to suppress my fears, and assured me, that I might be quite at my ease, and need not apprehend any mischief till he began to bark like a dog, of which he did not feel any immediate symptoms. This intelligence, however, put an end to my smoking, and while I was thinking what was to be done, we came to a brook, when I perceived he began to roll his eyes and grind his teeth; and just as we got into the middle of the stream, he set up a barking just like our Newfoundland mastiff, *Cerberus*; when I opened the chaise-door, and thinking it better to risk the being drowned, than being mad, I made but one step into the water; when he, in a rage, threw my cloak-bag after me, but as he did not seem disposed to follow, I loudly told the post-boy to take him away as fast as he could, and not trouble himself any further about me. I took refuge in a neighbouring inn, where I staid three days before I was sufficiently recovered from my fright and my sousing, to resume my journey. At length, I took the opportunity of a stage-coach, and arrived safe at my jour-

ney's end. Having smoked a couple of pipes after dinner, and taken my usual quantity of wine, and being withal tired of my own company, I went to the play, and on entering the theatre, who should I see performing the character of Romeo, but my mad companion in the post-chaise! This was a perfect mystery to me; but the waiter at the inn unravelled it. The story had got to Worthing before me, and was the conversation of the place; for it turned out, that this impudent player, to get rid, as he said, of my tobacco and assifœtida pills, had feigned himself mad to have the chaise to himself. But this was not all;—I was a subject of laughter wherever I went; and the saucy boys of the place thought it

good fun to begin barking whenever I appeared. It is scarcely credible, but the vagabond of an actor had the impudence to solicit me to take some tickets for his benefit, though he had announced as a part of the entertainments, the celebrated song of *Bow, wow, wow*. In short, I found it absolutely necessary for my comfort to remove to Brighton.

Surely, if there is law or justice in the country, I shall be able to make this audacious fellow pay for his tricks. As you appear to be a person of superior knowledge, you may be able to advise me on the subject, without having a professional interest to answer. In so doing, you will greatly oblige

Your constant reader,

TIMOTHY SMOKER.

GENUINE LETTER FROM THE PERSIAN ENVOY, MIRZA ABUL HASSAN, DURING HIS RESIDENCE IN LONDON, TO AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

To the Lord or Gentleman without Name, who lately write Letter to him, and ask very much to give Answer.

SIR, MY LORD,

WHEN I write to me some time ago, to give my thought of what I see good and bad this country, that time I not speak English very well, nor read, I write much little better. Now I give to you my think. In this country bad not too much, every thing very good; but suppose I tell every thing very good, then you say I tell all flattery, therefore I tell most bad thing. I not like such crowd evening party every night; in cold weather not very good; now hot weather much too bad. I very much

astonish every day, now much hot than before, evening parties now much crowd than before. Pretty beautiful ladies come sick, that not very good. I always afraid some old lady come dead; that not very good, and spoil my happiness. I think old ladies after eighty-five years not come to evening party, that much better. Why for take so much trouble? Some other thing little bad. Very beautiful young lady, she got ugly for husband, that not very good, very shocking. I ask Sir Gore why for this; he says me, perhaps he very good man, not handsome, no matter; perhaps got too much money, perhaps little. I say I not like that—all very shocking. This all bad I know; now I

say good. English people all very good people, all very happy, do what they like, say what they like, write in newspaper what like. I love English people very much, they very good, very civil to me. I tell my king for Persian very much. English king best man in the world, he love his people very good much, he speak very kind to me, I love him very much. Queen very best woman I ever saw. Prince of Wales such a fine, elegant, beautiful man. I not understand English enough proper to praise him—he is too great for my language. I respect him same as my own king; I love him very much; his manner all the same as talisman or charm. All the princes very fine men, very handsome men, very sweet words, very affable. I like all too much. I think the ladies and gentlemen this country most high honour, very rich, most high rank, very rich, (except two or three) most good, very kind to inferior peoples. This very good. I go to see Chelsea, all old men sit on grass in shade of fine tree, fine river run by—beautiful place, plenty to eat and drink, good coat, every thing good. Sir Gore he tell me King Charles and King James. I say Sir Gore, they not Mussulman, but I think God love them very much. I think God he love the king very much for keeping up that charity. Then I see one small regiment of children go to dinner; one small boy he give thanks to God for eat, for drink, for clothes; other little boys they all answer Amen; then I cry for joy a little—my heart too much pleased. This all very good for two things—one thing, God very

much please; two thing, soldiers fight much better because see good king take care of old wounded fathers and little children. Then I go to Greenwich; that too good place; such a fine sight make me sick for joy—all old men so happy eat dinner so well—fine houses—fine beds—all very good.

This very good country, English ladies very handsome, very beautiful. I travel great deal, I go Arabia, I go Calcutta, Hyderabad, Poonah, Bombay, Georgia, Armenia, Constantinople, Malta, Gibraltar—I see best Georgian, Circassian, Turkish, Greek ladies, but nothing not so beautiful as English ladies; all very clever—speak French, speak English, speak Italian, play music very well, sing very good. Very glad for me if Persian ladies like them; but English ladies speak such sweet words, I think tell a little story, that not very good. One thing more I see, but I not understand that thing, good or bad. Last Thursday see some fine carriages, fine horses, thousand people go to look that carriages. I ask why for? they say me that gentlemen on boxes, they drive their own carriages. I say, why for take so much trouble? they say me he drive very well. That very good thing. It rain very hard, some lord, some gentleman, he get very wet. I say why he not go inside. They tell me good coachman not mind, get wet every day, will be ashamed if go inside. That I not understand.

Sir, my Lord, good night,

ABUL HASSAN.

9, MANFIELD-STREET,
May 19, 1811.

HOMERIC GLEANINGS TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

PERUSING Mr. Cowper's translation of Homer lately, a few observations, illustrative of the ancient Grecian bard, occurred to me; which I send you, as I trust they will not be unacceptable to your classical readers. I am, Sir, your's, &c.
O. MICKON.

IT has been observed, that we have, first poets, and then we have rules or laws of poetry framed from what poets have already practised. The precept of Horace, however,

"Nec deus interset, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Incident,"

is certainly not taken from Homer, who frequently introduces a god, where a mere mortal would have done as well. For example, *Iliad* II. line 915, &c. why could not Polites have informed the Trojans, that the Greeks were advancing, as well as Iris in his form? or, *II.* III. l. 134, Laodice herself have told Helen of the intended combat between Paris and Menelaus?

Iliad V. l. 321. Diomedes on foot killing Pandarus in his chariot, the spear enters just below his eye, and comes out beneath his chin. This has puzzled the commentators, who have had recourse to strange conjectures to account for it; while, in fact, it is a proof, how accurately Homer copied from nature. Pandarus, apprehensive that his shield would not be effectual to resist the force of a spear from such an arm, stooped down to elude it. In this posture, his face turned a little aside, and the crown of his head forward and downward, the spear readily entered beneath one eye, and came out under the chin on the opposite side. On similar occasions it was not unusual

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for a warrior to place himself in such a position. Thus, *II.* XIII. l. 485, Idomeneus stoops down behind his shield, to avoid the spear of Deiphobus.

II. X. l. 13. It has been questioned, how Agamemnon, from within the rampart, could have a view of the fires kindled on the plain. But surely nothing was more easy. The commentators have been misled by fancying, that the commander of the Greeks was furnished, in the style of generals of later days, with a spacious marquee pitched on the ground, where he reclined at his ease on his couch, while its ample drapery defended him from all the winds of heaven. On the contrary, the camps of the Greeks were formed with their ships drawn up on the strand. Thus Menelaus, l. 39, when seeking Agamemnon, finds him putting on his armour, not in a tent, but in a "ship's stern." No doubt, therefore, he had merely lain down on the lofty poop of his ship, whence he could readily see over a wall, at most, seven or eight feet high, since Sarpedon, standing on the ground, could "tug the battlement with both his hands."—See *II.* XII. l. 430. See also Twining's *Aristotle*, vol. II. p. 382.

II. X. l. 1-4. Why did Nestor wake Diomedes with his heel? Cowper's note on this passage is very just, but he might have gone a little

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farther. Conformably to the native good sense of those days, unsophisticated by artificial politeness, it must have been the most decorous mode. To have kicked him with his toe, would have been an insult; to have shaken him with his hand, would have resembled the act of an enemy, and the roused sleeper would probably have grasped his weapons, to defend himself from a man thus laying hands on him.

II. XI. l. 770.

"Then sprinkled all with meal"

Some years ago a master of a man of war, a native of Scotland, told me, that his countrymen used large potations of pure whisky, and were accustomed to sprinkle a little oatmeal on the surface of the liquor, to diminish its intoxicating quality.

II. XVI. l. 905.

"So then—in Troy, it seems, are divers too."

Divers could not be expected among the natives of Troy, which was not a seaport, and the flat shore near which was not, we may presume, the habitation of oysters. The passage brings to my recollection the account given of the natives of the shores of Australasia, I think by La Pérouse. The French voyager speaks of them as employing their women to dive for oysters, to supply them with a meal. A similar practice appears to have been familiar to Homer; and if the rude inhabitants of Greece, like the savages of New South Wales, imposed this task on their women, the sarcasm on the falling warrior was so much the more cutting. With respect to the indecorum of a sarcasm at such a time, it appears,

from numerous passages in Homer, to have been perfectly agreeable to the manners of the age.

II. XVII. l. 158. In a note on this passage, for which Villoison is quoted, Cowper says, "It is observed, that the lion never leads his cubs about; and that Homer, though he ascribes this office to the male for dignity's sake, intends the female. Homer, it is likewise observed, never once mentions the lioness." But it is scarcely conceivable, that Homer should falsify a fact in natural history, for the sake of what modern critics of the French school call *dignity*. Is it not most probable, that the lioness had no distinct name in Homer's days? and is not the want of such a word a proof of the antiquity of Homer?

II. XVIII. l. 460. Homer makes Vulcan's tripods not merely move of themselves, but on *two* wheels only, to render the marvel still more marvellous.

II. XIX. l. 29. One object at least of the ancients in watching over the bodies of the dead, appears to have been, to keep flies from depositing their eggs in them, particularly if wounded, and breeding maggots, which they supposed to be a cause of putrefaction.

Ib. l. 201. Cowper says in note, taken from Villoison, that "Homer recommends the use of wine as an inspirer of courage;" but I think he is mistaken. In *II. VI. l. 300*, Homer very judiciously makes Hector speak of wine *alone* as tending to enervate: in the passage before us Ulysses recommends to the whole army, to *eat* and drink heartily before going to battle, not

to inspire them with courage, but that they might not be exhausted by fighting the whole day fasting.

Ib. l. 251. It appears that it was the custom of the Greeks, to place a corpse with the feet toward the door.

Il. XX. l. 365-6. Has this prophecy any relation to Rome? or, in fact, was it any prophecy at all? As Homer must have lived some time subsequent to the war of Troy, he might safely put into the mouth of Neptune a prediction of events, with which he himself was acquainted. The passage, however, proves, that in his time the descendants of *Æneas* enjoyed the sovereignty over the posterity of those Trojans who escaped from the destruction of their city. Whether Italy were their seat does not appear; but probably it was: and, if so, it may be presumed, that we are indebted for the elegant vases called Etruscan, unquestionably the productions of some very remote period, to this Trojan colony.

Il. XXI. l. 326. *Note.*—She told the truth, if not the whole truth.—See *Il.* XXII. l. 411.

Il. XXII. l. 225-230. This passage seems a little inconsistent with the flight of Hector all round Troy, contended for very plausibly by Cowper in a note a little before.—See vol. II. p. 345-7.

Il. XXIII. l. 416-7. These lines are given very differently from what they were in the former edition, on the suggestion of that accurate critic, Gilbert Wakefield. Cowper was no doubt induced the more readily to alter the passage, as it appears, from his note in the first edition, that he did not form a clear idea of it. For my part, I perceive

no difficulty in the case. According to the former version, Nestor instructs his son, not to suffer his horses to ramble wide, but to guide them in a direct line to the goal; so that to a person placed at the goal, as Phoenix; or to a spectator at the starting-post, the nave of the wheel might appear to touch the fellow *horizontally*, not perpendicularly: on turning the goal, they would open; but, on wheeling closely round it, he would bring them again into one line, in doing which the fellow would seem to the eye to retrograde, even to meet the nave. The speedy traveller must often have observed this difference of appearance from real motion.

Il. XXIII. l. 851. “Like rafters.” This simile represents not merely the firmness with which the wrestlers stood, but their posture also; their feet kept warily at a distance, that they might not be tripped up, while their bodies inclined toward each other at top.

Ib. l. 883. In the note on this passage both Cowper and Vilcoison are mistaken. Ajax gained no superiority over Ulysses by lifting him, because their lifting each other alternately was the consequence of their mutual compact: but in the first trial Ulysses was victor, by skilfully throwing Ajax; in the second Ajax was conqueror, as by his weight, and the force with which he grasped the knee of Ulysses between his, he brought his antagonist to the ground.

Ib. l. 1000. *Note.*—Not attached to its end surely; or not wound round the hand of the thrower. A very light stick may be thrown to a considerable distance, by passing a string round it near the smaller

end, which must be the farthest from the hand. The string must have a knot at the end, to confine it for the moment; is to be passed round the stick once only, and the other end is to be held ~~in~~ in the hand.

II. XXIV. 1. 73. *Note*.—"One

to be spread under, the other over him. Villoison." No: in one robe he was clothed, the other was to throw over him, so as to conceal his face and shape from view.—See l. 788.

(To be continued)

DESCRIPTION OF THE SWALLOW OF THE UNITED STATES.

From WILSON'S American Ornithology.*

FEW persons are unacquainted with this gay, innocent, and active little bird. Indeed the whole tribe are so distinguished from the rest of small birds, by their sweeping rapidity of flight, their peculiar aerial evolutions of wing over our fields and rivers, and through our very streets, from morning till night, that the light of heaven itself, the sky, the trees, or any other common objects of nature, are not better known than the swallows. We welcome their first appearance with delight, as the faithful harbingers and companions of flowery spring and ruddy summer; and when, after a long, frost-bound, and boisterous winter, we hear it announced, that "*the swallows are come*," what a train of charming ideas are associated with the simple tidings!

The wonderful activity displayed by these birds, forms a striking contrast to the slow habits of most other animals. It may be fairly questioned, whether among the whole feathered tribes which heaven has formed to adorn this part of creation, there be any that, in the

same space of time, pass over an equal extent of surface with the swallow. Let a person take his stand on a fine summer evening by a new mown field, meadow, or river shore, for a short time, and among the numerous individuals of this tribe that flit before him, fix his eye on a particular one, and follow, for a while, all its circuitous labyrinths—its extensive sweeps—its sudden, rapidly reiterated zig-zag excursions, little inferior to the lightning itself, and then attempt by the powers of mathematics to calculate the length of the various lines it describes. Alas! even his omnipotent fluxions would avail him little here, and he would soon abandon the task in despair! Yet, that some definite conception may be formed of this extent, let us suppose, that this little bird flies, in his usual way, at the rate of one mile in a minute, which, from the many experiments I have made, I believe to be within the truth; and that he is so engaged for ten hours every day; and further, that this active life is extended to ten years (many of our small birds being known to live much

* Of this interesting work, perhaps the most splendid production of the American press; a few copies, as far as published, may be had of the publisher of the Repository, by whom alone they have been imported into this country.

longer even in a state of domestication); the amount of all these, allowing three hundred and sixty-five days to a year, would give us two million one hundred and ninety thousand miles; upwards of eighty-seven times the circumference of the globe! Yet this little *winged seraph*, if I may so speak, who, in a few days, and at will, can pass from the borders of the arctic regions to the torrid zone, is forced, when winter approaches, to descend to the bottoms of lakes, rivers, and mill-ponds, to bury itself in the mud with eels and snapping turtles; or to creep ingloriously into a cavern, asrat-hole, or a hollow tree, there to doze with snakes, toads, and other reptiles until the return of spring! Is not this true, ye wise men of Europe and America, who have published so many *credible* narratives on this subject? The geese, the ducks, the catbird, and even the wren which creeps about our outhouses in summer like a mouse, are all acknowledged to be migratory, and to pass to southern regions at the approach of winter;—the swallow alone, on whom heaven has conferred superior powers of wing, must sink in torpidity at the bottom of our rivers, or doze all winter in the caverns of the earth. I am myself something of a traveller, and foreign countries afford many novel sights: should I assert, that in some of my peregrinations I had met with a nation of Indians, all of whom, old and young, at the commencement of cold weather, descend to the bottom of their lakes and rivers, and there remain until the breaking up of the frost; nay, should I affirm, that thousands of people in the neighbourhood of this

city, regularly undergo the same semi-annual submersion—that I myself had fished up a whole family of these from the bottom of Schuylkill, where they had lain torpid all winter, carried them home, and brought them all comfortably to themselves again—should I even publish this in the learned pages of the Transactions of our Philosophical Society, who would believe me? Is then the organization of a swallow less delicate than that of a man? Can a bird, whose vital functions are destroyed by a short privation of pure air and its usual food, sustain, for six months, a situation where the most robust man would perish in a few hours or minutes? Away with such absurdities!—They are unworthy of a serious refutation. I should be pleased to meet with a man who has been personally more conversant with birds than myself, who has followed them in their wide and devious routes—studied their various manners—mingled with and marked their peculiarities more than I have done; yet the miracle of a resuscitated swallow, in the depth of winter, from the bottom of a mill-pond, is, I confess, a phenomenon in ornithology that I have never met with.

What better evidence have we that these fleet-winged tribes, instead of following the natural and acknowledged migrations of many other birds, lie torpid all winter in hollow trees, caves, and other subterraneous recesses? That the chimney swallow, in the early part of summer, may have been found in a hollow tree, and in great numbers too, is not denied; such being in some parts of the country their actual

places of rendezvous, on their first arrival, and their common roosting-place long after; or that the bank swallows, also, soon after their arrival, in the early part of spring, may be chilled by the cold mornings which we frequently experience at that season, and be found in this state in their holes, I would as little dispute: but that either the one or the other has ever been found, *in the midst of water*, in a state of torpidity, I do not, cannot believe. Millions of trees of all dimensions are cut down every fall and winter of this country, where, in their proper season, swallows swarm around us. Is it, therefore, in the least probable, that we should, only once or twice in an age, have no other evidence than one or two solitary and very suspicious reports of a Mr. Somebody having made a discovery of this kind? If caves were their places of winter retreat, perhaps no country on earth could supply them with a greater choice. I have myself explored many of these in various parts of the United States both in winter and in spring, particularly in that singular tract of country in Kentucky, called the *Barrens*, where some of these subterraneous caverns are several miles in length, lofty and capacious, and pass under a large and deep river; have conversed with the saltpetre-workers by whom they are tenanted, but never heard or met with one instance of a swallow having been found there in winter. These people treated such reports with ridicule.

It is to be regretted, that a greater number of experiments have not been made, by keeping live swallows through the winter,

to convince these believers in the torpidity of birds, of their mistake. That class of cold-blooded animals which are known to become torpid during winter, and of which hundreds and thousands are found every season, are subject to the same when kept in a suitable room for experiment. How is it with swallows in this respect? Much powerful testimony might be produced on this point. The following experiments, made by Mr. James Pearson, of London, and communicated by Sir John Trevelyan, Bart. to Mr. Bewick, the celebrated engraver in wood, will be sufficient for our present purpose, and throw great light on this part of the subject*.

Five or six of these birds were taken about the latter end of August, 1784, in a bat fowling-net, at night; they were put separately into small cages, and fed with nightingale's food. In about a week or ten days they took food of themselves; they were then put altogether into a deep cage, four feet long, with gravel at the bottom; a broad shallow pan with water was placed in it, in which they sometimes washed themselves, and seemed much strengthened by it. One day Mr. Pearson observed that they went into the water with unusual eagerness, hurrying in and out again repeatedly, with such swiftness as if they had been suddenly seized with a frenzy. Being anxious to see the result, he left them to themselves about half an hour; and going to the cage again, found them all huddled together

* See Bewick's *British Birds*, vol. I. p. 254.

in a corner apparently dead: the cage was then placed at a proper distance from the fire, when only two of them recovered; and were as healthy as before—the rest died. The two remaining ones were allowed to wash themselves occasionally for a short time only; but their feet soon after became swelled and inflamed, which Mr. Pearson attributed to their perching, and they died about Christmas. Thus the first year's experiment was in some measure lost. Not discouraged by this failure, he determined to make a second trial the succeeding year, from a strong desire of being convinced of the truth of their going into a state of torpidity. Accordingly the next season, having taken some more birds, he put them into the cage, and in every respect pursued the same methods as with the last; but to guard their feet from the bad effects of the damp and cold, he covered the perches with flannel, and had the pleasure to observe that the birds thrived extremely well; they sung their song during the winter, and soon after Christmas began to moult, which they got through without any difficulty, and lived three or four years, regularly moulting every year at the usual time. On the renewal of their feathers, it appeared that their tails were forked exactly the same as in those birds which return hither in the spring, and in every respect their appearance was the same. These birds, says Mr. Pearson, were exhibited to the Society for Promoting Natural History, on the 14th of February, 1786, at the time they were in a deep moult, during a severe frost, when the snow was on the ground.

Minutes of this circumstance were entered in the books of the society. These birds died at last from neglect, during a long illness which Mr. Pearson had—they died in the summer. He concludes his very interesting account in these words:—"January 20th, 1787.—I have now in my house, No. 21, Great Newport-street, Long-Acre, four swallows in moult, in as perfect health as any birds ever appeared to be when moulting."

The barn swallow of the United States has hitherto been considered by many writers as the same with the common chimney swallow of Europe. They differ, however, considerably in colour, as well as in habits: the European species having the belly and vent white, the American species those parts of a bright chestnut; the former building in the corners of chimneys, near the top; the latter never in such places, but usually in barns, sheds, and other outhouses, on beams, braces, rafters, &c. It is difficult to reconcile these constant differences of manners and markings in one and the same bird; I shall therefore take the liberty of considering the present as a separate and distinct species.

The barn swallow arrives in this part of Pennsylvania, from the south, in the last week in March, or the first week in April, and passes on to the north as far, at least, as the river St. Lawrence. On the east side of the great range of the Alleghany, they are dispersed very generally over the country, wherever there are habitations, even to the summit of high mountains; but, on account of the greater coldness of such situations, are

usually a week or two later in making their appearance there. On the 16th of May, being on a shooting expedition on the top of Pocano mountain, Northampton, when the ice on that and on several successive mornings was more than a quarter of an inch thick, I observed, with surprise, a pair of these swallows, which had taken up their abode on a miserable cabin there. It was then about sun-rise, the ground white with hoar frost, and the male was twittering on the roof by the side of his mate with great sprightliness. The man of the house told me, that a single pair came regularly every season, and built their nest on a projecting beam under the eaves, about six or seven feet from the ground. At the bottom of the mountain, in a large barn belong-

ing to the tavern, I counted upwards of twenty nests, all seemingly occupied. In the woods they are never met with, but as you approach a farm they soon catch the eye, cutting their gambols in the air. Scarcely a barn to which these birds can find access, is without them; and, as public feeling is universally in their favour, they are seldom or never disturbed. The proprietor of the barn last-mentioned, a German, assured me, that if a man permitted the swallows to be shot, his cows would give bloody milk, and also that no barn which swallows frequented, would ever be struck with lightning; and I nodded assent. When the tenets of superstition "lean to the side of humanity," one can readily respect them.

MISCELLANEOUS FRAGMENTS AND ANECDOTES.

SUPERSTITION OF JUSTUS LIPSIUS.

THE politics of Tacitus, the philosophy of Cicero, could not pluck the old woman out of the heart of this illustrious scholar. That the modern disciple of Zeno was the slave of weak superstition, is proved by his account of the miracles performed by the Virgin Mary, of Halle, near Brussels, in the Netherlands.

A shrine and image had been there consecrated to the Holy Virgin, by a pious Countess of Brabant. Many votive offerings had been afterwards added. Lipsius, from his very infancy a devout votary of the Virgin, in preference to all the other saints, had often, as he relates, experienced her favour

in his studies; had become a member of a society of which she was the sacred patroness; was excited by motives of pious veneration and gratitude, to visit her famous shrine at Halle. While he offered his devotions before the sacred shrine, he felt an inward emotion of extraordinary joy and piety, which prompted him to vow to the Virgin, to compose a work in her praise. An ode, the composition of that very time, records his vow. He fulfilled it, by writing, at his subsequent leisure, a panegyrical account of the origin of the shrine and chapel of Halle; of the honours which had been devoutly paid to them; and of the miracles which the Virgin had graciously performed

at the request of persons stipulating votive offerings to be dedicated, in return, at her shrine at Halle. The miracles which he celebrates are such as these:—The mutilation of a soldier's nose, who, coming on the assault of the town of Halle in a siege, had impiously threatened to cut off the nose from the image of the Virgin: the restoration of a lost hawk, at the prayer of the falconer by whom it had been lost, and whom his cruel lord was about to hang for the loss: the preservation of a man from perishing by a flood that suddenly filled his house, who, by the aid of the Virgin, had been enabled to climb among the rafters, above the reach of the waters, while his wife and children were drowned below: the deliverance of an innocent person that had been seized by mistake, as an accomplice with thieves: the preservation of a tailor from dying by his needle, which he had unwittingly swallowed: the saving of a thievish soldier from death on the gallows, by the breaking of the rope by which he was suspended: and others of a similar cast and complexion. The narrative of Lipsius is written in a style of admirably elegant Latinity. Here and there he rises into poetry, and imitates, with great felicity, the iambs of Phædrus: he evidently wrote it *con amore*. He concludes the whole with a pious prayer, and with the formal consecration of a silver pen, to be, in his name, suspended, as a votive offering, before the image of the Virgin, in the temple.

Lipsius, thus celebrating as miracles, merely natural and obvious incidents in life; Socrates, amid the

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agonies of expiration, anxiously providing a sacrifice to Esculapius; Julian, from the heights of philosophy and of political wisdom, prostrating himself before Jupiter, Apollo, and Venus; Pascal, for the sake of the most abject ascetic superstition, deserting the illustrious career of science, literature, and active virtue; are among those instances of mingled weakness and excellence, in which the imperfection of humanity is the most strikingly conspicuous.

SKELTON, THE POET LAUREAT.

The only account of Skelton which remains, is to be found in a very old volume, so rare that Steevens, to whom it belonged, wrote in it, that he never saw any other copy of the book. The title is "*Merie Tales. newlye imprinted and made by Master Skelton.*" It is probable that this is a collection of all the jests of the time, appropriated to Skelton, because his happened to be, what the booksellers call a selling name. The following will give the reader a sufficient specimen of the poet laureat's humour:—

"How Skelton came late home to Oxforde, from Abington.

"Skelton was an Englyshe man born, and he was educated and brought uppe in Oxforde; and there was he made a poet laureat. And on a tyme hee had bene at Abington to make mery, wher he had eate salt meates, and he dyd come late home to Oxforde, and he did lye in an ine named the Tabere, whyche is now the Angell, and he did drynke, and went to bed. About mydnight he was so thyrstie or drye, that he was constrained to call the tapstere for drynke, but

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the tapstere heard hym not. Then he cryed to his oste and hys ostess and to the ostler for drynke, and no man could hear hym. 'Alacke!' sayd Skelton, 'I shall peryshe for lacke of drynke! what remedye?' At the last he dyd cry out, and sayd, 'Fyer! fyer! fyer!'

"When Skelton harde everye man bustled himself upwards, and some of them were naked, and some halfe asleep and amased; and Skelton dyd crye, 'Fyer! fyer!' (myll) that every man knew not wher to resorte: Skelton dyd go to bed; and the oste and the ostess and the tapstet, wythe the ostler, dyd runne to Skelton's chambere wythe the candles lyghted in thyr handes, saying, 'Where, where, where is the fyer?'—'Here, here,' sayd Skelton, and poynted hys fynger to hys mouth, sayinge, 'Fetch me some drynke to quench the fyer, and the heate, and the drynesse, in my mouthe:' and so they dyd. Wherefore, it is goode for every man to help hys own self in tyme of nede wyth some policie or crafte, so be yt ther bee no deceit nor falsshed used."

PUN OF JAMES I.

The following pun is recorded of James I. King of England:—Taylor, called *the water poet*, on account of his being a Thames waterman, had written a book, intituled *Laugh and be Fat*, which gave much offence to Mr. Coryate, the celebrated traveller. This book, on complaint being made, was ordered to be burnt. Coryate following this with fresh complaints against Taylor, his majesty was pleased to tell him, that when the Lords of his privy council had leisure, and nothing better to do, they

should hear and determine the difference between Coryate the scholar, and John Taylor the sculler.

GARRICK.

In one of his morning rambles in the purlieus of the theatre, Garrick stopped at a poulterer's shop, and pretended to cheapen rabbits. The man (who knew him very well) showed him several; but none would do—some were too fat, some were too lean, and there were others at which he turned up his nose. This irritated the poulterer so much, that he suddenly put them all away, and said he would sell him nothing; for that, thank God, he was bred to business, and not brought up to acting plays. On this Garrick took the hint, and was retreating towards the door, when the poulterer following him, bawled out as loud as his lungs would let him—"Hol-loa!—a horse!—a horse! my kingdom for a horse!" On this several people came up to him to know what was the matter. "I really can't tell you the whole of the story," said the man, "but there's a *munmer* just passed that can tell you all about it."

The same celebrated actor was once travelling on the north road with a lady well known for the smartness of her repartees. Garrick observed to her, that, at the last inn at which they had stopped, he had seen two lovers who had just set out for Scotland; and that he should have been quite delighted himself to have gone off with the fair fugitive. "Well then, Mr. Garrick," replied his fellow traveller, "I cannot help telling you, that it would have been the first time you would have gone off with-out applause."

TO BE, OR NOT TO BE. A

An itinerant player waited on the manager of a metropolitan theatre, with a petition that he might be permitted to perform one night upon his stage. "You must first give me a specimen of your talents," replied the manager: "suppose you recite Hamlet's soliloquy." The

delighted vagrant accordingly began:

"To be, or not to be, that is the question" — The manager, with his accustomed dignity, immediately cut him short with this reply:—"If you ask the question, sir?—Not to be."

EXHIBITION OF PAINTERS IN OIL AND WATER COLOURS, *At the Great Room, Spring Gardens.*

THE members of this society, since their last Exhibition, have made a new arrangement, namely, that of introducing a certain number of pictures painted in oil, to form part of the collection. In viewing these works, which are the result of study in another, and to them a new department of art, some indulgence must be made by the critical observer. Yet, abstracted of certain mechanical difficulties, which talent, however great, cannot at once overcome, but which practice alone can effect, there is much excellence in these specimens, and sufficient to warrant the expectation of seeing the members rival their works in water colours, by their paintings in oil.

218. *View in Cumberland.* (Painted in oil).—J. Glover.

The utmost truth of nature prevails throughout this performance. The mountains recede behind each other in aerial perspective, until they melt into atmosphere. The woods that adorn the romantic hills and mountains even to their summits, are tinged with the sun's bright beams; the water is calm, and reflects the purity of the sky upon its unruffled bosom. The

colouring of this beautiful and enchanting picture is excellent, and glowing with harmony.

219. *View taken from the Green Park.*—The same.

This beautiful picture affords a pleasing instance of what has often been observed in refutation of the assertion, "That the metropolis and its environs afforded no subject worthy of the talent of the landscape-painter;" namely, that a great artist could produce a fine picture, be the subject ever so simple, or even unpicturesque. But here we behold a scene that thousands are passing daily, who are unconscious of the beauty that surrounds them. Mr. Glover, and others eminent in their way, could find abundant subjects for their pencils, were they confined to study in St. James's and Hyde Parks alone. The cattle are represented in this picture with great attention to nature, and grouped with judgment—are well coloured: there is much freshness in the verdure; and the trees are painted with a lightness that suits the general effect of the scene.

220. *Hampton Hall, County of Durham.*—The same.

Amongst the most pleasing to

pographical works that we remember to have seen, must be included this view of Lambton Hall. The seat is situated upon an eminence, to which the ascent is gradual from the border of the river that winds between its banks, richly fringed with wood. The scene is painted with magical effect; nothing can exceed the freshness of the verdure, the richness of the foliage, or the transparency of the water, which reflects the surrounding objects with the truth of a mirror.

209. *View of Loch Katrine, Scotland.*—The same.

The Scottish bard, who has so sweetly sung the heroine of Loch Katrine, has given an interest to this romantic and beautiful spot, which now includes the pleasing associations of his interesting poem. Mr. Glover has finely portrayed the scenery of this extensive lake, with its majestic mountains. The water is unruffled and pellucid, and the richly wooded scene is glittering in the fervid heat of the approaching noon. On the right, upon the bosom of the lake is seen Lady's Island, mentioned by the poet; and all the corresponding scenery is characteristic of the description in "The Lady of the Lake." This picture is executed with a clearness that is worthy of Claude de Lorraine: the light emanating from the sun across the mountains is beautifully and naturally imitated; and the foreground is richly clothed with shrubs peculiar to the spot, and finished with the utmost care. The sportsman in the Highland costume is judiciously introduced, and adds much to the character of the scene. This picture, which is of large dimensions, is an unrivalled piece of art.

114. *A general View of the City and Bay of Naples, with the surrounding Scenery.*—J. Smith.

This very interesting scene, as represented by the classic pencil of Mr. Smith, opens to the view of the spectator all the finest features of the enchanting spot. On the right, upon a height, stands the romantic castle of St. Elmo and the Carthusian monastery. The fair city of Naples is seen stretching its majestic palaces, churches, towers, and numerous dwellings, in an extensive semicircle along the shores of the bay; and behind are indicated the sites of the ancient towns of Herculaneum and Pompeii, with Vesuvius rising immediately behind in awful grandeur. On the left, upon an immense height, stands the palace Capo de Monte; and on the opposite side, stretches the coast of Sorrento. The fore-ground represents the ascent to the Camaldulensian convent. In the corner the artist has introduced a group of the elegant acanthus plant, which flourishes on this spot, and which is said to have given the first idea of the ornament that forms the capital of the Corinthian column.

This magnificent scene is well composed, the light and shadow are unaffected, the aerial perspective is pure, and characteristic of the Italian climate, and the colouring is chaste and natural. We consider this picture as one of the best productions of this veteran artist.

187. *Scene in the Alps.*—The same.

A pleasing variety is produced in this Exhibition by the introduction of foreign views. Mr. Smith's prolific pencil has added much to the general interest thereof, by his faithful delineations of cities and

sown upon the Continent. This view represents the descent from the Grand St. Bernard into Italy: the plains of Piedmont are seen in the distance. The incident of the travellers paying devotion to the picture of the Virgin, which is placed in a niche on this lofty mountain, is truly indicative of the manners of the people of the country. Such is the veneration paid to this picture, that, although it has remained for ages on this exposed spot, it has sustained no other injury than from the elements.

138. *View of Fonthill Abbey from the Grounds.*—The same.

Amongst the most noble monuments of the architectural talent of the present century, posterity will include the stupendous structure at Fonthill, designed by the great architect of our age; which, as a dwelling in the Gothic style, is superior in exterior magnificence and internal decoration, to any known of any age or country. This drawing, although on a small scale, affords a pleasing general idea of its form and character, as seen at so great a distance from the spot on which it is taken.

197. *Woodland Scenery, with Cattle.* (Painted in oil).—R. Hills.

Mr. Hills' talent for delineating the picturesque character of horses, oxen, asses, sheep, &c. as connected with English landscape, has long stood acknowledged to be above competition in the water-colour department of painting.—The subject in question is one of his first attempts in oil painting, and, allowing for the executive difficulties attendant upon a new mode of art, this picture is worthy of the reputation he has so justly

acquired. The scene is truly rural; beneath the shade of richly wooded banks, cattle have retired to cool themselves in the water: nothing can exceed the truth with which the animals are drawn, or the taste with which they are grouped; and we may augur from this specimen, that this artist will excel in oil painting as highly as he has excelled in painting in water colours.

55. *Farm-Yard.*—The same.

The true character of the English homestead is depicted in this rural picture. The cows, the pigs, the figures, and their occupations, are all fitting to the subject; the ploughman watering his team previous to its being consigned to the well filled crib, is a pleasing and natural incident. The animals are well drawn, and the colouring of the picture is sober and harmonious.

194. *Gipsies — Evening Scene.* (Painted in oil).—W. Turner.

The utmost serenity prevails throughout this twilight scene, wherein are represented a group of itinerant travellers reposing. Their fire, kindled from dry sticks, is giving out a vivid light, which is painted with magical effect. There is much feeling exhibited in this specimen, and a promise of excellence, that may vie with the fine productions in water colours by this ingenious artist.

205. *Cottage Children.*—T. Uwins. This composition represents a pleasing trait of infantile affection. A boy is holding his top, which is spinning, close to the ear of a girl; kindness and affection are displayed in his countenance, and delight in her's at the buzzing

sound. The girl looking on, is anxiously waiting her turn to witness the same artless pleasure. One of the greatest difficulties in the graphic art, is, to conceive an interesting incident, and to describe it so that it needs no extraneous explanation. This picture tells its own story, is replete with feeling, is well composed, and harmoniously coloured.

221. *View near Windsor.* (Painted in oil).—W. Havell.

The whole of this luxuriant scene glows with the fervid beams of a summer sun. The water is pellucid; the barge towed by the horses, is in motion upon its limpid surface; the boys bathing, are agitating its bosom, and driving its undulating circles to the shore. The trees are painted with the very hues of nature, and the figures employed in the fore-ground, are perfectly deceptive. This picture is worthy the mind and pencil of Wilson.

80. *Wood Scene.*—The same.

Considerable splendour of colour is wrought together in this composition. The trees are rich in foliage; the road is boldly checkered with gleams of light; the water is transparent, and the groups of figures, and the sheep, are judiciously introduced. This picture is painted on the highest scale of light and depth of colour, and may be considered as a fair example of the capacities of water-colour art.

— *Interior of New College Chapel for Ackermann's HISTORY OF OXFORD.*—F. Mackenzie.

The perspective of this beautiful chapel, which is considered one of the finest specimens of Gothic architecture in the University of Oxford, is scrupulously exact; the

effect and colouring bear the appearance of having been faithfully copied upon the spot. The crimson velvet curtains on each side the altar, and the carpet of the same colour, are richly wrought and truly deceptive. The effect of the deeply coloured stalls is finely contrasted to the light walls of the building; and the aperture of the organ, admitting a view of the window painted by Jervas, from the pictures of Sir Joshua Reynolds, together with the splendid hues of the ancient stained glass in the other windows, produce a magical effect.

94. *Twilight.*—W. Turner.

One of the most poetic representations of evening that we have seen personified in painting, is this pastoral picture of sheep-folding. The orb of day has sunk below the horizon, and a mysterious light is diffused along the sky. The brook that skirts the meadow, reflects the yellow light in partial gleams, which are finely opposed to the neutral colour of the gloom, occasioned by the mass of trees that bound the low ground; whilst, on the uplands, the woods are gently tinged with the declining light.

92. *Girl with Wood.*—The same.

A most pleasing composition; health and innocence are beaming in the countenance of this cottage-girl. The surrounding scenery is correspondent to the subject; a fine breadth of effect is maintained throughout the whole, and the ture chaste in colour.

95. *Cottage-Girl at Needle-Work.*

—The same.

In the compositions of this artist, the style is less artificial than that of Gainsborough, and more elegant than Morland. His cottagers are

better drawn, and conceived with higher feeling; yet are we reminded of the true character of the English rustic in almost every picture of this class, the work of his hand. The subject before us, is replete with nature, and is a picture evincing his great knowledge of art.

46. *Greek Shepherds*.—The same.

The description of the shepherds of ancient times, are personified in this elegant little composition with great felicity. The characters are poetic, and the landscape is composed with due regard to the images created by Virgil and other classic bards. Harmony of colouring and brilliancy of effect pervade the scene; the shrubs upon the fore-ground are tastefully managed, and contribute to the general richness of the whole.

217. *A Storm and Shipwreck*.—F. Nicholson.

The turbulent elements are uniting their force in this picture to produce the awful catastrophe represented in the sinking vessel, which is dashing to pieces upon the rocky shore. This subject represents a storm and shipwreck upon the coast near Scarborough, and the incidents are collected from observation on a scene that occurred there. Mr. Nicholson has transferred his knowledge of powerful contrast, in colour, in light and shadow, so often evinced in his per-

formances in water-colour painting, to the canvas in oil, and has in this picture acquired the additional force which oil and varnish are capable of affording. The colouring is rich, the sky is deep and gloomy, the water perturbed, and the foam dashing against the rocks is executed with masterly freedom. The figures are well designed, and are characteristic of the horror of the scene.

3. *Distant View of Caernarvon Castle*. (Painted in oil).—John Varley.

This romantic castle, which gave birth to the Black Prince, Edward of Caernarvon, which has long been selected as an object of imitation by the landscape-painter, and has often been portrayed by Mr. Varley in various points of view in his water-colour designs, is now become the subject for his first attempt in oil painting. In praising the composition we add little to his reputation, he having long established a character for that branch of art; but the painting with his new material with so much freedom and skill in so early an effort, will, it is presumed, add much to his fame. The colouring is clear, the effect broad and grand, and the execution free. We feel no hesitation in saying, that, from this specimen, it rests with himself to attain to high excellence in this department of art.

(To be continued).

MR. HEAPHY'S EXHIBITION OF PICTURES IN WATER COLOURS,

Now exhibiting at the Old Academy Rooms, Pall-Mall.

THE Exhibition contains the works of this celebrated artist painted during the last seven years, many of which have been purchased by noblemen and gentlemen, who have, with a munificence honourable to

their zeal to promote the interest of the artist, allowed Mr. Heaphy to make an Exhibition of them for his own emolument; and under the generous wish, that he may, by this augmentation to his collection, be afforded a better opportunity of disposing of the other part of his works yet unsold.

The collection consists of thirty-six finished compositions, several studies, &c.

1. The Fish Market.—2. The Proposal.—3. Game, &c.—4. The Protestation (painted in oil).—5. Game.—6. Vanity.—7. Relieving the Blind.—8. Portrait of a Lady.—9. The Market-Girl.—10. First Meeting.—11. The Fisher-Girl.—12. Symptoms of Explanation.—13. The Love-Letter.—14. The Don Cossack.—15. Going to the Fair.—16. The Village Doctress.—17. The Fisher-Girl.—18. Portrait of the Right Hon. Lady Burg-

heish.—19. The Spell, or placing the magic Pea over the Door.—20. The Sailor's Offer.—21. Portrait of Mr. Woodley.—22. Fisher-Children.—23. Gleaners.—24. Scene in a Country Alchouse.—25. The Shepherd Boy.—26. The Offer Accepted.—27. Heron Shooting.—28. The Cheat detected.—29. The Cabbage-Woman.—30. A Drawing by Adrian Ostade.—31. Fish.—32. Sketch of a Cave (painted in oil).—33. Boys Gambling.—34. Portrait of Col. Lutwitch.—35. Portrait of Mrs. Weldon.—36. Moor Fowl.

Our limits deny us the pleasure of commenting on each separate performance. The world of taste is acquainted with the merits of Mr. Heaphy, and we refer those who have not seen his performances, to the Exhibition, where they will find sufficient to interest the mind, and much to admire.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MR. ACKERMANN announces, that *Cave's Picturesque Buildings and Antiquities of York*, illustrated with Historical Sketches, are now ready for delivery to the public. This is a work that cannot but afford an acceptable treat to all lovers of the arts, and to the antiquary in particular.

Mr. Lockhart has in the press a work, entitled *A Method of Approximating towards the Roots of Cubic Equations belonging to the Irreducible Case*, which will appear in the course of this month.

Early in next month Messrs. Sherwood, Neely, and Jones will publish the second edition of *The*

Hints on the Manners, Customs, and Institutions of Ancient and Modern Nations, by a Gentleman of the Middle Temple.

Mr. Murphy is printing his *Arabian Antiquities of Spain*, in large folio; and the first volume, which is expected in June, will contain near one hundred engravings, with descriptions illustrative of the royal palace of the Alhambra.

An original work on *Gothic Architecture*, by Sir James Hall, with no less than sixty illustrative engravings, will be published early in this month.

The Memoirs of Sir Joshua Reynolds are preparing for publication.

by James Northcote, Esq. R. A. They are expected to contain a number of original anecdotes of Dr. Johnson, Dr. Goldsmith, and other distinguished characters with whom he had intercourse and connection.

A second edition of *The Memoirs of Prince Potemkin*, is nearly ready for publication.

Shortly will be published, *Memoirs of Margaret de Valois, Queen of Navarre*, the first wife of Henry IV. of France, commonly called the Great; containing the Secret History of the Court of France for seventeen years, viz. 1565 to 1582, during the reigns of Charles IX. and Henry III.; including a full account of the Massacre of the Protestants on St. Bartholomew's day: written by herself, in a series of letters, and translated from the original French, with a preface and biographical notes, by the translator.

Mr. Michael Bryan has in the press, in two quarto volumes, *A Biographical and Critical Dictionary of Painters and Engravers*, from the renovation of the art by Cimabue, and the alledged discovery of engraving by Finiguerra, to the present time.

The first number of *The Museum Criticum, or Cambridge Classical Researches*, will be published shortly from the University press: it will be continued every three months.

Professor Dunbar, of Edinburgh, is engaged on an *Appendix to Potter's History of Greece*. It will contain a concise history of the Grecian states, and a short account of the literature of Greece.

The Correspondence between the Right Hon. Charles James Fox, No. LIII. Vol. IX.

and the Rev. Gilbert Walford, chiefly on subjects of Greek Criticism, is printing in octavo.

Mr. Macklin's magnificent edition of the Sacred Scriptures will shortly be completed by the publication of the *Apocrypha*, in a similar volume: the engravings are from pictures and drawings that were the last work of the late Mr. De Loutherbourg.

The Holy Bible, with engravings by Charles Heath, from drawings by Richard Westall, R. A. is printing at the Oxford University press, in the first style of elegance, without notes or commentary. It will be embellished with thirty engravings of the most finished execution, by and after the artists above named. It will be completed in seven parts, to be published at the interval of three or four months between each. A very limited impression will be taken off upon a small folio-sized paper, with proof impressions of the plates. For the accommodation of print-collectors, or the possessors of other editions of the Bible, the illustration of each part will be sold separately.

Mr. F. Bailly has in the press, in two volumes 8vo. *An Epitome of Universal History*, both ancient and modern; containing a Chronological Abridgment of the most material events that have taken place in the principal Empires, Kingdoms, and States, from the earliest authentic records to the present time, and intended as an accompaniment to the Chart of History.

The Hon. Colonel Dillon has in the press, an elegant edition of *Ælian's Fables*, from the Greek, accompanied with numerous notes, observations, &c. &c. It will be

ornamented with a variety of plates explanatory of the subject.

Professor Stewart has in the press a second volume, in quarto, of *The Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind*.

Mr. John Gamble, of Strabane, will shortly publish a *View of Society and Manners in the North of Ireland*, in the summer and autumn of 1812.

Mathew Montagu, Esq. has prepared for the press, two more volumes of *The Letters of Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu*, with some of the Letters of her correspondents.

The author of the *Curiosities of Literature* is preparing for the press, two volumes of *Literary Curiosities*.

Mr. George Green, many years resident in Russia, will speedily publish *The Merchant and Traveller's Companion from London to St. Petersburg*, by way of Sweden; and proceeding from thence to Moscow, Riga, Mittau, and Berlin: with a description of the post towns, and every thing interesting in the Russian and Prussian capitals.

Mr. George Montagu will shortly publish a *Supplement* to his *Ornithological Dictionary*; containing many new and rare British birds, and much elucidation of the habits of the more obscure species.

Dr. Bancroft is printing a new and enlarged edition, in two 8vo. volumes, of *Experimental Researches concerning the Philosophy of Permanent Colours*.

Sir Egerton Brydges will shortly publish, *Letters to a Friend*; containing Observations on the Poor Laws, so far as they regard Settlements, and establish the modern System of Poor-Houses.

M. Dulong, who, about a twelve-month ago, lost an eye and an arm by the explosion of a new chemical liquid, with which he was trying some experiments, lately renewed his researches; but, notwithstanding all his precautions, was again severely wounded by another explosion. The liquid is peculiarly susceptible of detonation: its effects are so violent and so dangerous, that no successful experiment has yet been made to apply it to objects of use; but it is believed to be capable of extensive and important applications.—M. Dulong has communicated to the Imperial Institute, that it is a combination of azote and muriatic oxygen. It was in making some experiments with the same liquid that Sir H. Davy was wounded in the eye. Agreeably to the rules of medical nomenclature, M. Dulong has named this liquid muriatic acid oxizote.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

THE ELEMENTS OF SINGING, familiarly exemplified to facilitate the Acquirement of the Science of Vocal Music, in the Italian and English Styles, from the Commencement of the Study until the utmost Proficiency is acquired; adapted for Pupils of every Age, with Observations to enable a Parent or Superintendent to assist in the Tuition of the Scholar during the Master's Absence, by Gesualdo Lanza. Nos. I. II. and III.

IN introducing to the notice of our readers a work which, whether considering its object or the acknowledged abilities of its author, is likely to form an epoch in the history of vocal music, it may be proper to state the plan according

to which its publication is professed to be conducted. Mr. Lanza's *Elements of Singing* will, we find, be comprised in two vols. the price of which is, according to the quality of the paper, the nature of adventitious embellishments, &c. announced at £3, £4, or £5; and to suit the general convenience, the work is likewise to be published, in about twenty numbers, of 4s. 5s. or 6s. each, according to the same gradations of typographical elegance.

We have often regretted, that, gifted by nature with the finest voices, our English fair should have to feel the want of a systematic guide, by the assistance of which they might cultivate their natural powers, and acquire the art of singing as a science founded on permanent principles; as is the case in Italy, and, in a less degree, in Germany and France. The work before us, as far as we can both judge from its first three numbers, and anticipate from Mr. L.'s well known talents and great experience, is likely to supply that defect. Not, perhaps, that it quite supersedes *all* oral instruction by a good master; but it will afford a sure guide to the teacher, abridge his labour infinitely, and enable the pupil to make rapid strides towards perfection, in a comparatively short space of time. The first number expatiates on the rudiments of music in general, with much perspicuity and order. In the second, Mr. L. enters upon his course of *vocal* instruction. His adoption of the Italian *solfeggio*, in preference to our Gothic nomenclature, is natural; indeed absolutely necessary: but we are hardly prepared to coincide

with the propriety of dropping our B in his system of the gamut. That Si is an improper representative, we grant; but why not give us a more apt substitute of Mr. Lanza's own appointment? By his system, we forego the very essential advantage of having a constant and invariable name for every note in the octave; and of lastingly impressing and fixing, by habit, the sound of each note in the pupil's mind, so as to enable him to produce it at call; and thereby facilitate, in an extraordinary degree, the hitting of the intervals. According to Mr. L.'s instruction (p. 23 & seq.), the same sound obtains a variety of names, and the *same* scale is quite differently worded in the ascent and descent. Nothing but Mr. L.'s extensive experience can remove our fears of this being productive of some uncertainty and confusion. In the same number, the directions for beating the time, the use of the pendulum, the division of the bar into its isochronic component parts, and a variety of other topics, are discussed and illustrated with uncommon clearness and precision. In No. III. we find not only very ample and satisfactory written directions for the formation of the mouth, applicable to every sound in the scale, but even graphical illustration, by means of elegant female portraits, exhibiting the shape of the mouth required for each note: we have in regular succession, Miss Do, Miss Re, Miss Me, &c. Further than this, the author's careful attention surely could not extend. The idea is novel, and we are pleased with it, only some of the countenances do not look cheerful enough.

The accompaniments for every note throughout this number, are extremely select and beautiful, especially in the last line of every page, where the author has introduced fine successions of scientific chords, and the transitions from one note to the next above it, exhibit the judgment of a real master in his art.

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS, *a Masque, written by Congreve; the Music, with Accompaniments for the Piano-Forte, Violin or Flute, and Violoncello; composed, and dedicated (by permission) to the Countess of Bridgewater, by James Esin. Pr. 15s.*

This is, we believe, the first time we have to introduce to our readers an author, of whose taste and talents we had, some years back, an opportunity of forming a very favourable opinion, by hearing a set of canzonets, which are far above the common stamp of vocal music. This distinction is equally due to the present voluminous work. It is, as the author states, expressly composed for private amusement; and we can stake our critical credit on the assertion, that that object will not fail to be attained, if justice be done to his labour; the more so, as no part of the score is fraught with any deterring difficulty. With the exception of a few obsolete turns, and unmodern minor closes, the general character of this work is that of agreeable variety, and not unfrequently of elegant expression. In the introduction, a pastoral subject, the author at once shews his *savoir faire*; the manner in which the theme is handled, through a variety of keys, does him great credit. Among the numer-

ous vocal pieces, the andante of Paris (p. 10), is very tasteful, and the appended movement, in A minor, well suited to the text. The introduction to Juno's recitativo (p. 20), merits unqualified approbation. A beautiful trio of the three goddesses (p. 24), demands honourable mention. The perplexity of the Phrygian swain is admirably pourtrayed by the agitated movement in E minor, p. 31, the accompaniment of which could not be wished more characteristic and expressive. In the short andante (p. 48), we observe a chaste and sweet melodiousness, replete with tasteful expression; and the finale which succeeds it, claims our applause by the skilful arrangement of the parts, and the impressive effect which the whole is calculated to produce.

A Grand Military Divertimento, in which is introduced a second Pastorale and Polacca for the Piano-Forte, with Accompaniments for a Flute and French Horn, ad libitum, composed, and humbly dedicated, by permission, to H. R. H. the Duke of York, by J. Mugnié. Pr. 5s.

The first movement of this divertimento (throughout in E b), is an energetic march, in which we have to applaud the original termination of both the first and second parts, and the tasteful variation under which the subject is represented. The pastorale, p. 3, is an exquisitely chaste and beautiful composition; the bass of which, not omitting the employment of the 9th in the left hand, may be held up as a model of accompaniment for pastoral melody; the series of select chords (l. 5, p. 3), and the

playful whim in the last bar but one, have likewise not escaped our attention. The polacca, p. 6, is attractive by its spirited and well-rounded theme, by the elegant passages, p. 8, and, above all, by its excellent minor, p. 11, where the imitative inversion of the subject shews the author's scientific contrivance. The polacca is followed by a second march, in which Mr. M. has displayed a store of science, genius, and feeling, far beyond our praise. Its solemn and pathetic melody and progress, and the striking effect of its bold dissonances, impart to this movement a truly picturesque and dramatic character, well contrasted with the playful allegretto ($\frac{3}{4}$) which follows, and the motivo of which (p. 16), is recast into a waltz of great delicacy, especially in the part with four flats (p. 18), where we notice with pleasure the skilful rhythmical change, the phrases being exhibited throughout under three bars, in inverted motion, in lieu of their former even number. The conclusion, of striking brilliancy, corresponds with the general merit of the whole of this classic composition.

Arietta and Rondo, for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss Holmes, by W. Eavestaff. Pr. 2s. 6d.

The melody which forms the subject of the andante, is borrowed from the air, *Sul margine d'un Rio*, with very little essential alteration, and pleasingly treated. In the second part, the transition from the diminished seventh upon G sharp, to the key of D, is too sudden. The rondo, beginning with a seventh! has a neat motivo, exhibits among

the digressive portion many neat ideas, and is terminated in a proper and effective manner.

"The Frozen Tear," the Words by Thomas Moore, Esq. the Music by John Whitaker. Pr. 1s. 6d.

The tender melancholy of the text is well preserved in the chaste and pleasing melody of this short air, which has the additional advantage of being supported by an interesting *arpeggio* accompaniment, accessible to players of very moderate abilities.

A Sonata for the Piano-Forte, in which is introduced the favourite Air of the Welch Harper, with Variations, composed, and dedicated to Mr. Thompson, by his Pupil, David Shaftoe Hawks, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Pr. 3s.

As the work of a rising composer, we are favourably impressed with this production of Mr. H.'s. There is a style in his labour which promises fairly. The commencement of the second part (p. 2) is creditable; with the first line, p. 3, we are likewise pleased; but the second does not give us the same satisfaction. The variations to the air of the Welch Harper, display no inconsiderable degree of taste and invention. Var. 1, set in four distinct parts, meets with our decided approbation; var. 3 and 4 likewise deserve commendation. We would advise Mr. H. to study executive facility; some of his passages are very intricate for the hand, and partake more of the character of the harp than of the piano-forte.

Les petits Bijoux.—No. VI. Pr. 2s

Mr. Hoberecht is the author of this number of Messrs. Goulding and Co.'s periodical publication

above named. It consists of an introductory largo, which is neat, and in the spirit of the succeeding andante, representing the popular ballad, "The voice of her I love" (originally, *Sul' margine d'un Rio*). This andante we would call pleasing, were it not disfigured by harmonies like that of bar 1, l. 6, which we flatter ourselves Mr. H. himself cannot approve. The polacca is built upon the same subject, and does the author credit. The Cossack waltz, coming next, is nothing extraordinary; we are better satisfied with the little rondo, with which this variegated number concludes.

"*Borne in you Blaze of Orient Sky,*"
the Prize Glee for 1812, composed
by Sir J. A. Stevenson, Mus.
Doc. Pr. 3s.

For four voices: consisting of an andante $\frac{4}{4}$, and a pastorale $\frac{6}{8}$, in D major. In this glee the author has blended sweetness of melody with much artificial contrivance; the parts are skillfully dovetailed into each other, and fall in occasionally with neat imitative responses. The second movement possesses a considerable degree of liveliness of subject, and is well wound up.

Wild Darrell, from Walter Scott's
ROKEBY, composed, for three
voices, by Sir J. A. Stevenson,
Mus. Doc.

Some of the passages in this glee evince the author's marked attention to the import of his text; but, upon the whole, the composition does not create peculiar impression by any originality of thought, or select arrangement of the parts. The passage in the bass voice, "*Else shall the sprite,*" &c. (p. 3), appears to us very crude; the suc-

cession of two perfect chords (D and C); p. 6, bb. 1 and 2, is objectionable; and the sudden, unprepared close in the key of B (p. 6, b. 9), extremely harsh.

March and Quick Step, composed, and dedicated to Lieutenant-General Sir Rowland Hill, by Thomas Tomlins. Pr. 2s.

Although we have no particular censure to affix to this production (except the frequent employment of more thirds in the bass, to support the melody), we cannot distinguish any feature of originality or striking interest in either the march or the rondo, so as to elevate this composition above the rank of decent mediocrity.

"*The Harper's first Song,*" from
Walter Scott's ROKEBY, composed
by W. Russell, Mus. Bac. Oxon.
Pr. 2s.

None of the numerous compositions from the above-named poem, has given us more solid pleasure than this. The author has here combined tasteful melody with scientific harmony; his ideas are select, and merge into each other by easy and natural connection. In short, the whole of this air ranks with the superior class of English vocal music. One or two harmonic inaccuracies, such as, for instance, the successive fifths between bars 9 and 10, p. 4, are infinitely outweighed by the many beauties discoverable at every page.

"*The Harper's second Song,*" from
Ditto, by Ditto. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Equally interesting and meritorious with the preceding. Among its most attractive features, may be numbered the fine close, p. 1, l. 4; the passage in the minor, at, "*If you honour Rokeby's kin*" (p. 3);

the neat transition to C, in the next line; and the excellent active accompaniment in the harp character, p. 4.

"*Allen A-Dale*," from *Ditto*, by Ditto. Pr. 1s. 6d.

By some strange fatality, *Allen A-Dale* (of which we have seen three or four compositions, by as many different hands) appears, to us, to have had the least attention paid to it by its musical authors. Not that we have, in the present instance, any cause for disapprobation; but certainly the cast of the melody and of the accompaniment, is of the common order, and far beneath the style of Mr. R.'s two preceding songs.

Concerto for the Piano-Forte, with Accompaniments for two Violins, Tenor and Bass, composed, and dedicated to Miss Phoebe Boole, by A. Fodor. Pr. 8s.

A compound of great beauties and great extravagancies, *à la Beethoven*; of whom, however, Mr. F. may claim the advantage in the latter respect: witness the unaccountable fancies in p. 7; the unresolved seventh, p. 8, l. 2; the unintelligible transition to F, p. 9, l. 3; the temerities in the first page of the andante, &c. all which we confess to be beyond the reach of our sober conception. Among the meritorious parts of this concerto, we number the beginning of the solo, p. 9; the modulations leading to the part, in four flats, which, together with the enharmonic transition (p. 10, l. 4), calls for our approbation; as do the modulations which succeed in that and the following page. The minor theme of the andante is likewise extremely interesting, and the subject of the rondo dis-

tinguished by its striking originality. The title states, that the young lady to whom this concerto is dedicated, performed it in public before the sixth year of her age; a circumstance the more creditable to her abilities, as we think the composition extremely difficult, and not set with any attention to manual convenience.

A Sonata for the Piano-Forte, with an Accompaniment (ad libitum) for the Flute, composed, and dedicated, by permission, to Mr. Clementi, by William Ling.—Op. 13. Pr. 5s.

The effusions of Mr. L.'s harmonic muse, have, on all occasions, given us satisfaction; but the present sonata has filled us with astonishment and delight. It forms a proud voucher of the advancement of musical taste and science among English artists, to any of whom its author may throw this work as the gauntlet of defiance. In our perusal, we actually turned back to the title, to see whether we had not, by mistake, taken one name in lieu of the other, for the author. In the allegro (G), the subject, the delicate texture of p. 3, ll. 5 and 6; the excellent bass evolutions, p. 4; the select passages, pp. 4 and 5; the charming beginning of the second part; the classic part in four sharps, with its fine transition into C (p. 6); the series of masterly modulations, ll. 1 and 2, p. 7, and the responsive imitations at the close of the same page; several fine ideas, skilfully worked, in p. 9; and the admirable conclusion, p. 10, have afforded us the most exquisite treat.

The slow movement (C ♯) is of the same, if not of a still more masterly

stamp. It does not, according to fashion, *introduce* some *little* Scotch, or other ditty; it is of the author's own fabric: and tasteful melody prevails not only in the theme, but in several subsequent portions, such as the beginning of the $\frac{1}{2}$ part, and the variation of the theme in the dominant (p. 12); and, among its several further excellencies, we must pay our tribute of praise to the beautiful termination, p. 13. The occasional support of the left hand by tenths, will repay, by its effect, the effort of manual extension.

Although the rondo, comparatively speaking, is inferior to the two preceding movements, it ne-

vertheless exhibits, in many places, the pen of a master.

In concluding these very cursory remarks, we earnestly entreat Mr. L. to persevere in this true path to musical fame, and not to fritter away talents like those he has here displayed, in any ephemeral trifles; sure as we are, that it is amply in his power to do honour to his country, and to establish his name with posterity.

**** Mr. Venna's Collection of Ballet-Airs, Mr. Stokes's New Divertimento, and some other pieces we have been favoured with, subsequently to the receipt of the publications above noticed, are, from want of room, deferred till next month.*

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS.

NORTH OF EUROPE.

IT was on the 4th of March that the capital of the Prussian monarchy first beheld its Russian deliverers, in the advanced guard of Count Wittgenstein's army, which, having defiled through the city, separated into two divisions, one to pursue the enemy in the direction of Wittenberg, and the other to fly to the assistance of the patriotic Germans on the lower Elbe. Colonel Tottenborn, leading the advance of the latter division, in his march towards Hamburg, met the rear of a French corps under General Morand, hastily retreating from Stralsund and Pomerania, to avoid being intercepted. Having dispersed the same, and taken two guns, which the French general was compelled to leave behind him on crossing the Elbe, Colonel Tottenborn pursued his route, and,

with his Cossacks, effected his entry into Hamburg on the 18th March, amid the most enthusiastic shouts of its grateful population, which, a few days previously, had seen the sullen departure of the French authorities. The city was immediately proclaimed free, and its old senate reinstated. Morand continued his flight to Bremen, where he joined his troops with those of Cara St. Cyr, thus forming a force of about 6000 men.

On the 10th of March, a detachment of 30 British veterans, from Heligoland, under the command of Major Kinzinger, landed at Cuxhaven, at the solicitation of its inhabitants, and afterwards proceeded to Bremerlehe, to assist and protect the Hanoverian subjects of our sovereign, who had expelled the French authorities, and armed themselves in defence of their

liberties. Unfortunately, the accumulation of force at Bremen enabled the French to return to Bremerlehe on the 24th; a battery in front of the town was obstinately defended by the British veterans joined to the peasantry, but taken by storm, 14 veterans and many peasants killed, and the rest made prisoners. On the brave German patriots, the infuriated French barbarians wreaked their vengeance by shooting a number of them in cool blood; after which they returned to Bremen, the new town of which, on the left bank of the Weeser, remains still in their possession.

It is to be lamented, that this first insignificant *début* of British co-operation in Germany was attended with consequences so disheartening to that brave people.

Count Wittgenstein himself, with the rest of his army, entered Berlin on the 11th March, and his dispositions forced the main body of the French army to cross the Elbe, and to establish their head-quarters at Leipzig. The many proclamations which that great captain has addressed from that city to his German countrymen, are distinguished from all others by their energetic eloquence, and the pure patriotism which they breathe; and have been attended with the greatest success.—A few days subsequently, General D'York arrived with his corps at Berlin, and marched forward towards the Elbe.

The battle of Kalisch, fought by General Winzingerode on the 13th February (not on the 18th, as by *erratum* in our last), opened to the Russian main army the kingdom of Saxony; and the central position

of that town was chosen as a proper place for the head-quarters of the army during the period which appeared absolutely necessary to give the troops on the same spot some repose, to afford time to those left behind, from illness or fatigue, for joining their regiments, and to concert the future operations of the campaign, as well as to complete the negotiations on foot with Prussia. Here Lord Cathcart arrived on the 2d March, the day after the conclusion of an offensive and defensive treaty of alliance between Alexander and Frederic William. On the 15th, both sovereigns met at Breslaw, and renewed their former bond of friendship. A Prussian army, under the valiant General Blucher, marched the next day from Silesia into Saxony, while a corps of 15,000 men approached Dresden. Here the inhabitants had already declared openly their sentiments in favour of the great cause, and committed acts of violence on the French troops employed in mining their beautiful bridge across the Elbe, so that the French troops under Gen. Durutte thought it prudent to withdraw to the old town on the left bank; which, likewise, they held but a short time, in consequence of the Russians having crossed in force at Schandau, a few miles above. Accordingly, Durutte having blown up one arch of the bridge, retired with his corps to Leipzig; where, however, he did no longer meet with the head-quarters of Beauharnois, the commander in chief of the French forces. These had on the 17th been moved by the viceroy to Magdeburg, he probably thinking himself unsafe to await the passage of Count Witt-

genstein's army, which was also ready to take place, near Wittenberg and at Dessau.

The withdrawing of the French main army from Leipzig upon Magdeburg appears to us singular and hazardous, and it is evident that it was not foreseen by the Russian commander in chief as a probable direction of the enemy's retreat, Magdeburg being situated out of the line of the principal communication with France. This unexpected movement, therefore, had very nearly been detrimental to the Russian corps of Czernicheff, Doernberg, and Benkendorff, who, having crossed the lower Elbe at Werben, and entered the Hanoverian and Brunswick dominions, were in danger of being surrounded, especially as General Morand had broken up from Bremen with 3500 men, with the view of hemming them in more completely, and had already reached Luneburg. On this occasion, however, the sagacious combinations of the Russian chiefs proved superior to the French tactics; they turned by forced marches upon Luneburg, and their arrival there on the 2d of April obliged the French to shut themselves up in the town. The gates being instantly forced, a very sanguinary contest ensued in the streets; — Morand was mortally wounded, every surviving Frenchman, to the number of 3000 men, compelled to surrender prisoners of war, and 12 pieces of cannon and three colours taken by the allies. After this brilliant achievement, it was high time for the Russian commanders to think of their own safety, since a strong column from Magdeburg, said to be under

Davoust, was rapidly nearing them. They therefore hastily recrossed the Elbe to Boitzenburg: the French reoccupied Luneburg, where, it is reported, they committed their usual acts of revengeful barbarity.

The preceding narrative comprises the few military occurrences in Germany during the last month. They are trifling in comparison with past events; but we are bound to confess, that the operations and the rapid advance of the Russian armies exceed our most sanguine expectations. Their army must have suffered great diminution in the vigorous and unparalleled pursuit of the French invaders; besides, the number of hostile fortresses now in their rear, must have required the appropriation of a force equal to a great army. Of these, we can count no less than nine: *Spanndau* (now besieged), *Custrin*, *Glogau*, *Torgau*, *Stettin*, *Modlin*, *Lamsk*, *Thorn*, and *Danzig*. The latter place is garrisoned by about 10 or 12,000 French, rather sickly; and blockaded by about 15,000 Russians, under General Lewis, from Riga, who, in a late sortie of the enemy, suffered a loss of about 2000 men. Independently of this drain, the security of Poland required another army to be left behind, which is stationed south of Warsaw, and observes the motions of Prince Poniatowsky, who, with the remnant of the Polish contingent and the revolutionary authorities, had retired to Czenstochow. Great reinforcements, however, from the interior of Russia, amounting to 77,000 regular troops, had, in the early part of March, arrived on the Vistula, and must ere now have reached the Elbe.

But the principal accession of force will be derived from the Prussian and Swedish armies. The exertions of the King of Prussia, or rather of his subjects, for the monarch merely follows the enthusiastic impulse of his people, are proportionate to the momentous interest at stake. Frederic William now fights for his existence. His dominions at this moment are one military camp. Seventy thousand regulars are already in the field; as many more will be on foot in a few months. A still more numerous militia is organizing; and, over and above that, all the robust male population of the kingdom is forming itself into a national guard. General D'York has, by a royal decree of his master, not only been justified in entering upon the capitulation of Pusterno, but appointed to the command of the Prussian corps attached to Count Wittgenstein. To accelerate these mighty preparations, Prussia has been divided into four military districts, with a military and financial superintendent over each, precisely upon the same plan as Lord Wellington vainly proposed last winter to the Spanish government. The revenues of the country, and the prosperity of its inhabitants, will soon revive, from the abolition of the so called Continental System, that bane to national industry, that rock upon which the fortune of Napoleon has split. This revocation took place by a royal edict, dated Breslaw, 20th March: and the same fate has attended the Continental System in the duchy of Mecklenburg, where it likewise was formally abolished nearly at the same time.

The active co-operation of a Swedish force of from 25 to 30,000 men, is at last put beyond a doubt; besides a large periodical subsidy, it is said to have been purchased with the cession of the Island of Guadaloupe. About 10,000 Swedes have just landed in Pomerania, and the remainder are now embarking. The Crown Prince himself, we understand, will head not only his own troops, but the different patriotic levies in the north of Germany, such as the Hanseatic Legion, which is now raising at Hamburg, and amounts already to 4000 men, independently of the corps of Hamburg volunteers, at this moment upwards of 8000 men strong. All this will not only secure the brave German in the north from any danger of the vengeance Bonaparte has imprudently threatened them with (for already has he officially proclaimed his usurped departments of the Rhine, Weser, and Elbe in a state of rebellion, and put them under martial law by a *Senatus Consultum*); but, in the event of the French being chased from the Elbe—which we have no doubt, will, happen—spread still wider the flame of patriotic insurrection, probably even to Holland, where partial revolutionary movements have already taken place; and where the existence of a conspiracy for expelling the French intruders, has been proved, by the arrest and execution, at Amsterdam, of some individuals not sufficiently cautious in the combination of their patriotic undertaking.

Our negotiations with Denmark are not yet definitively concluded. Their amicable termination had

been asserted as a matter of indubitable certainty, when the news arrived of our great convoy of 350 vessels having been fired upon by the Cronenburg battery, and by the Danish gun-vessels, on its passing the Sound. Perhaps this apparently hostile conduct was resorted to in consequence of our not paying the customary Sound duty, a tribute which Denmark has been allowed to exact at all times, and which her distressed finances render her the less inclined to waive. The diplomatic exertions of the Russian Prince Dolgorucki, now at Copenhagen, on a special mission from Alexander, will, we make no doubt, secure us at least the neutrality of Denmark.

The last arrivals from the Continent, have brought the flattering report of the accession of Austria to the great confederacy, and of her consequent determination to support the efforts of the allies with 80,000 men in Germany, and 100,000 in Italy. We fear this is premature: the neutrality of Francis will satisfy our pretensions under all circumstances; and to refuse that little, we are convinced would be risking his crown. The ferment against the French is as great in the Austrian dominions as in any part of Germany. The French ambassador has been publicly insulted at Vienna, and the windows of his house have been broken by the populace. Secret societies, levelled against French tyranny, extend over the hereditary dominions; and their operations have so much alarmed the government, that, we know not whether ostensibly or from inclination, many of their members have been suddenly arrest-

ed and sent to fortresses, "for attempting to disturb the tranquillity of a neighbouring state" (Bavaria). An Austrian ambassador extraordinary, Baron Weissenberg, has been in London these three weeks, on a diplomatic mission of mediation, as it is said. The result of his negotiations has not yet transpired; but if, as we have heard, the basis of the mediation of Austria, is to be the treaty of Luneville, Bonaparte's consent to such a paring of his power, would betray his consciousness of the desperate state of his affairs. Lord Walpole has unexpectedly arrived from Vienna, where, since the presence of an Austrian agent in England, his stay was certainly less essential. His return, therefore, cannot be considered as an unfavourable symptom of the result of his mission.

The unfortunate daughter of Francis has (apparently at least) been further rivetted to the fortune of her husband, by being solemnly proclaimed Regent of France. Bonaparte's decree of the 30th March, investing her with that dignity, is (ominously, a Roman historian would say) dated from his palace in the ELYSIAN Fields! She is to preside at the councils in his absence, and her powers are extensive. Napoleon, sensible of the sanctity of oaths, has made her swear fidelity to him and to the constitution. Nevertheless, this measure, intended for his security, may ultimately be attended with very opposite results. What, if Maria Louisa should wield the sceptre, thus lent to her, in vindication of the liberties of her own country, instead of using it in the

support of its oppressor? His departure for the army is daily expected. This he ominously declares to be the *last struggle*; and the preparations he has made to hope for success, must be admitted to be gigantic. In addition to the 350,000 men voted at Gen. D'York's defection, the declaration of war from the King of Prussia (to which Bonaparte has returned a most galling, and in some points not unfounded reply), has caused a further vote of 180,000 men, besides the calling out and organizing the national guards, from 20 to 60 years of age, throughout France, and the formation of 37 cohorts, of 1000 men each, for the protection of the coasts. The principal point of assemblage for the effective force, is on the Maine, between Wurtzburg and Aschaffenburg, where it is marshalled and organized by Ney, the *soi-disant* Prince of Moskwa. In viewing the immense numbers which thus will be forced to combat for the usurped throne of their tyrant, we feel no dismay. They are not veterans, but raw recruits, unwilling, and dispirited by the contemplation of the sad reverses of their departed brethren. Thus far, therefore, the balance of moral strength is entirely in favour of the allies; a lost battle in the tremendous contest now at hand, will be infinitely more fatal to Bonaparte than to his opponents. Already undreaded at home and abroad, he would probably then be deserted by his most staunch adherents, and hunted down by his more numerous enemies. It is as if he was aware of the mutability of his fortune, for his recent dispositions bear the character of

the testamentary provisions of a man on the eve of a perilous voyage.

SPANISH PENINSULA.

Soult, Caffarelli, and several other generals, together with many other officers, and some thousands of troops, have been recalled to France; and the French forces, abandoning a considerable part of the ground they had reconquered last campaign, are, by a general movement, drawing towards the Douro, in order to be able to retain a more contracted extent of country with such lessened numbers. More troops will, no doubt, be drafted from Spain, and those that remain will still further have to narrow their tenure. As these drains have taken place insensibly, and by dribblets, it is impossible to judge of the present strength of the French army in Spain; but the first serious movement of Lord Wellington will lay open their weakness. His lordship has hitherto remained stationary, probably to see how far this gradual evacuation would extend, and to make more effective preparations for a vigorous effort, than was the case last year. But, according to every appearance, the time of his taking the field is near at hand. On the part of our Spanish allies, we hear of no preparations on a large scale — of no great army of reserve organizing — no incorporation of the little Spanish corps, miscalled armies. Instead of finding the government exerting every nerve towards accomplishing the liberation of the country, we behold them in feuds and squabbles on comparatively unimportant measures. Because the regency did not recently deem it prudent to insist on the

clergy's reading, in church, the decree for abolishing the Inquisition, the Cortes dismiss the regency, and another is appointed; which is more fortunate in enforcing the reading of the decree.

Mina took, on the 1st of March, the town of Tafalla, with its garrison of 306 men; and Longa, on the 11th Feb. defeated a French corps near Poza, killed and wounded 400, and took as many prisoners. The only operation of our pent-up Alicant army, is the disarming and sending on board a battalion of our Italian auxiliaries, who had conspired to desert in a body to the French.

UNITED STATES.

We have no capture of a British frigate to record this month!—Two exploits by land, bear the usual risible character of American warfare. General Winchester, on the 22d Jan. proceeded with a corps of more than 1000 men, to attack a British detachment on the Raisin river, on the Miami Rapids. Not thirty men of his force escaped. He was unexpectedly fallen upon by our gallant troops and their Indian friends; and himself and his men, after some loss in killed and wounded, taken prisoners. On the same day, a month later, a British detachment crossed the frozen St. Lawrence, surprised and dispersed the garrison of Ogdenburg, possessed itself of all the stores of ammunition and provisions there deposited, including 12 cannon and 500 barrels of powder, and returned quietly with their booty to the British side of the river.

All the western ports of the United States being now effectually blockaded by the squadron under

Sir John Borlase Warren, great less, and still greater alarm, has already been caused to the citizens of the respective maritime towns. The extent of our captures may be appreciated, from the circumstance of one dispatch of Sir John's enumerating no less than 156.

In consequence of a violent measure of the American government, ordering the British merchants resident in the United States, to withdraw into the interior, to the distance of forty miles from any tide-water, all intercourse with that country, by cartel, has been suspended by our government.

NAVAL AND MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

The Gazette of the 23d March, contains an account of one of the most sanguinary engagements ever fought between two frigates, without terminating decisively either in capture or conquest. His Majesty's frigate Amelia, Captain Irby commander, maintained this desperate conflict on the 7th Feb. off the western coast of Africa, against the French frigate L'Archuse, which she had judiciously contrived to separate from another, called Le Râbis; thus rendering the latter a mere spectator of the combat, without being able to take a part. Our loss in killed and wounded amounted to no less a number than 141, including the captain and every officer down to the master's mate. All the lieutenants belonging to the vessel, together with Lieutenant Pascoe, late of his Majesty's sloop Daring (which had been destroyed, to prevent her falling into the enemy's hands), were killed; as were the lieutenant of marines, one midshipman, and

40 seamen. The captain and 94 others were wounded, many of them severely. The engagement lasted three hours and a half, during perfect calm, the ships nearly touching each other; and at the conclusion L'Arethuse, though in a very shattered state, contrived to haul off and join her consort. We are sorry to own, that the annals of the French navy, for many years back, do not record so determined and destructive a resistance as that of the Arethuse.

Fifty Neapolitan armed vessels, loaded with timber and other stores, belonging to Murat's government, having taken shelter under the strong batteries of Pietra Nera, in Calabria, an expedition, consisting of two divisions of our Sicilian flotilla, under the orders of Brigadier Hall, and of four companies of the 75th regiment, commanded by Major Stewart, proceeded, on the 14th February, from Messina, against them. Disembarked at daylight, they successively stormed every work, although defended by a complete battalion of infantry and two troops of cavalry, which latter were thrown in confusion by a detachment of our *rocket-corps*. The enemy's commandant and most of his officers were killed or made prisoners, and the ground strewn with their dead—(150 killed and wounded, and 163 prisoners). In less than two hours every thing was in our possession, at the cost of two killed and seven wounded; the most valuable of the enemy's vessels and timber launched, and the rest burnt. Unhappily, after the affair was over, and the troops were re-embarked, Major Stewart, while

pushing off from the shore, was killed by a random shot.

On the 23d of March, his Majesty's ship the *Captain*, a 74 hulk, was consumed by fire at Plymouth. It was in the *Captain* that the brave Nelson took, at the battle off Cape St. Vincent (1797), the *San Josef*, of 110 guns, which latter, by a singular coincidence, happened to lie along side of the *Captain* when on fire, and must have shared the same fate, had she not been cut adrift so as to float out of the reach of the flames.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

On the 23d of March last, died, in Hanover-square, under a spasmodic attack, the consequence of a long-standing asthmatic complaint, the last surviving sister of our king, her Royal Highness the Duchess Dowager of Brunswick Wolfenbüttel. She was born on the 31st of July, 1737; and on the 17th of January, 1761, was married to the Duke of Brunswick, who died in 1806 of a wound received at the memorable battle of Jena, in which he commanded the Prussian army; and by whom she had issue, three sons and three daughters.

The charter of the East India Company being on the eve of expiring, his Majesty's ministers, through Lord Castlereagh, submitted to Parliament, on the 22d March, the conditions under which they conceive it expedient to grant a renewal of the charter for another twenty years. The principal, and indeed a momentous, change involved in these conditions, is, the opening to every British subject

a free trade to all the East Indies, under certain regulations, leaving to the Company the monopoly of the China trade, and the sovereignty and territorial administration of the Eastern empire. Besides other less important points, the plan in the contemplation of government embraces likewise a new system as to the order and application of the Company's revenue, and the appointment of one bishop and three archdeacons to reside in the East Indies. The subject is now under the consideration of Parliament, who are employed in examining evidence in regard to the expediency of the measure.

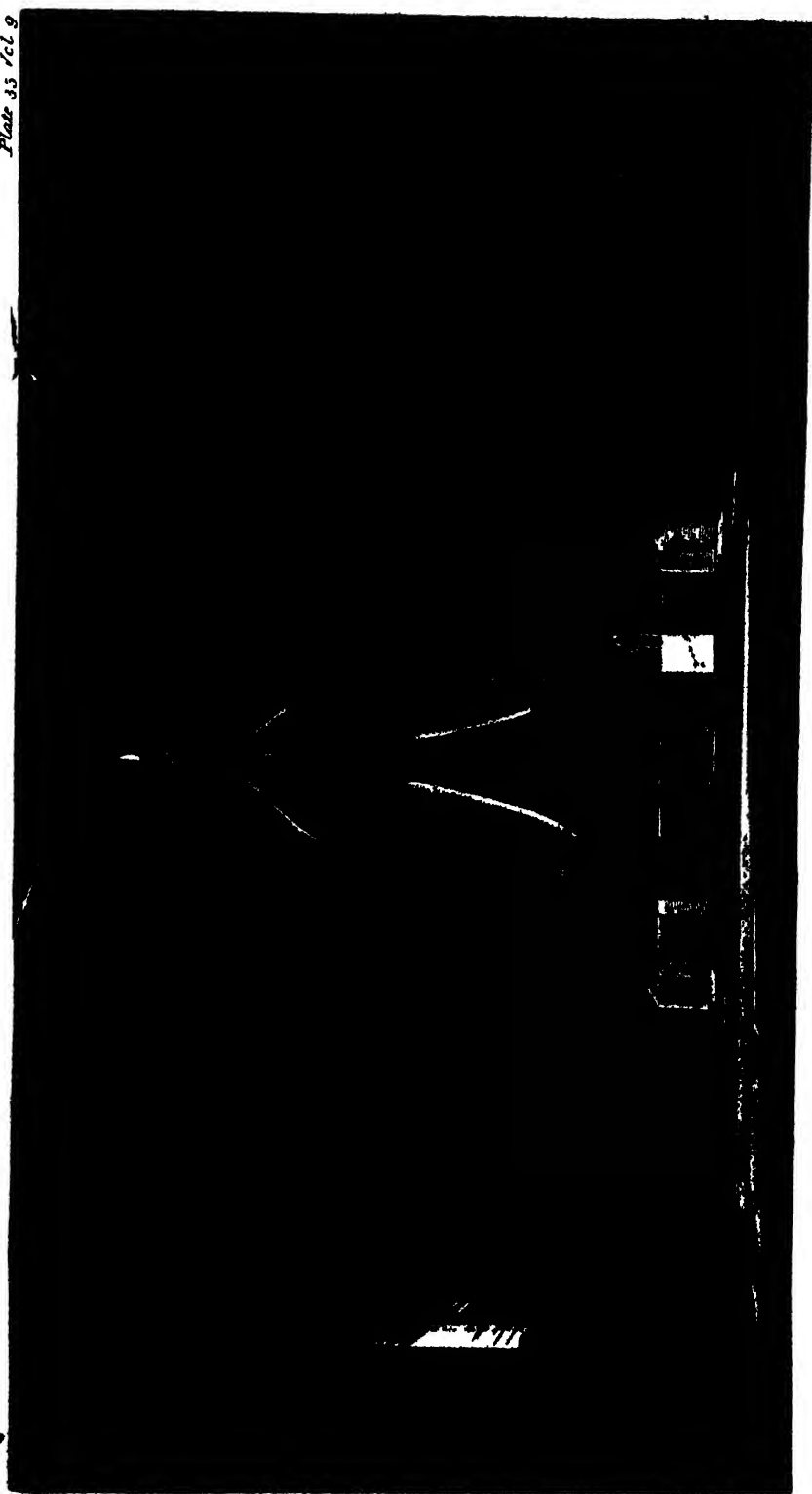
ARCHITECTURAL HINTS.

PLATE 35.—GOTHIC BEDCHAMBER AND STATE BED

IN France it is now considered to be essential, that the architect should design the furniture, as well as the building executed under his direction, as unity of character is highly valued, which cannot be obtained, unless the whole is guided by the same mind. To a very different practice this country is indebted for the ill effects of our buildings, furnished as they are, under as many different feelings of taste as there may be articles of furniture: sometimes, indeed, it happens that the architect's aid does not cease quite so soon, and the advantage is always discernible in the proportions and the fitness of the parts to the whole, and to each other, which, in the language of art, is called *composition*. If in a picture this be neglected, it is not compensated for even by the hues of Titian, or the drawing of Michael Angelo. How, then, may we hope that the interior of our buildings will obtain admiration and respect, when the architect is consulted no farther than the surface of the design, and the completion is entrusted to the painter, the decorator, the upholsterer, draper, carpet-maker, mason, and

smith, in their various departments? For, notwithstanding each may be eminent in his respective line, an incongruous association is the inevitable result, and those unarchitectural monstrosities are produced, which have lately disgraced ingenuity and taste.

The design of a Gothic chamber is intended to display its form, its decoration, and its furniture. The walls are divided into compartments by mullions and tracery. The hangings are of blue silk; and the ornaments, velvet, of a darker colour. The bed is formed on the principle of the Gothic crosses of Queen Eleanor, and of a wood corresponding with the yellow or orange wood of the mullions: portions of this are gilded. From the pinnacles rise pointed arches, to support a Gothic canopy, from which are suspended the hangings of the bed, of a twill-like character. The base of the bedstead extends on each side, where steps are made to rise, as the steps to a throne, and they are continued, from the head to the foot of the bed, for convenience, may be made occasionally to slide under it. The hangings are of



orange silk, lined with blue, and with blue ropes and tassels. This silk might be of those rich patterns which are found painted as the draperies of Gothic statues. If the hangings of the room, the bed, and the curtains were of this character, an unusually rich and splendid effect would be produced. The cabinets and sofas should be finished to correspond with the other furniture. The carpet is designed to suit the form of the room, and the arrangement of the furniture; it is of a Gothic figure, and the colours are intended to harmonize with them.

In furnishing a room, we cannot be too solicitous respecting the arrangement of the forms, the propriety of character, the due proportion of the vertical to the hori-

zontal lines, in fact, to the composition of the whole: for it is not simply that a handsome bed, or sofa, or cabinet, or grate is suited to a handsome room; for if each does not, by the principles of composition, correspond with the other parts, they tend to destroy the harmony, and are fatal to the elegance and the pleasurable end of our endeavours.

The blue and cool colour is here introduced to give effect to the orange, which is a warm one; and the furniture of the bed is of the latter colour, that its richness and quantity may operate as the light of a picture, to lead the attention to that which is the most important feature of the subject and the composition.

PLATE 34.—LONDON COMMERCIAL SALE-ROOMS.

WHILE splendid public buildings, for the various purposes of commerce, have long been erected in the out-ports of the British empire, the public sales of the far more extensive commerce of the metropolis have been conducted in coffee-houses, scattered about in small, dark, and incommodious situations, and heated at times almost to suffocation. A sense of these inconveniences induced some of the most eminent brokers to form private establishments, at a very great expence, for their own particular concerns; but while they thus remedied some disadvantages, they created another of no small importance. The sales of the same species of merchandize were frequently held, at the same hour, at

different and even distant places, thus injuring that competition of purchasers, which is the chief inducement of the merchant to offer his importations to public auction; and, at the same time, preventing the buyers from duly comparing the articles offered for sale, and taking advantage of that comparison in their subsequent purchases.

The increased experience of these evils, during the great flow of commerce into the port of London in the years 1808 and 1809, gave rise to a meeting of merchants and commercial brokers in the beginning of 1810, at which it was unanimously resolved, that a place for public sale, and sale by private contract, of produce, merchandize, ships, and stores, should be obtained.

R r

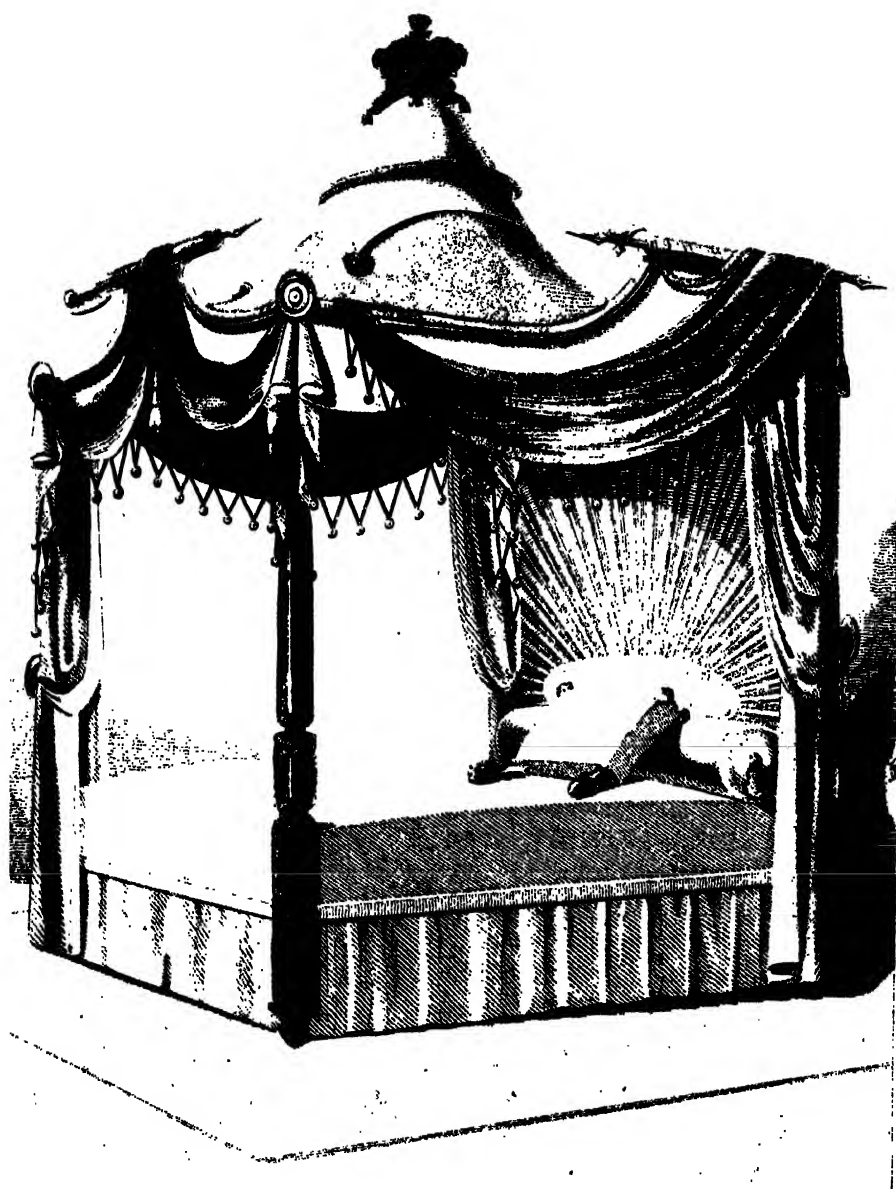
ed as near to the market in Mincing-lane as possible; that the building to be erected for this purpose, should be denominated the London Commercial Sale-Rooms; and that the property of the intended institution should consist of one thousand shares, at £100 per share. A committee was nominated, to seek a proper situation, and vested with full powers to form an establishment, which should give the desired facilities to commerce, and in such a style as should be worthy of the metropolis of the British empire. The site of the present edifice was accordingly fixed, and the preliminary arrangements were so far advanced, that, on the 1st of June, 1811, the first stone was laid, with the ceremonies usual on such occasions, by the Lord Mayor, Joshua Jonathan Smith, Esq. assisted by the sheriffs Plomer and Goodbelere, and the gentlemen composing the committee of management of the new institution.

This edifice, of the front of which a view is given in the annexed plate, reflects great credit on the professional talents of the architect, Mr. Joseph Woods. It stands on the east side of Mincing-lane. The ground-floor is occupied by a large coffee-room, 59 feet 10 inches by 31 feet six inches. The ascent to the public sale-rooms, is from the center of the north end of the coffee-room, between two scagliola columns of the Ionic order, and two pilasters, whose capitals are taken from the temple of Apollo Didymæus, one of the beautiful specimens of the Ionic order preserved in the first volume of the *Ionian Antiquities*. The capitals

of the columns here, as well as of those which decorate the front of the building, are imitated from those of the temple of Minerva Polias, at Priene, as published in the same work. The floor up one pair of stairs is divided into two large rooms for auctions, of which the largest is 33 feet by 31½; and on the upper floor are three commodious rooms for the same purpose. The basement contains an eating-room, as well as the kitchen, and abounds with various accommodations for the use of the establishment.

The extensive building in the rear is principally appropriated for counting-houses and private show-rooms for samples of merchandize; but the upper floor is laid into large rooms, lighted only from the north, devoted to the exhibition of goods intended for public sale, and affording ample accommodation to the raw sugar market in particular.

To the lovers of the arts, and to all who take an interest in the embellishment of the metropolis, it must be matter of regret, to see public edifices, which, like that here described, seem to be studiously concealed by their obscure situation from public view. It should, however, be recollected, that this very circumstance demonstrates the perfect security of property in this happy country, where not only no man, and no body of men, however powerful and opulent, but where not even the sovereign himself can compel the meanest citizen, against his will, to relinquish his possessions. To this state of things, and to the necessity of consulting the convenience



A STATE BED

of that class of persons for whose benefit, the establishment is designed, must be ascribed the choice of such a site for the *Commercial Sale-Rooms*, which, for the elegance and taste both of the design and execution, certainly merit a more conspicuous situation.

PLATE 33.—FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

THIS extremely neat and elegant bed furnishes us with a handsome specimen of what our intelligent and ingenious upholsterers may effect in articles of plain furniture, when they are designed with taste, and executed with some regard to the symmetry and effect of the *tout-ensemble*.

This piece of furniture is a plain patent mahogany framed bed, with elevated cornices, in a military style, and of suitable and appropriate ornamental workmanship. their curved figure, with the bolder sweeps of the draperies which are

disposed on them, gives an air of loftiness and consequence, without appearing too massive, and preserves a desirable airiness of style. The canopy top, with the surmounting ornaments, also adds considerably to the effect, when the height of the apartment admits of it. The radiating head-cloth is produced by plaiting, and has in the furniture a very simple and pleasing appearance.

The drawing of this subject is made by C. Blunt, from Messrs. Morgan and Saunders's Rooms, Catharine-street, Strand.

MEDICAL REPORT.

AN account of the practice of a physician from the 15th of March to the 15th of April, 1813.

Acute Diseases.—Catarrh, 10.... Pleurisy, 1...Sore-throat, 2...Fever, 2...Scarlet fever, 3...Acute rheumatism, 2...Hydrocephalus, 1...Acute diseases of infants, 5.

Chronic Diseases.—Asthénia, 4.... Pulmonary consumption, 2...Cough and dyspnoea, 20....Hæmoptoe, 4... Pleurodynia, 5...Chronic rheumatism, 6...Palsy, 2....Dyspepsia, 5... Gastrodynia, 2....Diarrhoea, 3.... Dropsy, 2....Worms, 2....Scrofula, 3....Female complaints, 4.

Since the last report, catarrh has been the most prevailing complaint. It has, in several instances, afflicted most individuals in a fa-

mily, and has greatly resembled the influenza which spread so widely in the metropolis and vicinity in the spring of 1803. The most troublesome symptoms in the present malady, have been, soreness of throat, and great consequent debility.

Affections of the heart are not unfrequently confounded with those of the lungs and bronchial vessels. This, in a great degree, arises from the position of those essential organs, for it is not easy for one to suffer much, without the other being affected. Thus, a serious disease of the heart itself, is often allowed to make progress, and establish itself too firmly for medicine to remove; while the patient attributes

his symptoms to a cold, indigestion, or some trivial cause. A curious case of this nature was recorded in a very respectable foreign publication, the *Journal de Medicine*, Jan. 1806.

A student at law, of a nervous temperament, much devoted to study, which he would even continue during great part of the night, living with sobriety, and drinking habitually a large quantity of water, experienced for two years continual pains in the head and frequent indigestion. His breathing was rather difficult. For some time he had had, under the right jaw, a slight swelling, accompanied by acute pains, and a pulsation isochronous to that of the pulse. Soon after he was seized with peripneumony, which yielded to a well directed treatment; but from this time his health became daily more precarious, and at length obliged him to keep his bed. His countenance was pale and meagre, and his whole body much emaciated. On the slightest motion, he felt strong and frequent palpitations of the heart. On applying the hand to the region of this organ, a sort of motion of the ribs was felt, and slight pressure on this part produced acute pain, which lasted much longer than the compression. He complained of pain in the lower extremities, and was troubled with

violent cramps in the legs, and a peculiar fixed pain in the heels. He continued getting worse, when death terminated his sufferings.

On opening the body, the lungs appeared sound; the heart was extremely hard and heavy: when an attempt was made to cut into the left ventricle, much resistance was experienced, from the total change of this fleshy part into a real petrification, which had, in some places, a gravelly appearance, and in others that of a saline incrustation. The sabulous grains, placed near each other, became larger towards the interior of the ventricle, and were continued even to the carnea columnæ, which, themselves petrified, had become enlarged, without changing their shape; many of them were as large as the end of the little finger, and appeared like stalactites, placed in different directions. The whole of the ventricle was increased in thickness. The right ventricle, and the large arterial trunks which rise from the heart, had undergone no change. The temporal, maxillary, and a part of the radial arteries, were ossified on every side. The brain, the viscera of the abdomen, and the vessels distributed in it, were sound*.

* Corvisart on *Diseases of the Heart*, translated by C. H. Hebb.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

EVERY seasonable operation in the various departments in agriculture has proceeded with facility: through the whole of the last month the weather has been more conge-

nial to vegetation than we are accustomed to experience in this climate in the month of April; in consequence of which, a burst of vegetation has appeared, that will be



fatal to the autumnal fruits, should frosty weather succeed.

The young wheats have made the most prolific tillow; the flag is strong, and of a healthful colour; sure signals of a full crop, should not atmospheric affections intervene. Great breadths of spring wheats have been sown, and the early ones have the most promising appearance.

Barley sowing is nearly finished; but the late dry weather has been rather unfavourable to those soils that have worked down to a small round clod. As the succeeding crop will consist of two growths, one part of the plants will be a few days or weeks older than the other, which will produce a rough sample at harvest

The whole of the leguminous tribe have made a strong appearance. The tender plants have escaped the various depredations of the slug, and promise a full productive crop, should they be equally fortunate in regard to the fly.

The late warm weather has nearly exhausted all the brassica species reserved for food; but the same cause has had the most beneficial effect upon the whole of the soiling crops, a considerable breadth of which will, in a few days, produce a tolerably full swathe.

Those meadows that are shut up from pasture, are in a forward state; and the upland pastures display a beautiful verdure.

FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

PLATE 36.—MORNING DRESS.

A ROUND robe, of fine cambric or jaconot muslin; long full sleeve and falling collar, trimmed with tufted fringe, and appliqued with a narrow border of lace or needlework at the feet. A small Pelerine, or Russian tippet, of white or coloured satin, with confined military cape, trimmed with tufted fringe to correspond. The Brunswick mob cap, composed of net and Brussels lace. Half-boots of pale tau-coloured kid; gloves *en suite*.

PLATE 37.—EVENING DRESS.

A celestial blue satin slip, with short full sleeve; trimmed round the bottom with a full border of lace, gathered on a knotted beading. A Polonese long robe of white

crape, or gossamer net; trimmed entirely round with lace and knotted beading, united in front of the bosom with rows of the satin bead. Hair in irregular curls, confined in the Eastern style, and blended with flowers. Necklace and drop of the satin bead, or pearl; earrings and bracelets to correspond; double neck-chain and heart of Oriental gold, inclosing an amulet. Grecian scarf, a pale buff colour, embroidered with shaded morone silks, in Grecian characters, and fancifully disposed on the figure. Slippers of blue satin or kid, trimmed with silver. White gloves, of French kid, falling below the elbow. Fan of carved ivory, with Indian border of coloured feathers.

ON COMMERCE.

No. XXX.

THE fertility of the Isles of France and Bourbon, has been already mentioned ; but several of the French writers who have described them, after dwelling with enthusiasm, according to their usual manner, upon that subject, have, at the latter end of their descriptions, mentioned so many drawbacks, that they have left the matter doubtful, whether they really possess any title to be deemed fertile, or not ; that is, in any superior degree : but we must be permitted to think, that where land can produce *two crops of corn* within twelve months, and that in succession, without either a fallow or manure of any kind ; save what it draws, of itself, from the air and water : if such land cannot be called fertile, and that in almost a supernatural degree, we know not what can. The Island of Bourbon also produces three crops of coffee within the same period. —The few cattle, comparatively speaking, which are here maintained, may in some degree occasion the want of manure ; but a British farmer, were he so situated, would form many and various rich composts from the vegetable kingdom, assisted by the sea-weeds, sand, &c. fully as efficacious, especially upon a soil eminently fertile of itself, as this must be allowed to be after what has been here advanced.

The culture of the coffee bush

certainly exhausts the soil very much, probably more than other crops, which occasions a great waste of land ; for, after being worn out, as it is called, they never endeavour to renew its fertility by manuring, but proceed to a fresh piece, and leave the other to recover as it can. To shew the difference between *skillful* cultivation, and the general mode pursued here, we need only make an extract from a letter written in October, 1754, by an inhabitant, to his family in Normandy ; in which he says, “ When I first arrived in Mauritius, I heard the inhabitants observe, that nothing was to be done by way of advancing one’s fortune, and an ordinary maintenance was all that could be expected : my experience, however, is in direct opposition to such a declaration.” And in the same letter he adds, “ The harvests have very generally failed throughout the island ; I am this year the *only* fortunate cultivator in it. I sowed 2200 lbs. of corn, and have gathered 66,000.” This being at the rate of 33 for 1, may, we imagine, be looked upon as a great increase, when every other person failed, and must only be attributed to his *superior skill* and care in cultivation.

Some scorpions are to be found here, but no wild beasts of a dangerous nature.

MERCATOR & Co.

ALLEGORICAL WOOD-CUT, WITH PATTERNS OF BRITISH MANUFACTURE.

No. 1. A Smolensko striped imperial washing silk, calculated for morning or domestic wear. It is either formed in a high wrap, with full sleeve, and falling collar of lace or needle-work ; or in the round robe, of a *semi* height, bordered at the several terminations



The Repository

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No.

REPOSITORY OF ARTS, SCIENCES,

53.

PLANTEN EN GEDINGEN.



with jonquil satin. It is sold at about one guinea and a half per dress, by Mr. Millard, Cheapside.

No. 2. A delicate figured sars-net, of Persian lilac, or blossom colour, designed for the spring cloak, spencer, or pelisse, but is equally appropriate for the evening bodice or robe. Articles of this material admit only of fancy trimmings of the same nature, or those of plaited net, feather trimming, or thread lace. It is manufactured and furnished by Messrs. Sutton and Meek, 53, Leicester-square.

No. 3. A grey and black printed striped muslin, admirably calculated for that slight sort of mourning which is usually adopted at the

conclusion of a court mourning; formed in morning wraps, or high round robes, trimmed with black love ribbon, with hats of black chip and feathers, or black lace hoods, or mob caps: it composes a very pretty morning dress, or home costume. It is sold by Messrs. T. and J. Smith, Tavistock-street, Covent-Garden.

No. 4. A buff-coloured Chinese silk, calculated also for domestic wear, admitting of no trimming so appropriate as those of satin of the same colour, plaitings of net, or borders of lace. This article is furnished us by Messrs. George & Bradley, Holywell-street, Strand.

Poetry.

ON A PILE OF RUINS.

IMITATED FROM THE ITALIAN.

I ASK'D of TIME, "To whom is rear'd
this mass,

Whose ruins now thou crumblest with
the soil?"

He answer'd not, but fiercer shook his
glass,

And flew with swifter wing to wider
spoil.

I ask'd of FAME, "O thou, whose breath
supplies

Life to high works of wonder, whose
remains?"

Abash'd to earth she bent her mournful
eyes,

Like one who sighing silently com-
plains.

Lost in amaze, I turn'd my steps aside,
When o'er each heap I saw OBLIVION
stride,

With haughty mien and air of deep de-
sign—

"Thou, then," I said, "must know; ah!
deign declare."

Stern he replied, hoarse thunder shook
the air,

"Whose once it was I seek not—now
'tis mine."

*A Tribute to the Memory of the late
Rear-Admiral REYNOLDS, Commander
of the St. George, which was lost in
the Baltic,*

READER,

Weep for one who gave a tear to
The sufferings of others, a smile to his own.
He was enterprising, without ambition;
Confident, without arrogance;

Firm, yet yielding; silent, yet eloquent;
Gay, without levity; happy, without ex-
ultation;

Conscious, but not vain of power.

His faults were those of a child.

Dost thou ask where thou shalt meet
With such a man? Alas! thou must seek

His image in our hearts,
 His spirit in the skies,
 Dost thou desire to learn his epitaph ?
 Learn it of all who knew him.
 Wouldst thou see his monument ?
 Behold his name—
 ROBERT CARTHEW REYNOLDS.

RELIGIO LOCI.

As musing slow the sea-beat shore I tread,
 While the deep heaves beneath the
 tempest's sway,
 While all is dark, and on the white wave's
 head

The lightning pours a momentary
 day :

Then through the heavens, methinks,
 Eternal Sire !

Thy justice walks, impels the whirl-
 wind's breath,
 Swells the deep thunder, bars the light-
 ning's fire,
 And shakes o'er guilty worlds the ba-
 lanc'd death.

Then in the roarings of the blast I hear
 Thy chariot-wheels ; O ! who can hear
 and live ?

Convicted nature dreads the vengeance
 near,
 And Guilt uplifts her hands, and cries,
 " Forgive ! "

But when more tranquil scenes my steps
 invite,

Where through a fleecy veil the moon-
 shine smiles,
 Where rapid Derwent gleams with snowy
 light,
 Or Lomond sleeps among her wooded
 isles :

O, then my ravish'd soul thy mercy sees
 Inspiring all beneath, around, above ;
 A small still voice in every dying breeze,
 A voice divine proclaims, that thou art
 love !

Then, stormy shores and surging waves,
 adieu !

And welcome brook, and vale, and
 peaceful grove !

But whence this thought ? Shall Reason's
 eagle view

In none but tranquil scenes trace hea-
 venly love ?

No : place me where, on Zembla's de-
 sert coast,

Dark winter heaps eternal snows on
 high,
 And bids his tow'ring battlements of frost
 Float on mid seas, and pillar half the
 sky :

Or place me on Bahouda's thirsty strand,
 Where the parch'd pilgrim longs for
 dewy night,
 Where whirling pyramids of fiery sand
 O'erwhelm the panting Arab in his
 flight :

Still heavenly mercy o'er the sullen hours
 Shall breathe a charm which all those
 hours shall cheer,

Bid storms be still, and amaranthine
 flowers

Spring from the ashes of a polar year.

New worlds, new seasons, at her beck
 shall rise,

Soft branching groves the sun-burnt
 desert shroud,

A sudden fragrance flow thro' tropic skies,
 A sudden rainbow blush on every
 cloud.

STANZAS.

BY J. M. LACEY.

Oh ! tell me not of reason now,
 When love is all my theme ;
 'Tis fit but for some wrinkled brow,
 Which ne'er of bliss could dream.

For what has reason pray to do
 With beauty's cheek of bloom,
 Where love still finds some charm quite
 new,
 Fresh wove in fancy's loom ?

Can reason cold define the rays
That dart from beauty's eye,
Whose ever vivid, varying blaze,
Her chiding pow'rs defy?

One kiss imparted from that lip,
In early love's bright season,
Is worth, as nectar'd sweets I sip,
An age made up of reason!

ON RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

When Heaven's Almighty King disowns
The wretch by sin beguil'd;
And, wrapp'd in clouds and darkness,
frowns

On his rebellious child:

When health, with all her rich delights,
Forsakes the feeble frame;
And lingering days and sleepless nights,
Leave life an empty name:

When sin and sorrow rack the breast
With agonizing care;
And all the soul, by guilt oppress'd,
Lies bleeding in despair:

Where then, O world! are all thy joys?
Thy promises of bliss?
Pleasure's gay dreams and splendid toys,
And Fortune's flattering kiss?

Hope's magic tints are now no more,
Her brilliant colours fade;
The fleeting rainbow of an hour,
The shadow of a shade.

Is there no power a wretch to save,
Involv'd in midnight gloom?
Is there no rest but in the grave?
No shelter but the tomb?

There is—Religion from above,
Sweet messenger of peace,
Brings tidings of exhaustless love,
And bids thy sorrows cease:

Bids thee Jehovah's name adore,
His saving grace receive;
Look to the cross which Jesus bore;
Repent, believe, and live.

Thro' pain and sorrow's cheerless night,
Affliction leads the way;
But soon upon thy raptured sight
Shall burst the glorious day.

No. LIII. Vol. IX.

To tame the passions' fierce controul,
Her iron hand is given;
To pluck from death the captive soul,
And point its way to heaven.

I feel, I feel the sacred power,
The mercy of my God;
And grateful, bless the suffering hour,
And kiss the chast'ning rod.

Again sweet health's refreshing beams,
From sickness set me free;
The hills and vales, and woods and streams,
All live again for me.

My Father's heav'nly smile returns,
Rich sunshine of the breast;
My soul, secure, no longer mourns,
With peace and pardon blest.

Eternal source of light and love!
Accept my ardent prayer;
Visit with wisdom from above,
The creature of thy care.

No more within this peaceful breast
May guilty passions roll;
Nor vice, nor folly more infect
My deep repentant soul.

From meanness, vanity, and pride,
And unbelief set free,
May I count all as dross beside,
And live alone in thee.

Oh! let thy word its truth impart;
My every thought employ;
And fill this blest, this grateful heart
With life, and light, and joy.

SCHILLY FARE.

It happen'd once, a foreign vessel,
Perhaps from Papenburg or Overysse,
Or whether Frenchman, or a Dane,
Has quite escap'd my shallow brain;
But this I'll answer for, the wind being
foul,

Lower'd her anchor in St. Mary's pool;
And from her, gladly, one was landed,
Whom six weeks Davy Jones had bandied.

In *fancy* now the stranger was devouring
A rump-steak of John Bull's fam'd
beast;

While from above the rain kept pouring,
By way of washing down the feast.

S s

This was a most unlucky time
 For hungry maws to visit Scilly ;
 The wind blew strong, the sea was rough.
 Excuse the phrase,—'twas monstrous
 hilly.

The *Governor**, snug on the main,
 His subjects did not mind a button ;
 While Scilly gums, a month in vain,
 Water'd to taste fresh beef or mutton.

Sol for the day had shut up shop,
 But Madam Luna show'd full well,
 A place where wearied limbs might stop ;
 The house was Edwards's hotel.

"Can me heb any ting for eat?"

"Yes, sir; what would your honour
 take?"

"Beef-steak," he cried; "and make
 much meat."

"Sir, we have charming pork for
 steak."

Now this was shocking teasing work ;
 Three weeks he'd fed on stinking pork.

"I'm very sorry, sir, our beef is gone ;
 We're disappointed of the packet ;
 But a *Welch rabbit*, sir, can soon be done"—

"Velch rabbeet—rabbeet—hurry den
 and get it."

Meantime he form'd a plan, that, with-
 out stones,

He'd break the rabbit's pretty little
 bones :

The dish was soon produced, and then
 The cover soon was off—and soon was on
 again !

Here followed disappointment and sur-
 prise,

And furious star'd his goggle eyes !—

"De divell may your trick all seize !

Dat not be rabbeet !—dat be keese !"

A STRANGER.

* The captain and owner of the packet to
 Penzance, is universally known in the islands
 by the name of the *Governor*. When England
 is meant, the inhabitants say the Main.

TO A FRIEND WITH A WALK- ING-STICK.

Good morning, sir! I hope you're well
 to-day?—

Zounds! why you look as if you didn't
 know me!

Sir, I'm the holly, late so green and gay,
 Which struck with admiration all who
 saw me.

A wag, sir, pluck'd me from my native
 bed,

Dress'd me in sable coat and panta-
 loons,

And put this silver hat upon my head,
 And gave me eyes, which shine like
 silver spoons.

In brazen boot he thrust my foot and leg,
 And o'er my neck a silken halter threw;
 Then bid me hasten, and politely beg
 Washing and lodging, worthy sir, of
 you.

Grant me this boon, and, with unceasing
 care,

I'll guide your footsteps through each
 devious way,

Keep off your spaniels, and o'er gutters
 bear

Your shoes so natty, and white stock-
 ings gay.

Should any scoundrels dare insult your
 grace,

I care not whom,—Dan, Thomas, Dick,
 or Moses,—

Grasp me but firm, and, in a moment's
 space,

I'll crack their 'craniums, and unbridge
 their noses.

When pester'd with the miseries of age,
 And life's ecstatic pleasures lose their
 zest,

Hang on me 'cross two beams, and I'll
 engage

To bear you, *kicking*, to the realms of
 rest.

LONDON MARKETS.

Return of Wheat from March 29 to April 3.

AL, 4,506 quarters—Average, 120.11¢d per quarter higher than last return.

Return of Flour from April 3 to 6

and per sack higher than last return

Academy of England and Wales, April 10

[illegible]

CORN, WLFDS, &c

[illegible]

American Flour — a — per barrel of 19 lbs.

Impressed, perished - - - - - 20080211 1605
 (1) 1st abcs. no phones, 7.17 c 10 11 b 12

215

309

SLGAR, a per C 1

[illegible]

— ml 15 b4 a (6) Timid and

<u> </u>	'16	Walden	(circles)	0000
<u> </u>		—	platoon	b7c

GLNGIR

Barnea white	62	17	19	0	a
	62	17	19	0	a

[illegible]

Place	3d	0	d
—			
—			

RICE, <i>L. ded</i>	Pepp white	3	5	5	5
...

[illegible]

Average price of raw sugar, exclusive of duty, per 100 lbs.

Row 222212 sold trees this month at full price

journey in agriculture and for the

the ready
girl, but is a good mother, which

100

1/2 6107 2.2 11.6 1011

BIG

SECRET

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100 101 102 103 104 105 106 107 108 109 110 111 112 113 114 115 116 117 118 119 120 121 122 123 124 125 126 127 128 129 130 131 132 133 134 135 136 137 138 139 140 141 142 143 144 145 146 147 148 149 150 151 152 153 154 155 156 157 158 159 160 161 162 163 164 165 166 167 168 169 170 171 172 173 174 175 176 177 178 179 180 181 182 183 184 185 186 187 188 189 190 191 192 193 194 195 196 197 198 199 200 201 202 203 204 205 206 207 208 209 210 211 212 213 214 215 216 217 218 219 220 221 222 223 224 225 226 227 228 229 230 231 232 233 234 235 236 237 238 239 240 241 242 243 244 245 246 247 248 249 250 251 252 253 254 255 256 257 258 259 260 261 262 263 264 265 266 267 268 269 270 271 272 273 274 275 276 277 278 279 280 281 282 283 284 285 286 287 288 289 290 291 292 293 294 295 296 297 298 299 300 301 302 303 304 305 306 307 308 309 310 311 312 313 314 315 316 317 318 319 320 321 322 323 324 325 326 327 328 329 330 331 332 333 334 335 336 337 338 339 340 341 342 343 344 345 346 347 348 349 350 351 352 353 354 355 356 357 358 359 360 361 362 363 364 365 366 367 368 369 370 371 372 373 374 375 376 377 378 379 380 381 382 383 384 385 386 387 388 389 390 391 392 393 394 395 396 397 398 399 400 401 402 403 404 405 406 407 408 409 410 411 412 413 414 415 416 417 418 419 420 421 422 423 424 425 426 427 428 429 430 431 432 433 434 435 436 437 438 439 440 441 442 443 444 445 446 447 448 449 450 451 452 453 454 455 456 457 458 459 460 461 462 463 464 465 466 467 468 469 470 471 472 473 474 475 476 477 478 479 480 481 482 483 484 485 486 487 488 489 490 491 492 493 494 495 496 497 498 499 500 501 502 503 504 505 506 507 508 509 510 511 512 513 514 515 516 517 518 519 520 521 522 523 524 525 526 527 528 529 530 531 532 533 534 535 536 537 538 539 540 541 542 543 544 545 546 547 548 549 550 551 552 553 554 555 556 557 558 559 560 561 562 563 564 565 566 567 568 569 570 571 572 573 574 575 576 577 578 579 580 581 582 583 584 585 586 587 588 589 590 591 592 593 594 595 596 597 598 599 600 601 602 603 604 605 606 607 608 609 610 611 612 613 614 615 616 617 618 619 620 621 622 623 624 625 626 627 628 629 630 631 632 633 634 635 636 637 638 639 640 641 642 643 644 645 646 647 648 649 650 651 652 653 654 655 656 657 658 659 660 661 662 663 664 665 666 667 668 669 670 671 672 673 674 675 676 677 678 679 680 681 682 683 684 685 686 687 688 689 690 691 692 693 694 695 696 697 698 699 700 701 702 703 704 705 706 707 708 709 710 711 712 713 714 715 716 717 718 719 720 721 722 723 724 725 726 727 728 729 730 731 732 733 734 735 736 737 738 739 740 741 742 743 744 745 746 747 748 749 750 751 752 753 754 755 756 757 758 759 760 761 762 763 764 765 766 767 768 769 770 771 772 773 774 775 776 777 778 779 780 781 782 783 784 785 786 787 788 789 790 791 792 793 794 795 796 797 798 799 800 801 802 803 804 805 806 807 808 809 810 811 812 813 814 815 816 817 818 819 820 821 822 823 824 825 826 827 828 829 830 831 832 833 834 835 836 837 838 839 840 841 842 843 844 845 846 847 848 849 850 851 852 853 854 855 856 857 858 859 860 861 862 863 864 865 866 867 868 869 870 871 872 873 874 875 876 877 878 879 880 881 882 883 884 885 886 887 888 889 890 891 892 893 894 895 896 897 898 899 900 901 902 903 904 905 906 907 908 909 910 911 912 913 914 915 916 917 918 919 920 921 922 923 924 925 926 927 928 929 930 931 932 933 934 935 936 937 938 939 940 941 942 943 944 945 946 947 948 949 950 951 952 953 954 955 956 957 958 959 960 961 962 963 964 965 966 967 968 969 970 971 972 973 974 975 976 977 978 979 980 981 982 983 984 985 986 987 988 989 990 991 992 993 994 995 996 997 998 999 1000 1001 1002 1003 1004 1005 1006 1007 1008 1009 1010 1011 1012 1013 1014 1015 1016 1017 1018 1019 1020 1021 1022 1023 1024 1025 1026 1027 1028 1029 1030 1031 1032 1033 1034 1035 1036 1037 1038 1039 1040 1

$(OKA, \delta, \tau_{\text{in}}) \approx OKA_{\text{er}}$.

[illegible]

SPIRITS, per Gallon (measure of duty).

	s	d	a	d	i	(M	r	S	p	r	i	t	s	,	s	d	s	d
an's, Cog	9	0	a	q	2	B	l	a	c	h	13	10	a	14	0				
yl msh	8	0	a	5	2														
tonin Cu	8	0	a	6	0	f	i	n	c	-	0	0	a	0	0				
un' tica	4	0	a	6	0	s	r	e	c	h	0	0	0	0	0				
ew, lsl	3	8	a	4	5	P	l	b	y	N	u	a	24	0	0	0	0	0	0

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR MARCH, 1813.

Conducted, at Manchester, by THOMAS HANSON, Esq.

1813.	Wind.			Pressure.			Temperature.			Weather.	Evap.	Rain
MAR.				Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.			
1	S	3		30,29	30,05	30,170	49,0°	38,0°	43,50°	fine	—	—
2	S	2		30,18	30,05	30,115	49,0	38,0	43,50	fine	—	.285
3	S	1		30,28	30,18	30,230	48,0	38,0	43,00	cloudy	—	—
4	S W	1		30,35	30,20	30,275	49,0	34,0	41,50	cloudy	—	—
5	W	2		30,40	30,30	30,350	52,0	40,0	46,00	cloudy	—	—
6	W	3		30,60	30,40	30,500	48,0	39,0	43,50	cloudy	—	—
7	W	3		30,60	30,40	30,500	50,0	40,0	45,00	rainy	—	—
8	N	2		30,40	30,35	30,375	50,0	44,0	47,00	fine	—	.190
9	N	2		30,40	30,12	30,260	52,5	43,0	47,50	fine	—	—
10	N	1		30,12	29,90	30,010	45,0	37,0	42,00	fine	—	—
11	N	3		30,42	30,03	30,225	41,0	28,0	34,50	fine	—	—
12	N	2		30,55	30,42	30,485	37,0	26,0	31,50	hail	—	—
13	N E	2		30,55	30,25	30,400	39,0	28,0	33,50	snowy	—	—
14	Var.	2		30,25	30,00	30,125	52,0	32,0	42,00	fine	—	—
15	S	2		30,20	30,00	30,100	54,0	42,0	48,00	drizzly	—	—
16	W	1		30,25	30,20	30,225	54,0	47,0	50,50	gloomy	—	—
17	S W	1		30,25	29,93	30,090	54,0	40,0	47,00	gloomy	—	—
18	W	2		29,95	29,93	29,940	50,0	42,0	49,00	fine	—	—
19	S	2		29,93	29,92	29,775	57,0	41,0	49,00	brilliant	—	—
20	S	3		29,65	29,45	29,550	51,0	38,0	44,50	rainy	—	—
21	S E	2		29,65	29,45	29,550	50,0	33,0	41,50	cloudy	—	—
22	S	2		29,95	29,45	29,700	50,0	38,0	44,00	showery	—	—
23	S W	2		30,45	29,45	30,200	51,0	40,0	45,50	showery	—	—
24	S	2		30,45	30,15	30,300	52,0	38,0	45,00	rainy	—	—
25	N W	3		30,55	30,15	30,350	53,0	42,0	47,50	fine	—	—
26	W	2		30,70	30,55	30,625	53,5	43,0	48,25	brilliant	—	—
27	W	2		30,70	30,65	30,675	54,0	42,0	48,00	fine	—	—
28	W	2		30,70	30,59	30,645	55,0	45,0	50,50	drizzly	—	.510
29	W	1		30,59	30,35	30,420	55,0	48,0	51,50	gloomy	—	—
30	W	2		30,25	30,12	30,185	53,0	38,0	45,50	brilliant	—	—
31	S	3		30,12	29,47	29,745	53,0	34,0	43,50	rainy	—	.205
				Mean		30,196		Mean	44,60			1,491

RESULTS.

Mean monthly pressure, 30.196—maximum, 30.70, wind W. 2.—Minimum, 29.97, wind S. W. 3.—Range, 1.33 inch.

The greatest variation of pressure in 24 hours, is .75 of an inch, which was on the 31st.

Meantemperature, 44°.60.—Maximum, 57° wind S.—Minimum 26° wind N. 1.—Range 31.

The greatest variation of temperature in 24 hours is 20°, which was on the 14th.

Spaces described by the barometer, 7.8 inches.—Number of changes, 19.

Rain, &c. this month, 1.490 inch.—Number of wet days, 11.—Total rain this year, 4,975 inches.

WIND.

N	N E	E	S E	S	S W	W	N W	Variable.	Calm.
5	1	0	1	9	3	10	1	1	0

Brisk winds 7—Boisterous ones 0.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR MARCH, 1813.

Conducted by Mr. J. GIBSON, Laboratory, Stratford, Essex.

1813 MAR.	Wind.	Pressure.			Temperature.			Weather.	Erap.	Rain.
		Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.			
1	S W	30,30	30,16	30,23	51°	39°	45,0°	fine	—	—
2	S W	30,16	30,07	30,115	47	35	41,0	fine	—	—
3	Var.	30,30	30,07	30,185	52	32	42,0	showers	—	—
4	S W	30,30	30,27	30,285	51	36	41,5	cloudy	—	—
5	W	30,35	30,30	30,325	50	35	42,5	cloudy	—	—
6	W	30,40	30,35	30,375	53	35	44,0	fine	—	—
7	N W	30,35	30,26	30,305	49	39	41,0	fine	—	—
8	N W	30,36	30,24	30,250	54	43	48,5	fine	—	—
9	N W	30,34	29,99	30,115	52	36	44,0	cloudy	.36	—
10	E	30,00	29,99	29,995	42	26	31,0	showery	—	—
11	N E	30,18	30,00	30,090	39	24	31,5	variable	—	—
12	N E	30,27	30,18	30,225	37	21	30,5	fine	—	—
13	N W	30,27	30,20	30,235	40	29	34,5	fine	—	—
14	S W	30,20	30,10	30,150	47	40	43,5	cloudy	.19	—
15	S W	30,18	30,10	30,140	53	43	48,0	cloudy	—	—
16	Var.	30,18	30,09	30,135	51	32	41,5	fine	—	—
17	N E	30,00	29,96	30,025	56	32	44,0	fine	—	—
18	N W	29,96	29,96	29,960	58	36	47,0	fine	—	—
19	E	29,96	29,78	29,570	58	40	49,0	fine	—	—
20	S W	29,96	29,78	29,870	56	35	45,5	fine	—	—
21	S W	29,96	29,84	29,900	53	42	47,5	clouds	.31	.20
22	S W	30,25	29,96	30,105	55	33	44,0	clouds	—	—
23	N W	30,30	30,28	30,290	50	34	42,0	fine	—	—
24	W	30,28	30,06	30,170	47	39	43,0	rainy	—	.45
25	N W	30,30	30,28	30,320	47	35	41,0	cloudy	.18	—
26	N W	30,47	30,36	30,415	51	27	39,0	fine	—	—
27	S W	30,47	30,45	30,460	55	32	43,5	fine	—	—
28	N W	30,45	30,35	30,400	63	46	54,5	sultry	—	—
29	S W	30,35	30,15	30,250	61	46	53,5	fine	—	—
30	Var.	30,15	29,98	30,065	57	41	49,0	cloudy	—	—
31	S E	29,98	29,40	29,690	53	42	47,5	cloudy	.36	.08
		Mean			Mean			Total	1,60 in.	.73 in.

RESULTS.—Prevailing winds, westerly. — Mean height of barometer, 30,159 inches; highest observation, 30,47 inches; lowest, 29,40 inches.—Mean height of thermometer, 43°, 4.—highest observation, 63°—lowest, 24°.—Total of evaporation, 1,60 inch.—Rain .73 in.—in another gauge, .68 inch.

Notes.—5th. Misty morning.—7th. A lunar halo at night.—9th. Misty morning.—10th. A little snow about nine A. M.—11th. White frost—showers of hail and snow during the day.—12th. Morning very fine—ground covered with snow.—17th. A very fine day.—22nd. Cloudy and fine.—27th. Hoar frost.—28th. Very warm day—thermometer 60° in the evening.—31st. Boisterous night.

Prices of Fire-Office, Mine, Dock, Canal, Water-Works, Brewery, and Public Institution Shares, &c. &c. for APRIL, 1813.

Commercial Dock	£120 pr sh.	Wilts and Berks Canal	£20 per sh
London Ditto	161 do.	East London Waterworks	64 do.
West India Ditto	146 do.	Kent Ditto	52 do.
Chelmer and Blackwater Canal	89 do.	West Middlesex Ditto	40 do.
Croydon Ditto	£16 10s do.	Allbion Fire and Life Assurance	43 do.
Coventry Ditto	£800 do.	Eagle Ditto	£2 17s 6d do.
Dudley Ditto	48 do.	Hope Ditto	2 28 do.
Elkmere Ditto	64 do.	Rock Ditto	2 38 do.
Erewash Ditto	800 do.	Globe Ditto	£105 do.
Grand Junction Ditto	225 do.	Imperial Ditto	48 do.
Grand Union Ditto	25 do. dis.	Straud Bridge	43 do. dis.
Grand Surry Ditto	102 pr sh.	London Institution	46 pr sh.
Kennett and Avon	22 do.	Russell Ditto	17 do.
Leicester Union Ditto	99 do.	Surry Ditto	13 do.

WOLFE & Co. 9, Change-Alley, Cornhill, & FORTUNE & Co. 13, Cornhill.

PRICES OF STOCKS

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26	—	59 a 1	—	—	89 1	—	58	—	—	—	—	—	—	6 Dis.	5 Pm.	—	59 1
27	—	59 a 1	—	—	89 1	—	58	—	—	—	—	—	—	4 Dis.	5 Pm.	—	59 1
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Apr. 1	—	59 a 1	—	—	89 1	—	58	—	—	—	—	—	—	4 Dis.	5 Pm.	—	59 1
2	—	59 a 1	—	—	89 1	—	58	—	—	—	—	—	—	4 Dis.	5 Pm.	—	59 1
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11	—	59 a 1	—	—	89 1	—	58	—	—	—	—	—	—	4 Dis.	5 Pm.	—	59 1
12	—	59 a 1	—	—	89 1	—	58	—	—	—	—	—	—	4 Dis.	5 Pm.	—	59 1
13	—	59 a 1	—	—	89 1	—	58	—	—	—	—	—	—	4 Dis.	5 Pm.	—	59 1
14	—	59 a 1	—	—	89 1	—	58	—	—	—	—	—	—	4 Dis.	5 Pm.	—	59 1
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16	—	59 a 1	—	—	89 1	—	58	—	—	—	—	—	—	4 Dis.	5 Pm.	—	59 1
17	—	59 a 1	—	—	89 1	—	58	—	—	—	—	—	—	4 Dis.	5 Pm.	—	59 1
18	—	59 a 1	—	—	89 1	—	58	—	—	—	—	—	—	4 Dis.	5 Pm.	—	59 1
19	—	59 a 1	—	—	89 1	—	58	—	—	—	—	—	—	4 Dis.	5 Pm.	—	59 1
20	—	59 a 1	—	—	89 1	—	58	—	—	—	—	—	—	4 Dis.	5 Pm.	—	59 1

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THE
Repository
 OF
ARTS, LITERATURE, COMMERCE,
Manufactures, Fashions, and Politics,

For JUNE, 1813.

VOL. IX.

The Fifty-fourth Number.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

In closing the Ninth Volume of the Repository, the Proprietor cannot forbear expressing his acknowledgments to those new subscribers, who, during its publication, have honoured him with their support; but more particularly to his old patrons, whose favours have enabled him to accomplish his plan of producing a work which should be unrivalled in its kind. He cannot offer any stronger proof of his solicitude to merit their approbation, than the volume now concluded, which, besides the usual variety in the literary department, will be found to contain an unprecedented number of interesting embellishments. At the same time he respectfully assures them, that he shall neglect no means of improving his publication, of adding either to its general interest or its elegance, and of maintaining that high character which an experience of more than four years has procured it in the public estimation.

We earnestly solicit communications (post paid) from the professors of the arts in general, as well as authors, respecting works which they may have in hand. We conceive that the evident advantage which must accrue to both from the more extensive publicity that will be given to their productions through the medium of the Repository, needs only to be mentioned, to induce them to favour us with such information, which shall always meet with the most prompt attention.

Some articles of Literary Intelligence were received too late for insertion in the present number; and we beg leave to remind our correspondents, that all such should reach us on or before the 15th of the month.

Stanzas by J. H. R. and J. M. L. shall have an early place.

The pressure of matter which it was absolutely necessary to introduce into the present number (as it concludes the volume), has obliged us to defer several other communications, and among the rest, the humorous Inscription on a Blacksmith, which shall appear in our next.

The Proprietor begs leave to remind such of his Readers as have imperfect sets of the Repository, of the necessity of an early application for the deficiencies, in order to prevent disappointment. Those who chuse to return their Numbers to the Publisher, may have them exchanged for Volumes in a variety of bindings, at the rate of 5s. per Volume.

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—The suffrage of the wise,
The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

ARMSTRONG.

CONVERSATIONS ON THE ARTS.—By JUNIUS.

(Continued from p. 257.)

Miss K. In regard to their medals, the ancients and the moderns differ widely. The Romans always appear in the proper dress of their country; so that the little variations in the fashion of the drapery may be seen on their medals. They would have thought it ridiculous to represent an emperor of Rome in a Grecian cloak or a Phrygian mitre. Our modern medals, on the contrary, are full of togas and tunicas, trabeas and paludamentums, and a multitude of the like antiquated garments, which have not been in fashion these thousand years. We very often see a king of England or France dressed up like Julius Cæsar: you would think they had a wish to pass themselves upon posterity for Roman emperors. The same observation

applies to several customs and religious emblems that appear on our ancient and modern coins. Nothing is more common than to see allusions to Roman customs and ceremonies on the medals of this country: they very often bear the figure of a heathen deity. If posterity should take their notions of us from our medals, they must fancy that one of our kings paid a great devotion to Minerva; that another was a professed worshipper of Apollo; or at best, that the religion of this country was a mixture of christianity and paganism. Had the old Romans been guilty of the same extravagance, there would have been such a confusion in their antiquities, that their coins would not have had half the uses which we find in them. We ought to consi-

der medals as so many monuments consigned to eternity, that may possibly exist when all other memorials of the same age are worn out or lost. Were they designed to instruct only the three or four succeeding generations, there would be no great danger of their being misunderstood; but as they may pass into the hands of a posterity many removes distant from us, and are likely to act their parts in the world, when its governments, manners, and religions may be quite altered, we ought to take particular care not to make any false reports in them, or to charge them with devices that are either ambiguous or unintelligible.

Miss Eve. There is a medallic history of Louis XIV. by whom a society was pensioned to invent the desigus: yet on some of these medals we see Hercules' club, on others the cross of Christ; on one an angel, on another a Mercury. Posterity would be much puzzled to learn from these medals the religion of Louis le Grand. How unnatural it is, as you observe, to see a king of France dressed like an emperor of Rome, with his ~~garment~~ bare up to the elbows, a laurel on his head, and a chlamys over his shoulders! and what relation is there between the figure of a bull and the planting of a French colony in America? The Romans employed this type in allusion to one of their own customs on sending out a colony; but for the French, a ram, a hog, or an elephant would have been as significant an emblem: yet this series of medals is reckoned the most perfect of any produced by the moderns, for the beauty of the work, the aptness of the de-

vice, and the propriety of the legend.

Miss K. Among the emblems we meet with a pair of scales on abundance of coins: they are commonly interpreted as an emblem of the emperor's justice; but they allude sometimes to the Balance in the heavens, which was the reigning constellation of Rome and Italy. Manilius observes—

The Scales rule Italy, where Rome commands,
And spreads her empire wide to foreign lands:
They hang upon her nod, their fates are weigh'd

By her, and laws are sent to be obey'd;
And, as her powerful favour turns the prize,
How low some ~~things~~ sink, and others rise!
Thus guide the Scales, and then, to fix our doom,

They gave us Cæsar, founder of our Rome.

The thunderbolt is a reverse of Augustus: we see it used by the greatest part of the same age, to express a terrible and irresistible force in battle, which is probably the real meaning; for, in another place, the poet already quoted, applies the same metaphor to Augustus:

Who can declare

The Scipios' worth, those thunderbolts of war?

Virgil, also, has these lines:

Three rays of writhen rain, of fire three more,
Of winged southern winds and cloudfy store
As many parts, the dreadful mixture frame,
And fears are added, and avenging flame.

Here is another reverse, on which is an oaken garland, which we find on abundance of imperial coins. It was the reward of such as had saved the life of a citizen. Claudian thus compliments Stilico:

Of old, when in the war's tumultuous strife,
A Roman sav'd a brother Roman's life,
And foil'd the threatening foe, our sires de-

creed
An oaken garland for the victor's head.

Thou who hast sav'd whole crowds, whole towns set free,
What groves, what woods shall furnish crowns for thee?

It is not to be supposed, that the emperor had actually covered a Roman in battle. It was enough that he had driven out a tyrant, gained a victory, or restored justice: in many of these or the like cases, he might well be said to have saved the lives of citizens, and to have been in consequence entitled to the reward. Accordingly we find Virgil distributing oaken garlands to those who had enlarged or strengthened the dominions of Rome: and we learn from Statius, that the statue of Curtius, who had sacrificed himself for the good of the people, was crowned with this kind of garland:

The guardian of that lake, which boasts to claim

A sure memorial from the Curtian name,
Rous'd by th' artificers, whose mingled sound
From the loud Fœtus pierced the shades profound,

The hoary vision rose confess'd in view,
And shook the civic wreath that bound his brow.

Here is a medal, on which are two horns, as emblems of plenty. Some medallists are of opinion, that two horns upon a coin signify an extraordinary plenty: but why should not the ancients as well have stamped two thunderbolts, two caduceuses, or two ships, to represent an extraordinary force, a lasting peace, or an unbounded happiness? Perhaps the double cornucopia relates to the double tradition of its original, some representing it as the horn of Achelous broken off by Hercules; and others, as the horn of the goat which gave suck to Jupiter. Ovid has these passages:

Not yet his fury cool'd, 'twixt rage and scorn,
From my main'd front he bore the stubborn horn;

This, heap'd with flow'rs and fruits, the Naiads bear,
Sacred to plenty and the bounteous year.

He spoke, when, lo! a beauteous nymph appears,
Girt like Diana's train, with flowing hairs;
The horn she brings, in which all autumn's store's stored,
And ruddy apples for the second harvest.

The god she suckled, of old Rhea born,
And in the pious office broke her horn;
As playful in a rifted oak she tost
Her heedless head, and half its honours lost.
Fair Amalthea took it from the ground,
With apples fill'd it, and with garlands bound,
Which, to the smiling infant, she convey'd;
He, when the sceptre of the gods he sway'd,
Bade his rough nurse the starry heavens adorn,
And, grateful, in the zodiac fix'd her horn.

Between the double cornucopia is Mercury's rod, respecting which Martial says—

Descend, Cyllene, tutelary god,
With serpents twining round thy golden rod.

It stands on old coins as an emblem of peace, by reason of its stupefying quality, which has gained it the title of *Virga somnifera*. It has wings on account of another quality, which Virgil mentions in his description of it:

Thus arm'd, the god begins his airy race,
And drives the racking clouds along the liquid space.

The two heads over the two cornucopias, are those of the emperor's children, who are sometimes called by the poets, the pledges of peace, as they take away the occasions of war, by preventing all disputes respecting the succession.

Thou first kind author of my joys,
Thou source of many smiling boys,
Nobly contendest to bestow
A pledge of peace in every throw.

The medal, therefore, complements the emperor on his two children, whom it represents as public blessings, that promise peace and plenty to the empire.

The two hands conjoined, are emblems of fidelity. By the inscription, we may see, that in this place they represent the fidelity or loyalty of the people towards their emperor. The caduceus rising between the hands, signifies the peace that arises from such an union with their prince; as the spike of Ceres on each side denotes the plenty that is the fruit of such a peace.

The figure of a hand on the reverse of Claudius, is a token of good-will; for, when after the death of his nephew Caligula, Claudius was in no small apprehension of his own life, he was, contrary to his expectation, well received by the Prætorian guards, and afterwards proclaimed emperor by them. His reception is here recorded on a medal, where one of the standard-bearers is seen presenting him his hand. The old weather-beaten soldier who carries the Roman eagle, is the same character that we meet with in Juvenal's Fourteenth Satire. In one of the poets, the *signifer* is mentioned as wearing a lion's skin over his head and shoulders, like this on the medal. Virgil thus describes a warrior in this attire:

Like Hercules himself, his son appears
In savage pomp, a lion's hide he wears,
About his shoulders hangs his baggy skin,
The teeth and gaping jaws severely grin.
Thus, like the god his father, homely drest,
He strides into the hall a horrid guest.

You were desirous of a description of some of the islands of the Archipelago. Here are Falconer's

lines, suggested by the appearance of the site of Troy:

Eastward of this appears the Dardan shore,
That once th' imperial towers of Ilium bore.
Illustrious Troy, renown'd in every clime,
Through the long annals of unfolding time,
How oft, thy royal bulwarks to defend,
Thou saw'st thy tutel'ar gods in vain descend!
'Thougt' chiefs unnumber'd in her cause were slain,

Though nations perish'd on her bloody plain,
'That refuge of perfidious Helen's shame
Was doom'd at length to sink in Grecian flame;
And now by Time's deep ploughshare harrow'd o'er,

The seat of sacred Troy is found no more:
No trace of all her glories now remains,
But corn and wine enrich her cultur'd plains;
Silver Scamander flows the verdant shore,
Scamander oft o'erspread with hostile gore.

Not far remov'd from Ilion's famous land,
In counter view appears the Thracian strand,
Where leauteous Hero, from the turret's height,

Display'd her cresset each revolving night,
Whose gleam directed lov'd Leander o'er
The rolling Hellespont to Asia's shore;
Till, in a fated hour, on Thracia's coast
She saw her lover's lifeless body tost.
Then felt her bosom agony severe,
Her eyes and gazing post'd th' incessant tear,
O'erwhelm'd with anguish, frantic with despair,

She beat her beauteous breast, and tore her hair:

On her Leander's name in vain she cried,
Then headlong plunged into the parting tide;
The parting tide receiv'd the lovely weight,
And proudly flow'd exulting in its freight.

Miss *Ere*. There is a great deal of classical imagery in Cowley's *Vision*,

Miss *K*. Can you repeat it?

Miss *Eve*. Yes.

Lucas, expell'd by the approaching night,
Blush'd and for shame clos'd in his bashful light,

While I with leaden Morpheus overcome,
The Muse whom I adore enter'd the room.
Her hair, with tawny curiosity,
Did on her comely back dishevell'd lie;
Her eyes with such attractive beauty shone
As might have wak'd sleeping Eudymion.

She bade me rise, and promis'd I should see
Those fields, those mansions of felicity

We mortals so admire at: speaking thus
 She lifts me up upon wing'd Pegasus,
 On whom I rode, knowing wherever she
 Did go, that place must needs a temple be.
 No sooner was my flying courser come
 To the bless'd dwellings of Elysium,
 Than straight a thousand unknown joys resort
 And humm'd me round, chaste Love's inno-
 cuous sport;

A thousand sweets bought with no following
 gail,

Joys not like ours, short, but perpetual.
 How many objects charm my wand'ring eye,
 And bid my soul gaze there eternally!
 Here in full streams, Bacchus, thy liquor
 flows,

Nor knows to cbb; here Jove's broad tree
 bestows

Distilling honey; here both nectar pass,
 With copious currents through the verdant
 grass;

Here Hyacinth, his fate writ in his looks,
 And thou, Narcissus, loving still the brooks,
 Once lovely boy, and Acis now a flow'r,
 Are nourish'd with the rarer herb, whose
 pow'r

Created dire war's potent god. Here grows
 The spotless lily and the blushing rose,
 And all those divers ornaments abound
 That variously may paint the gaudy ground.
 No willow, sorrow's garland, there hath room,
 Nor cypress, sad attendant of a tomb;
 None but Apollo's lyre and th' ivy twine,
 Embracing the stout oak and fruitful vine;
 And trees with golden apples loaded down,
 On whose fair tops sweet Philomel alone,
 Unmindful of her former misery,
 Tunes with her voice a ravishing harmony;
 While all the murmuring brooks that glide
 along

Make up a burden to her pleasing song.
 No screech-owl, sad companion of the night,
 No hideous raven, with prodigious flight,
 Presaging future ill, nor, Progne, thee,
 Yet spotted with young Itys' tragedy,
 These sacred bowers receive, there's nothing
 there

That is not pure, all innocent, and rare.
 Turning my greedy sight another way,
 Under a bower of storm-contemning bay,
 I saw the Thracian singer with his lyre
 Teach the deaf stones to hear him and admire;
 Him the whole poet's chorus compass round;
 All whom the oak, all whom the laurel crown'd.
 There banish'd Ovid had a lasting home,
 Better than thou could'st give, ungrateful
 Rome;

And Lucan, spite of Nero, in each vein
 Had ev'ry drop of his spilt blood again.

Homer, Sol's first-born, was not poor or blind,
 But saw as well in body as in mind.

Tully, grave Cato, Solon, and the rest
 Of Greece's admir'd wise men here possess
 A large reward for their past deeds; and gain
 A life as everlasting as their fame.

By these the valiant heroes take their place,
 All who stern death and perils did embrace
 For virtue's cause. Great Alexander there
 Laughs at the earth's small empire, and does
 wear

A nobler crown than the whole world could
 give.

There did Horatius Cocles, Scæva live,
 And valiant Decius, who now freely cease
 From war, and purchase an eternal peace.

Next see, beneath a myrtle bow'r, where
 doves

And gall-less pigeons build their nests, all
 love's

True faithful servants, with an am'rous kiss
 And soft embrace, enjoy their highest bliss;
 I cumber with his beauteous Hero plays,
 Nor are they parted by dividing seas.

Portia enjoys her Brutus; death no more
 Can now divide their wedding as before.

Thiabe her Pyramus kiss'd, his Thiabe he
 Embraced—each bless'd with th' other's com-
 pany:

And ev'ry couple always dancing sing
 Eternal pleasures to Elysium's king.

But see, how soon these pleasures fade
 away!

How near to ev'ning is delight's short day!
 The watching bird, true nuncio of the light,
 Straight crow'd, and all then vanish'd from
 my sight:

My very Muse herself forsook me too:
 Megrief and wonder wak'd—what should I do?

Let me follow thee! said I, and go
 From life, that I may dream for ever so!
 With that my flying Muse I thought to clasp
 Within my arms, but did a shadow grasp.
 Thus chiefest joys glide with the swiftest
 stream,

And all our greatest pleasure's but a dream.

Miss K. As Gay observes in
 these lines, which are inscribed on
 his monument in Westminster
 Abbey:

Life is a dream, and all things show it,
 I thought so once, but now I know it.

Miss Eve. This moving picture,
 which the materials of the world
 exhibit, passes away like a dream.
 What is it to those who lived 120

years ago, who was rich, or who poor, or how related! The churchyards contain their mouldering remains, and their riches are dissipated. Much less than the like short period, will make the same havoc among its present inhabitants and their property: all its scenes pass away, empty as a dream, and yet how real present things appear! On this subject Shakespeare observes—

The cloud capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind

Miss A. I should have observed respecting Pope's lines on Addison, occasioned by his observations on medals, that the last six are inscribed on Secretary Craggs's monument in Westminster Abbey:

Statesman, yet friend to truth, in soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear;
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend,
Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
And plac'd, unserv'd, by the Muse he lov'd.

Miss E. I was at a sale of coins last week, and I have set down the prices of some of them that I bought, in my pocket-book. They were a sort of modern antiques, if I may use the expression.

A Saxon penny of King	
Alfred	£1 1 0
Two pennies of Alfred	
and Ethelred	5 7 6
One Eustachius	4 10 0
One struck at York	8 8 0
One Stephen and one	
Henry	3 7 0
Two groats of Richard III.	3 3 0
A proof piece for a penny	
of Henry VIII.	3 0 0

A Scarborough siege coin	
of Charles I.	£7 7 0
Ditto	7 2 6
A Commonwealth six-	
pence	3 4 0
A pewter Irish crown of	
James II.	5 7 6
A Commonwealth farthing	
Two farthings of Charles	
II.	3 4 0
The famous copper medal	
of Colonel Lilburne	2 17 0

How does Falconer describe Athens?

Miss K.

Immortal Athens! what in ruin spread,
Contiguous lies at Port Leon's head
Great source of science, whose immortal name
Stands foremost in the glorious roll of fame.
Here godlike Socrates and Plato shone,
And, firm to truth, eternal honours won:
The first in virtue's cause his life resign'd,
By heav'n pronounc'd the wisest of mankind;
The last foretold the spark of vital fire,
The soul's true essence, never could expire.
Here Solon dwelt, the philosophic sage,
That fed Periclitus' vindictive rage.
Just Aristides here maintain'd the cause,
Whose sacred precepts shine through Solon's laws

Of all her tow'ring structures, now alone
Some scatter'd columns stand, with weeds
o'ergrown

The wand'ring stranger near the port describes
A milk white lion of stupendous size;
Unknown the sculptor—marble is the frame,
And hence th' adjacent haven drew its name.

Next, in the gulf of Engia, Corinth lies,
Whose gorgeous fabrics seem'd to strike the
skies;

When, though by tyrant victors oft subdued,
Greece, Egypt, Rome, with awful wonder
view'd.

Her name, for Pallas' heav'nly art renown'd,
Spread like the foliage which her pillars
crown'd;

But now, in fatal desolation laid,
Oblivion o'er it draws a dismal shade.

JUNIUS.

LETTERS FROM ITALY.

LETTER XIX.

(Concluded from p. 261.)

YOU may suppose, dear T., that the concentration of the solar rays within the elliptical walls of this wooden amphitheatre, was productive of a degree of heat by no means congenial to my delicate frame, already sufficiently fevered and fatigued by no common exertions of climbing over half-finished rafters and planks. The feelings of my companion were equally visible on his glistening countenance, checkered, as it appeared, by numerous lactean rivulets of dissolved powder and pomatum; his sufferings had silenced his speech, his sullen lips closed motionless, except to give vent at periodical intervals to puffing breaths of internal vapour, sent forth in exchange for equal draughts of the exterior less heated atmospheric air. Whenever Don Michele is silent for any considerable time, an approaching storm may be looked for with certainty; to avert the bursting of which, in the present case, I proposed an adjournment to an ice-cellar, which was accepted by a dry "*come tuolete*." His speech returning with every sip of the frozen raspberry juice, he commenced his conversation according to the Socratic method of question and answer:—"You seemed to be much delighted, Signor Don Luigi, with this said amphitheatre of our's?"—"As far as I am able to judge, it appears to me a correct and beautiful fac-simile of a real one."—"How old do you conceive it to

* As you please.

be?"—"Its age cannot be many days surely, for it is not above a fortnight since I walked across the square on which it stands, when there appeared no signs of it."—"And how old, pray, did you say the theatre at Pompeji was, which we visited some weeks back?"—"Between 17 and 1800 years in round number," was my answer, although I now began to see the drift of my friend's catechisation.

In one of my early letters I have made you acquainted with the preposterous opinion Don Michele entertains of the origin of the city of Pompeji, which, in his belief, is nothing else but a forgery of modern date, contrived by the government to attract strangers from all quarters of Europe to the Neapolitan dominions. His arguments in favour of that wild hypothesis I have likewise been at the trouble of putting down for you, as a monument of the extent to which a perverted mode of reasoning may carry intellectual extravagance. Suffice it, therefore, now to say, that the present erection of the temporary amphitheatre, and of the other wooden structures over the city, was triumphantly held up as a most convincing proof of the fabrication of the city of Pompeji in a similar manner. With people of Don Michele's stamp it is as impossible to argue a point, as it would be with a downright madman; so that when I found him utterly callous to common reason, I put an end to the discourse by declar-

ing, that I should once more repair to Pompeji, to examine more minutely into every thing that could throw light on the subject in dispute between us; till which time I begged my friend to leave the question in its present state of doubtful suspense. To this he reluctantly consented; and having by three or four glasses of different ices, cooled his spirit of contradiction, and become pleasant, he of his own accord proposed a walk to the Mole, which I agreed to, provided on our return he would be my guest at Madame Gasse's, the French inn, where, in my town visits, I frequently join at the *table d'hôte*.

On our way thither we had some difficulty in passing through a crowd of people, who, with great eagerness and with Neapolitan clamour, had assembled round a man, sitting with pen and ink before a frail table, and busily employed in committing to paper the crude thoughts of a country clown in the attitude of dictating to him; for the noise was too loud to hear what was going forward. A board above the head of the engrosser proclaimed his calling.—“*Qui si fanno memoriali, lettere, ed altre scritture, nel ottimo stilo moderno.*” (Here are drawn up memorials, letters, and other writings, in the best modern style).—Ever eager to seize any opportunity of observing the manners and national character of a people whom I have every reason to think better of than some of our superficial magpie tourists, I pressed forward to obtain a nearer view of the transactions of this universal secretary; when Don Michele, pulling me back by the skirt of my

coat, begged I would not demean myself, thus to mix with the vulgar; adding, that if I had a mind to see one of these public writers, he would conduct me to a friend of his, at no great distance, under whose very windows, the same kind of literary traffic was carried on daily, and from whose balcony I might watch at my ease the operations of the man and his untutored customers. “You already know Don Matteo,” he added, “for he played the violoncel the other day at your concert and ball, out of friendship to me.”

This was a welcome offer: thither we shaped our course. On entering the apartment of the first floor, Don Matteo left his score, scraped a number of bows in quick time, with bustling hurry turned a child, two fowls, and a barking dog into the adjoining room (whither his wife followed as soon as she had packed off a litter of old clothes, broken toys, pea-shells, &c. which disfigured the symmetry of the composer's abode), and thanked my *fidus Achates* in the most hearty manner for procuring him this unmerited honour of the Colonel's visit. “He is not come to see *you*,” replied the uncourteous cynic; “all he wants is to look out at your window, to observe the man below writing his letters.”—“If so,” rejoined the son of Apollo, “I shall for ~~once~~ have reason to rejoice at the neighbourhood of the fellow, whose customers, together with himself, I have often wished in the crater of Vesuvius: their bawling, till I became used to it, spoiled many a happy idea before I could bring it to paper. But never mind, we must all live. Come, Signor

Colonello, make yourself quite at home. Here," opening the balcony window, "make your observations *senza soggezzione**, while Don Michele and I have a little chat together."

The composer of letters below was just encashing, from an elderly woman, the sum of six grani (about three-pence) for an epistle he had indicted to her son at *Bari*; after which a farmer, next in rotation, was admitted into presence. His business appeared to be on secret service; for the corresponding oracle politely requested some of the more curious auditors to step a little aside. At first, indeed, the farmer's instructions were conveyed in a whisper; but as a Neapolitan loves dearly to talk as loud as his lungs will let him, and to accompany his sermonizations with the most expressive gestures, it soon became less difficult to discover, that the subject under present consideration was a horse which had been sold to a cavalry-officer, and for which a balance was still owing, the prompt payment whereof was to be peremptorily insisted on by a respectful dun. As soon as a period was happily brought to paper, it was read over to the listening clodhopper, who, in a manner, beat time to the emphatic and rhythmical reading of the professor, by periodical nods of the head, and at the end of the sentence expressed his astonishment at the sagacity with which his obscure ideas had been caught up and clarified. This literary production, owing probably to the importance of the subject, was disposed of for the valuable consideration of eight grani (four-pence) paper included:

* Without molestation.

and the proprietor, with inward satisfaction, left the oracular tripod, in order to make room for a Turkish captain of a polacca, whose literary necessities consisted in a memorial; claiming the restitution of some goods illegally seized. In this instance the means of exchanging ideas were not so easy as heretofore; partly from the Turk's not knowing well the language, but in a great measure also for want of the usual appropriate and impressive gesticulations, which, in this country, go half way towards being understood, and which are foreign to the decorous gravity of a Mussulman. However, by means of the *Lingua Franca*, both parties contrived to enter into mental communication with tolerable success. This *Lingua Franca* may justly be called a non-descript language, at home no where, yet understood all over the Mediterranean. It is a barbarous Italian, in which every inflexion of the verb is expressed in the infinitive, and where the noun invariably appears in the nominative case, not unlike the English spoken by the Negro-slaves in our West Indian colonies, such as *Me not go yesterday*, &c. In the Levant, where it probably originated during the prosperous period of Venetian and Genoese commerce and dominion, this *patois* is indispensably necessary and universally familiar to all engaged in commercial pursuits. When the document was ready for signature, *Ibrahim Reis*, who could neither read nor write, was desired to make his cross at foot, which he refused with religious abhorrence; but dipping his little finger into the ink-stand, imprinted on the paper a correct fac-simile of the tortuous

furrows of his cuticle, by way of signet. To my great surprise, this state paper was valued at no more than one carlin (5d.), although engrossed on a folio page, and decorated with some fancifully flourished initials.

When I tell you, dear T. that the time employed by this universal author, in the production of the Farmer's Dun and the Turk's Memorial, did not exceed half an hour, and that the contents, although somewhat fustian, were very much to the purpose, you will agree with me, that Signor Bucatelli possessed talents far above his humble station. Indeed, Don Matteo assured me, that he was as good a poet as an epistolary writer; and that his sonnets on any particular occasion, such as for a wedding, a birth-day, &c. may be obtained at the shortest notice, and at equally reasonable rates; in short, that he could wield his pen on any subject whatsoever, and had recently written for him a cantata in celebration of the approaching return of the king from Sicily, which he had nearly finished setting to music, and a specimen of which he should by and by beg the honour of submitting to my superior taste and judgment.

To a publisher in England, a man like Sig. Bucatelli would be an invaluable treasure, a host within himself, by the versatility of his genius and the dispatch in his literary labours: his charges of *authorship*, as you have seen, are consonant with the modesty of true genius. His elevated way of writing (truly *nell' ottimo stilo moderno*) would soon render him a most popular author with us; for his periods, by being skilfully propped

with harmonious, unmeaning, yet harmless expletives, possess that elegant mellifluent roundness of the present day, which charms the musical ear of good taste, without injuring the thinking faculties; and which, like a *sauce piquante* to unsavoury viands, makes ample amends for the dearth or insipidity of the ideas thus dished up with a relishing seasoning. The thought came into my head of treating you with a specimen of his abilities, and I was just going to step down to give him the heads of a poetical epistle I meant to send you, when a little girl brought him a small dish of stewed Windsor beans, a large raw cucumber, and a crust of bread. This frugal fare, and a glass of iced water from the neighbouring stall, well calculated to preserve his intellectual powers unclogged, Don Matteo informed me, was the whole of his dinner; which, together with a segar by way of dessert, interrupted his official duties for about half an hour; after which, if matters of pressing service remained to be dispatched, he would resume the quill, and suspend his *siesta*, or afternoon's nap, to a late hour of the day.

I now observed a whispering consultation between Don Matteo and Don Michele, which terminated by the latter communicating to me, in a low voice, an invitation to take pot-luck with the former. Don Matteo could not have chosen a less trustworthy negociator; for my friend, who is a little of the *bon-vivant*, after delivering faithfully his message, added, in wretched French, that I had better decline the honour, for he was sure I should not be able to drink the composer's wine; and the peas, to

judge from the shells he had observed on the floor, were much fitter to be preserved as seed-corn against next season, than to be brought upon the table. I relieved his uneasiness instantly, by requesting him to tell Don Matteo, that we were both expected at the hotel of Madame Gasse, on Mont-Oliveto, where, if he would complete the triumvirate, I should feel myself highly honoured by his company.—“But my cantata, Signor Colonello?”—“We shall come back, and have it in the afternoon, if we do not break in upon your rest.” Delighted with this promise, Don Matteo begged a quarter of an hour’s indulgence, to adjust his dress, and retired to the adjoining apartment.

The interval of his absence was filled up by a conversation with Don Michele on the subject of the letter-writer below. He felt surprised at the notice I took of the man’s calling, asked whether we had no such people in the streets of London; and on my replying in the negative, observed, that, in that case, every body probably wrote his own letters. This I confirmed, under the exception of the very few that might be found ignorant of reading or writing, assuring him, that even in the class of servant-maids, nine out of ten knew enough to write a *billet-doux* to a sweetheart. “The case is very different with us,” rejoined Don Michele, “for I am very sure, out of the 350,000 inhabitants this city contains, 100,000 cannot read, and perhaps as many again, not even sign their name. The greatest part of our women, for instance, and among those many thousands of

good education, cannot write: it would be of no use indeed; of more harm than good to them, if they did know it: unless you are prepared to maintain, that the writing and receiving those *billets-doux*, as you call them, is an essential part of female accomplishment. I begged he would not think, that *billets-doux* were the only objects which engaged the pens of the British fair; on the contrary, that we possessed very many women of superior intellectual endowments, to whom we owed, not only a host of novels and romances, but even works on astronomy, natural philosophy, botany, grammar, in short, on every branch of science; and that I was confident, London alone could muster some millions of volumes written by the other sex.—“*Gesu Maria!*” exclaimed the confounded Neapolitan, with a sigh.—“Some millions, you say?—To be sure, if they do write at all, there can be little doubt but they will write as fast as they talk, and faster too, for there is nobody to contradict them; and, considering that, by this means, perhaps, they talk the less, the men, for ought I know, may be the gainers in the end, unless, out of complaisance, they are obliged to read what the others scribble. Upon my word, Signor Don Luigi, I do not envy your country this universality of scholarship: let every one be taught according to the wants of his station in life; let there be a distinction in mental attainments corresponding to the distinction of ranks in society: otherwise, ambition and fear of hard labour will prompt the dregs of population to become gentlemen, and we shall have to

hoe our own fields, sweep our own rooms, and brush our own boots. — "Then," pray, what is the good of all this rage for making a nation of scholars?" — "The good, Don Michele? a general diffusion of useful knowledge, moral amelioration, liberty of thought, rapid improvement in arts and sciences, nay, in the most common occupations of life. You could scarcely name a thing on which we do not possess publications in England. We have works on cutting out cloth, on making soup, on boiling potatoes, on shaving one's beard...." — Here Don Michele fell into so violent a horse laugh, that Don Matteo burst from the next room in his shirt-sleeves, accompanied by his lady in a change of dress, to see what was the matter. "Have you ever read a work on shaving one's beard?" asked Don Michele, with affected seriousness. — "Is there such a one?" — "Not in our stupid Naples, you may be sure, but in the country of learning and philosophy, in my friend's country" (pointing at me). Don Matteo took Don Michele's irony very seriously, and exclaimed, "*Oh che paese maraviglioso! siamo veramente sciacchi, noi altri Napolitani**." Don Crab was just beginning to enlarge upon the theme, and to enter into an argument in refutation of the advantages ascribed by me to the general diffusion of knowledge, when a church clock close by, struck the dinner hour of Madame Gasse's ordinary. This was a melodious sound to his epicurean and, at this time, exhausted stomach: he him-

self assisted in putting on the composer's best coat; who, after giving Madame sundry brief instructions in a whisper, left her and the *creatura** to enjoy themselves on the vegetable small-shot, and accompanied us to the better fare of French culinary perfection.

My paper, dear T. begins to narrow; it is therefore with considerable regret, I feel obliged to deprive you of an interesting table-talk, which took place during dinner; otherwise, I should not find room for the concert, with which I mean to take leave of you this time. Suffice it, therefore, to say, that Mr. Michel rendered himself conspicuous by his voracious appetite, and ridiculous by his unceasing contradictions of strangers less used to his ways than I am. A French gentleman next to him, before whom he had the presumptuous vanity to make a parade of his miserable French, very politely told him, that, although he himself was very little conversant in the Italian, he should much better understand what he meant, if he would have the goodness to address him in that language; so that the dialogue was alternately carried on in the two idioms. This was fortunate for Don Michele; for a subsequent imprudent and ill-natured remark of his on the levity of manners in French women, brought forth a challenge from his neighbour; to which, pretending to have misunderstood the latter's French, he, with a bow, replied, "*Troppo onore*" (too much honour), "*Signor mio*." Perhaps, too, he meant to

* "O what a wonderful country! we are downright fools, we Neapolitans."

* A common appellation for children at Naples.

imply, that a challenge was too great a dose of honour for him. Be that as it may, the Frenchman was so little satisfied with the reply, that he requested me to tell my friend, he expected an explanation in another place. However, through my mediation, an apology was obtained, and good-humour restored, to the great satisfaction of Don Matteo, who, next to the other don, enjoyed his dinner more than any one present; and who, by way of making the greatest possible reparation for his friend's indiscretion, invited the French gentleman, who professed to be a great amateur, to spend the afternoon with us at his house. To give the composer spirits to go through the impending display of his musical talents, I called for a bottle of *Lagrime Christi*, although I was aware, that the subject of his cantata, the welcome to his sovereign, must be any thing but *lagrimevole*. We did not exceed the second bottle, Don Matteo protesting, when I proposed a third, that another might put him *hors de combat* for the rest of the day, too much rosin being quite as bad as too little.

Thus well refreshed, I reconducted my guests, together with Monsieur B. to Don Matteo's quarter, where we found *tutta la famiglia*, i. e. mother, child, and the fowls, just roused from the arms of Morpheus by the barking salute of the dog. That the composer would not take the field before he had tuned his old rattling piano-forte, you will imagine, of course; the poor *creatura* (who certainly interrupted the solemn silence, necessary upon an occasion of such nicety, much less than Monsieur

B.'s unceasing attentions to *madame*) partook of the tuning operation, by means of a paternal application, which forthwith produced a *flexible* in chromatic ascent, followed by a sentence of banishment to the next room. When the instrument was adjusted, Don Matteo proposed treating us with some other compositions of his, before he entered upon the execution of the cantata, which, as his *chef d'œuvre*, he wished to reserve for the last. He therefore produced an opera of his composition, entitled *Guglielmo Tell*, which he stated had unfortunately been made just before the breaking out of the French revolution; and, as it contained many allusions to liberty (a word become odious by that political event), could never be brought upon the stage, although he hoped, now that matters had become a little more settled by a general peace, to bring it out soon, with all the improvements which twelve years delay had imparted to it. As I paid much attention to the overture, Don Matteo, as he went on, accompanied every particular passage with critical observations and eulogiums: not unlike the hens, his inmates (as Don Michele sneeringly observed the next day), which first lay their eggs, and then cackle away in praise of their own labour.—“What do you say to this motivo, eh?”—“A little original, don't you think?”—“Now mind! I am going into *Fa*!”—“You don't hear such a transition every day.”—“Now the subject inverted!”—“Observe the movement of the bassoons, always in the spirit of the subject.”—“A few bars conversation among the wind instruments.”—“Mark the

flutes" (these he whistled).—"Now I am preparing for the return of the ~~only~~ *key*" (for God's sake, my dear, send that little rascal to the cheese-monger below.)—"We are arrived."—"Tutti! fortissimo!"—"Now for the winding up:—*tromboni*—*kettle-drums*—mind the general effect—follow the score, sir—the curtain draws up at this cadence, to begin an *Alpine thunder-storm*."—"The *piccoli* have the lightning—nature is in uproar—attacca subito l'introduzione—chorus of Swiss peasants—take a part, Signor Don Luigi.—Bravo, you seize the spirit"

I make no doubt the inspired and enthusiastic composer would thus have continued to the end of his huge volume, had not Don Michele, whose gaping jaws, like portals, seemed to court the entrance of the popped divinity, represented the absolute necessity he was under of resorting to his *triumphal arc*, before the men left off work; and, for that reason, preferred a request that Don Matteo would just give us the cream of the whole . . . "The whole is cream," replied the ruffled bard, "none of your modern curds or wheys; turn up any one leaf, Signor Don Luigi, quite at random, and you shall decide. I abide by your judgment! . . ." "Ah! you have hit upon a bravura of Gertrude's, the viceroy's daughter, who is in love with Tell. My wife shall sing it; you will make an allowance, she knew nothing of music when I married her."

Donna Mariana gave universal satisfaction.* She sung with taste and expression: conscious of the extent of her power, she had the rare judgment of not attempting what lay beyond it; and even to

simplify passages which exceeded the compass of her voice or abilities. Thus she executed several airs so much to the delight of her lord, that he repeatedly expressed his approbation by a nodding smile, a "*brava*," and a tap on the shoulder, of a much more encouraging kind than the one he had dispensed to his only begotten heir.—But to do him justice, I must add; that the music was really sweet and interesting.

The Italians, as by instinct, possess an intuitive perception of the Beautiful in the fine arts: hence their superiority in painting, in sculpture, and, as to music, in melody unquestionably; because melody does not depend upon laborious study, upon calculation, or artful contrivance; it is, if I may be allowed to say so, the gift of Heaven. You will meet with hundreds of profound contrapuntists able to set a scientific fugue, or an elaborate canon, but incapable of putting together eight bars of melody, that will make their way to the heart. In this particular Handel, Gluck, Haydn, and even Mozart, those luminaries of sublime harmony, must yield the palm to their inferiors, Cimarosa and Paisiello.

Some of Don Matteo's melodies approached very nearly to the style of the last-mentioned composer; they exhibited the same unlaboured, natural expression, the same beautiful simplicity which we admire in Paisiello's works. I was not sparing in my praise; sincere as it was; and the delighted author, encouraged by our approbation, proceeded *con amore* in the rehearsal, till he came to the *finale* of the first

act. "This," said he, "is the pride of the whole: but you will hear it to great disadvantage, Signor Don Luigi; it requires six voices in the full parts, and, including yourself, we can muster but three."—"I take the fourth," exclaimed Don Michele.—"*Et moi, je me fais fort du reste,*" added Mons. B. who had for this half hour, by a humming accompaniment, striven to impress us with an idea of his knowledge of music.—"Do you sing by notes?"—"Comment, Monsieur? j'ai chanté cent fois au Concert spirituel à Paris; en amateur, cela s'entend."—Overjoyed with the discovery of such a combination of talents, Don Matteo assigned the parts, and began. At first the performance proceeded very respectably; but when Don Michele and Mons. B.'s turns came to join the ranks, the *Sestetto* was completely at "sixes and sevens." Not exactly that the *spiritual* performer was *wanting* in time; on the contrary, he gave it too liberally: the slow progress of the *andante* probably proved too tedious to his national vivacity; he went on *au pas de charge*, yet withal finding sufficient room to interlard his falsetto strains with innumerable decorative graces and flourishes *dans le bon genre*.—Don Michele, likewise, had a time of his own; so there was abundance of time between them of one sort or other. For the tortured features of Don Matteo's countenance during this severe trial, *vide* Hogarth's "Enraged Musician." Hitherto, however, his good breeding had prevented any severe token of his just displeasure: but when Mons. B., ere we had come to the bottom of the left page, had already run his race

through the right, and, with a *volubito*, turned the leaf, Don Matteo's cup of patience overflowed at once; he jumped from his chair, and ran, like a madman, up and down the room.—"Have we made any mistake?" asked the astounded Mons. B. with a smiling countenance.—"Oh! no, sir, not at all! It is I that have made the mistake, to trust my music into such murderous hands."—But for the Frenchman's imperfect knowledge of the Italian, this observation would have produced another quarrel. Don Michele, too, fond of a little mischief, was going to act the gratuitous interpreter, when his more immediate attention was engrossed by the arrival of wine, cakes, and ices. Suspicious probably of his friend's wine, he applied himself exclusively to the frozen dainties with such industry, that you would have thought his stomach a confectioner's ice-cellar at Christmas.

After a glass or two of *anti-muscatel*, the composer brought forth his *opus magnum*, the loyal cantata, the aspect of which entitled it to the rank of a musical curiosity. However original its intrinsic contents might be, its external appearance was a complete patchwork. Dozens of bits of staves were pasted upon every page: and Don Michele, holding a leaf against the window, observed, that there ought to be abundance of variety in a composition which so nearly resembled a harlequin's jacket.

Having requested *me* to join in the intervening chorus parts, and Don Michele, as well as Monsieur B. to *abstain* from joining therein, he began the introduction, which, according to a running comment of

His, was to express the undulating motion of the sea, and the gales of a gentle zephyr wafting the royal fleet from Palermo towards the Bay of Naples. Madame now commenced a very good recitativo, which was interrupted by the signals of the Castle of St. Elmo, in answer to those from the Island of Capri, whence the fleet is supposed to be first espied. All this, and, unfortunately, much more, was attempted by picturesque musical translation.—“*A signal-gun from the castle.*”—“*The bustle of the loyal inhabitants crowding to the port.*”—“*Chorus of Lazzaroni (fall in, Signor Don Luigi).*”—“*Aria again.*”—“*The fleet passes the Channel of Capri.*”—“*Ringling of all the church bells in Naples.*”—“*Procession of the religious orders.*”—“*Aria and chorus.*”—“*ROYAL SALUTE from the fleet and castle, on the king's....*” Here, as ill-luck would have it, the musical guns were overcharged; Don Matteo, not satisfied with the mere employ of his fingers on so loyal an occasion, fired off the four and twenty pounders in the bass with his elbow. Crash went five or six wires at once, to the great mortification of the performer and all present, except Don Michele, who jocularly exclaimed, “Ah! carissimo, your *metal* is not heavy enough for so powerful a salute.”

The effect, no doubt, was grand; but, as in other matters, an effort above our strength, although successful *pro tempore*, incapacitates us for ulterior exertion; so was there an end, in this instance, to all further performance. The composer would fain have put up new strings, but yielded to Don Michele's representation:—“Leave off, here,” said he, “you could not have finished better; his majesty is on shore, never mind the guns being burst.”

“Be it so,” replied the good-natured professor, “and let us drink the safe arrival of our beloved Ferdinand.”—“*Evviva!*” rejoined Don Michele, whose loyalty overcame his peculiar aversion to his friend's wine; and the rest of the company having joined in the toast, we took our leave of Don Matteo and his spouse. He saw us down stairs, and seizing a favourable opportunity, whispered to me a promise to treat me with his opera and the cantata in a day or two, when he meant to procure the attendance of a set of professional men, on purpose to give me a more correct idea of the composition, than what could be formed from the barbarous attempt of my two companions. *****

Your's, under every zone,

* * * *

NAPLES, June —, 1809.

HOMERIC GLEANINGS.

(Concluded from p. 270.)

ODYSSEY, book I. l. 279. Note.—It does not follow from the original, that *strict sobriety* was observed at those feasts, *eranoi*, where every

one contributed his share. Homer intended to convey an idea of the unbounded riot of the suitors, who, revelling entirely at another's cost,

set no limits to their profusion: while at a feast by common contribution, the revelry would necessarily be bounded by the meat and drink; and in the quantity of these every one would be restrained, in some degree, by the reflection, that what he brought was at his own expence.

Od. III. l. 379. *Note*.—Phæstus appears to have been the name of the rock, not of the haven. Was not the harbour that of Gortyna, now said to be an inland town? It might have been nearer the coast in Homer's time, than it is now; and this seems to have been the case from the preceding lines. D'Anville gives Lethæus as the name of the river, near which the ruins of Gortyna are found; but Homer calls it *Jardan*, at least if his Gortyna were the same.

Od. VI. l. 113. This is the common practice in the present day on the fine beach of Portland, where the women, after they have washed their clothes, spread them on the smooth pebbles heated by the sun, to which they are completely exposed; and confine them by laying a large pebble on each corner, and one or two along each side of large articles, as sheets and table-cloths.

Od. IX. l. 134, and *note*. Do not both Clarke and Cowper read this passage erroneously? Is not its proper meaning, "they do not plant (trusting to the gods for a return to their labours, as husbandmen do), but depend on the spontaneous produce of the earth?"

Ib. l. 151. A moist soil, near the sea, is considered by Homer as peculiarly favourable to the vine.

Ib. l. 424. *Note*.—For the arguments in this note, the *best* paragraph. *No. LIV. Vol. IX.*

graph excepted, Cowper was indebted to Mrs. Unwin. It is to be regretted, however, that the opinion of Mrs. Unwin should have had more weight with him than that of his Analytical reviewer, whose familiarity with Homer, taste, and critical acumen, are not excelled by those of any person living. That names are seldom translated, is true; but when Mrs. Unwin asserts, that they are never [to be] translated, she certainly says too much. By retaining the name as in the Greek, *Outis*, the whole passage is nonsense. Substitute *Noman* for *Outis*, we have a faithful and perspicuous translation of the original.

"My name is *Noman*" l. 424.

"No one, my friends, by force subdues me now:

Surpris'd by fraud of *Noman*, here I die.

"Then thus with accents wing'd his friends without:

If no man harm thee, 'tis the stroke of Jove,
And thou must bear it" l. 474-9.

In this variation from Cowper I have followed Voss, "the admirable translator of the *Odyssey* into German hexameters," who uses *Nie-mand* for *Outis* as a proper name, varying it with *keiner* for *outis* the pronoun. Cowper, on the other hand, by his determination to retain *Outis* at all events, makes the Cyclops say what he certainly did not mean. According to him, Polypheme tells his friends, that he is dying by the fraud and force of *Outis*: but surely he intended to inform them, that, though he was falling a victim to the subtlety of *Outis*, no one had subdued him by main strength.

Ib. l. 575, and X. l. 154-5. In Homer's time the advantage of pulling an oar over pushing it, ap-

pears to have been unknown, at least if Cowper's translation be just, and I have not the original at hand. This expression in the next line, however, "tugg'd resupine," is inconsistent with this.

Od. X. l. 418. "The dread all-binding oath" must have been of considerable length.

Il. l. 167. London pork would not have suited Homer's heroes. In their days a hog under nine years old had not attained perfection.

Il. l. 607. Of what materials were sails made in Homer's time? Were they not made, at least sometimes, of matting, like those at present in use among the Polynesians? The epithet *shining* is not very applicable to cloth of hemp or flax.

Il. l. 608. How could a north wind waft Ulysses from the Island of Circe to the land of the Cimmerians, if these people dwelt on the shores of the Bosphorus, as Clarke asserts in the note to *Od. XI. l. 15*? Homer certainly places them far up the Nile, called by him Oceanus, as is evident from Clarke's own note on the last two lines of Book XI: adopted, as well as the preceding, by Cowper.

Od. XII. l. 61. "Socket of the mast." Apparently similar to those of the barges called West-country, that navigate the Thames. I have already had occasion to notice the present Portlanders, and shall again, for resemblances to Homer's Greeks. Some years ago, when they carried on a considerable smuggling trade with the Islands of Alderney and Guernsey, the vessels employed by them for the purpose were built in the man-

ner of a common ship's boat, only of a much larger size. Indeed their term for them, and a very appropriate one, was *great boats*. These they had oars to row occasionally; and they had *sockets*, to secure the feet of the masts. They likewise very frequently "heaved their anchors aground," as Telemachus does, *Od. XV. l. 599*; and, when their vessels were not wanted, hauled them up on the beach, above the reach of the tide. I cannot help fancying, that the Grecian fleet at the siege of Troy resembled a parcel of Portland *great boats*, drawn up side by side, differing little except in number from those I have often seen just by the Mare [mer] in my youth.

Od. XIII. l. 321-335. Ulysses calls Sidon the home of the Phœnicians: what Sidon was this?

Od. XIV. l. 382. Note.—We may presume Thesprotia to have had a king in the days of Homer, though not in the time of Thucydides; and if, when the latter writer flourished, the Thesprotians had no remembrance of having had a king, this may be considered as a proof of the antiquity of Homer.

Od. XVII. l. 341-5. In Homer's time population appears to have increased faster than the means of subsistence. We might suppose his Ithaca to have been a counterpart of one of the South Sea Islands.

Il. l. 383. Homer seems fully aware how much freedom contributes to the worth of man.

Od. XVIII. l. 54-5. We find the haggis of North Britain is a very ancient dish; but whether it was ever boiled by the Greeks, or only broiled, as here described, I cannot say.

Od. XX. l. 458. "A cumber of the ground." The natives of Portugal distinguish persons who come to settle in the island, having been born elsewhere, by the name of *kimberlins* [cumberlands], encumbers of the land; a truly Homeric phrase.

Od. XXIV. l. 38, &c. It would seem as if the spirits of Achilles and Agamemnon had never met in the shades previous to the arrival of these of the suitors.

Batrachomyomachia; the Battle of the Frogs and Mice. Surely this jeering at the gods, or at the

priesthood, cannot be the work of that Homer, whose poetry both in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* is so striking, or even savours of the priest *Pallas* too, who is apparently the favourite of Homer in both the other poems, is here particularly the object of ridicule.—See l. 214-247.

Farther, the author is introduced at the commencement as committing this poem to writing, which is altogether inconsistent with the supposition of his works having been transmitted to posterity by tradition alone.

THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

No. XXVII.

*Permites ipais expendere nummis, quid
Conveniat nobis, rebusque sit utile nostris.
Nam pro jucundis aptissima quæque dabunt dii.
Charior est illis homo, quam sibi Nos animoram
Impulsi, et cæca magnaue cupidine ducti,
Conjugum primus, partumque uxoris; ut illis
Notum, qui pueri, qualisque futura sit uxor.*—*JUV. Sat. X. ver. 347.*

Entrust thy fortune to the powers above;
Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
What their unerring wisdom sees thee want:
In goodness, as in greatness they excel:
Ah! that we lov'd ourselves but half so well!
We, blindly by our headstrong passions led,
Are not for action, and desire to wed;
Then wish for heirs, but to the gods alone
Our future offspring and our wives are known. —*DRYDEN.*

So numerous are my correspondents, and on such a variety of topics, that if I had not determined to take them according to the date of their arrival, I should be in a state of continual perplexity. Nay, as it is, if Mr. *Kermann* was to publish his admirable miscellany every week, instead of every month, it would be regularly supplied with such productions as mine.

As a man of humanity, and impressed with the love of my fellow-creatures, which I profess myself

to be, I cannot but feel a very sensible mortification, that so many persons address themselves to me in the language of complaint, and, as far as I can judge, without any just cause of lamentation: I mean, as rational, reflecting, consistent beings, who must know that life is a chequered state; that trouble is a part of our allotment; that the day of our existence is shaded with clouds as it is brightened with sunshine; and that to bear with fortitude and resignation the pains and

sorrows to which we are subject, is a duty that religion enjoins, and which the just Being who, for wise purposes, inflicted them upon us, will finally reward. But the complaints which reach me, are many of them so trivial, that they rather dispose me to laughter than commiseration.

A gentleman writes me word, that he has a very susceptible heart; that he is continually under the influence of the tender passion, and wishes, above all things, to unite himself in the hymeneal bonds with some lady whose charms, accomplishments, and disposition, may combine to render his life happy. He knows, according to his own account, several charming young women who answer this description, and who would probably yield to his solicitations, if he had it in his power clearly to express them; but, from some bad habit contracted when a child, or perhaps an original defect in the organs of speech, he cannot tell a lady that he *loves* her, or that she is *lovely*. In short, he cannot, without extreme difficulty, agitation, and grimace, pronounce any word that begins with, or comprehends the letter L. Thus, he is so long in saying to any attractive fair one, I l-o-o-o-o-o-ve you, and accompanies the declaration with such sputtering and distortion of features, that the lady is ready to die with confusion or with laughter, before he has concluded his declaration: nay, sometimes he has himself been so overcome, as not, after all, to give the word utterance, without a sudden projecting motion of the head at the close, that threatens violence to the person he addresses, and which actually did, on

one occasion, produce a bloody nose in a very pretty face, the owner of which has ever since denominated him, *Raw Head and Bloody Bones*.

It is certainly a most unfortunate defect in a man who is always in love, not to be able to pronounce the name of the passion which seems to be the main-spring of his actions, and on the gratification of which his happiness depends. There appear to be only two ways left for him, by which he can proceed: the one, by writing; and the other, by dumb show or pantomime; and it appears that he has tried them both without success. The first letter he wrote on this important subject, was worked up in all the strength of expression which the violence of his passion might urge him to employ. But the lady refused to listen to a declaration of love, which the gentleman who made it could not utter. She also added, that, with his infirmity, the lady who married him would be under the painful necessity of having all the talk to herself; a circumstance which the whole sex are known to abominate. His next trial was in verse; and he flattered himself, that poetry might be more favourable to him than prose. But here again he was unfortunate; for the fair one to whom he addressed himself, insisted upon it, that neither the Muses nor Cupid could consider him as their votary, or they would have contrived to untie his tongue for him. As for his dumb show, he is still more unsuccessful in that than in his attempts which have been just described. He had taken lessons, it seems, of some actor of considera-

tion, who had taught him to employ every look and posture declaratory of the tender passion. He had been taught to sigh, to put on the most piteous looks, to place his hands on his bosom, to kneel, and display the very posture of entreaty. But the first time he put this design in execution, the lady thought he had suddenly lost his senses, and expressed her alarms by such screams and shrieks, as called the whole family to her assistance. What is to be done for this poor gentleman, I am really at a loss to conceive. He has but a choice of evils; and nothing is left for him, but to find out some pleasing, agreeable woman, who is as deaf as a post; or an interesting young person, who has the same impediment as himself. In the former case, he may convey his ideas with his fingers, which will not stammer; and, in the latter, the happy couple will at least have a mutual sympathy; and if they cannot amuse each other by their conversation, they will be sure to be infinitely entertaining to every company which they may frequent.

I am sorry to find, that I have at least a score of complaints from wives, of their husbands; and but one solitary declaration of discontent of a husband, respecting the conduct of his wife. One lady is extremely angry with her hymeneal companion, as she calls him, for being always from home, and leaving her to the dulness of her own melancholy society. While another is equally dissatisfied, that the master of her house, as she chuses to express herself, is never out of it, but in attendance upon her. She thought the other day, that she had con-

ceived an agreeable absence. By a visit, for a short time, in an agreeable situation in the country, where she was certain, as he is very careful of his health, that he would not accompany her. But he took a post-chaise secretly, and went another way, in order to afford her an agreeable surprise; so that, when she arrived at her journey's end, she found, *pour comble de bonheur, son cher mari* ready to receive her. She positively declares, that, if he continues to worry her in this manner, she will do something or other to procure a divorce, and get rid of him for ever.

There is no end to the accounts I have of domestic discontents, from the grandfather to the hundredth cousin; and in many of them there may be some cause of complaint. I only wish that I could discern, here and there, some well regulated mode of conduct and management, under these inconveniences, from which our condition is inseparable. But it really moves me from all moderation of temper, when I receive lamentations that could only be justified by the most aggravated calamities, on subjects not only trivial and ridiculous, but absolutely disgraceful.

Miss Flirtilla Simper complains of the cruelty of her mamma, for ordering her new dress to be jonquil and lilac, when she knew that her heart was set upon maiden's blush.

A lady, who has lately lost the best husband that ever woman possessed, and who, since his death, has never been able to get a moment's sleep for thinking on him, till three or four o'clock in the morning, complains, in the bitterest terms, of a *devilish* blackbird,

beinging to some one in the neighbourhood, which about that hour begins his infernal schritching, to the destruction of the only insensibility in which she can lose her griefs. Another complains of her being the peculiar object of ill-fortune. It seems, she says, as if every barbed arrow in the quiver of fate were to be discharged at her. She had lost three children and their fond father in the course of seven years. Scarce had she dried up her tears for the death of one, than they were called to flow for another; and now, when her spirit had been brought into a placid state of resignation, a new wound has been suddenly opened by the death of her two little darling parroquets, who died in the course of one night, and have left her perfectly disconsolate. There is a florist too, who complains, that, during the last two seasons, the weather has been altogether unfavourable to his shew of carnations, and that the sun, which shines upon all, exercises a malignant influence upon him.

I shall conclude my catalogue of complainers with the enraged disappointments of a virtuoso, who, by accidentally slipping on a piece of orange-peel in the street, fell into the kennel; and, in consequence of being obliged to go into a coffee-house, to get himself cleaned and rubbed down, he came too late to a sale, and lost the purchase of a shell, which he had been hunting after for several years.

It would be endless to enumerate the many fantastical afflictions that disturb mankind; but as a misery is not to be measured from the nature of the evil, but from the temper of the sufferer, I shall present

my readers, who are unhappy in imagination, with the following allegory, for their instruction and amusement.

When Jupiter took into his hands the government of the world, the several parts of nature, with the presiding deities, did homage to him. One presented him with a mountain of winds, another with a magazine of hail, and a third with a pile of thunderbolts. The stars offered up their influences, the ocean gave in his trident, the earth her fruits, and the sun his seasons. Among the several deities who came to make their court on the occasion, the Destinies advanced, with two great tuns carried before them, one of which they placed on the right hand of Jove's throne, and the other on its left. The first was filled with all the blessings, the other with all the calamities of human life. Jupiter, in the beginning of his reign, finding the world much more innocent than it is in this iron age, poured very plentifully out of the tun on his right hand; but as mankind degenerated, and became unworthy of his blessings, he set abroad the other vessel, that filled them with pain and poverty, battles and distempers, jealousy and falsehood, intoxicating pleasures and untimely deaths.

He was, at length, so greatly incensed at the increasing depravations of human nature, and the repeated provocations he received from all parts of the earth, that he commanded the Destinies to gather up the blessings which he had thrown away upon mankind, and lay them up until the world should be inhabited by a more virtuous and deserving race of mortals. The

three sisters immediately repaired to the earth, in search of the several blessings that had been scattered on it; but found the task enjoined on them much more difficult than they had imagined. The first places to which they resorted, were, cities, palaces, and courts; but instead of meeting what they looked for here, they found nothing but envy, repining, uneasiness, and the bitter ingredients of the vessel on the left hand; while they found the substantial blessings of life in situations of tranquillity and retirement. They observed, also, that several blessings had degenerated into calamities; and various calamities had improved into blessings, according as they fell into the possession of wise or foolish men. They often found power with so much insolence and impatience cleaving to it, that it became a misfortune to the person on whom it was conferred. Youth had often distempers growing about it, worse than the infirmities of old age; wealth was often united to such a sordid avarice, as made it the most uncomfortable and painful kind of poverty; and industry itself, by directing its efforts in wrong channels, had no better gains than those of idleness. On the contrary, they often found pain made glorious by fortitude, poverty lost in content, and deformity beautified with virtue. In short, the blessings were often, like good fruits, planted in a bad soil, that, by degrees, fall off from their natural flavour into tastes altogether insipid; and the calamities, like harsh fruits cultivated in a good soil, until they acquire delicious juices.

There was still a third circumstance, that occasioned as great surprise to the three sisters, as either of the foregoing; when they discovered several blessings and calamities which had never been in either of the tuns that stood by the side of Jupiter; and were, nevertheless, as great occasions of happiness or misery as any there. These were, that spirituous crop of blessings and calamities which were never sown by the hand of the deity, but grow of themselves, out of the fancies and dispositions of human creatures: such are, dress, titles, place, equipage, groundless fear, and all the vain imaginations that shoot up in trifling, weak, and irresolute minds.

At length, the Destinies, finding themselves in so perplexed a state, concluded, that it would be impossible for them to execute the commands which had been given them, according to their first intention; for which reason, they agreed to throw all the blessings and calamities together into one large vessel, and in that manner offer them up at the feet of Jupiter. This was performed accordingly; when the elder of the sisters addressed the deity in the following manner:

“O Jupiter, we have gathered together all the good and evil, the comforts and distresses of human life; which we thus present before thee, in one promiscuous heap. We beseech thee, that thou thyself wilt sort them out for the future, as in thy wisdom thou shalt think fit; for we acknowledge, that there is no power besides thine, that can judge what will occasion grief or joy in the heart of a human crea-

that, and what will prove a blessing or a calamity to the person on whom it is bestowed."

A stanza from Spenser, shall conclude my subject :

In vaine, then, said old Meliber, doe men
The heavens of their fortune's fault accuse;
Sith they know best, what is the best for them:

For, they to each such fortune doe diffuse.
As they do knowe each can most aptly use
For, not that, which men covet most, is
best;
Nor that thing worst, which men doe most
refuse;
But fittest is, that all contented rest
With what they hold—each has his fortune
in his breast.

ON COMMERCE.

No XXXI.

THE harbours, as well as the coasts and rivers, of the Island of Mauritius, furnish abundance of fish, amongst which whales are plentiful. Captain Munro, in his passage hither from the Island of Rodrigues, descried several small islands, full of rocks, running obliquely from north to west, along the coast of Mauritius, at a distance of from two to seven leagues from the land: "among which," says he, "there are so many whales, and which were so bold, that I often expected some of them, as we ran along the coast, would leap on board." If such is the case, it is wonderful, that in the number of projects which have, from time to time, taken up the attention of the settlers here, they never have thought of establishing a whale fishery. The soil is much diversified, and although, by the climate, it is adapted for all sorts of colonial productions, yet it has not answered equally for all the kinds of cultivation which its inhabitants have endeavoured to introduce. Coffee, being of the simplest culture, and requiring smaller establishments, and consequently less expense, was first adopted; but that of cotton appearing to be more profitable,

coffee was in some degree abandoned; cotton was afterwards neglected in its turn, and that of indigo became the most popular; but the very great profit which the first sugar plantation afforded (although its quality, according to the account given of it by the Viscount de Vaux, resembled the honey of Normandy, rather than grained sugar), induced them to establish sugar-works wherever they could procure a quantity of water above the level of the earth, sufficient to work a mill. Several of these have proved successful, and many others are expected to do so; some have failed, by reason of the vegetable mould not proving deep enough, as in several places, in the mountainous parts, the rock approaches too near the surface. But a better guess may be made of its produce, by exhibiting a statement of the produce in the year 1800, since which, we are not furnished with any documents that can be relied upon.

Price during the war.

Coffee—Good bales, of
100 French lbs. each from 8 to 20 piastres
per bale.
Indigo—300,000 lbs.
weight from 2 to 2s. per lb.

	<i>Price during the war</i>
Cotton—2000 Bales, of 350 lbs. each	from 8d to 2s. per lb.
Sugar—2,000,000 lbs. weight	from 4 to 10 piastres per quintal
Cloves—20,000 lbs. do.	from 1s. 3d to 1 pi- astre per lb.

The value of the piastre is nearly 5s. English. The produce of the Island of Bourbon, the same year, was, coffee, 60,000 bales; cotton, 2000 bales; cloves, 60,000 lbs. weight, all at the same price as before stated; no sugar being made there, except what is just sufficient

for home consumption. The population of Mauritius, in 1799, consisted of slaves, 55,000; whites and mulattoes, 10,000; total, 65,000. The armed force, consisting of whites and mulattoes, 2000; black and mulatto slaves, as chasseurs, or for the artillery, 3000; total of the armed force, 5000. The population of Bourbon, at the same period, was, slaves, 48,000; whites and mulattoes, 8000; total, 56,000.

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ARCHITECTURAL HINTS.

PLATE 43.—GOTHIC BOOK-ROOM.

THE room of business, the justice-room, or that appropriated to pamphlets, records, and those papers not immediately the proper furniture of the library, forms the subject of the design which accompanies this description. Its situation should not be far removed from the principal hall, and in the vicinity of a private entrance, which admits of approach without passing through the hall or the servants' apartments, for the convenience and the introduction of tenants and other persons on mere business. It is the legitimate apartment of the secretary, in establishments of a magnitude to entertain them, or it is the superior room for the purposes of the steward and the transaction of the business of the estate.

A chaste and simple character is best suited to these offices: the plate, which presents a geometrical view of the elevation of the side of this room, is intended to be an appropriate design, and of a

degree of solidity, and consequently seeming strength, which may accord with the uses of the apartment. The arches divide the room into three portions, and give an architectural arrangement of the furniture very desirable; it affords an elevation, a variety, and an intricacy to the design of the ceiling, and produces a statement of effect.

The cases, the repositories of the papers and records, are formed of polished oak, and of such a design as to add the appearance of greater magnitude to the study. The chimney-piece, which forms a part of the design of the cases, is made of marble: the *verd antique*, the *Sien*, &c. of our native marbles, some of which are of uncommon brilliancy, and are to be found in ample quantities for such purposes. The design has great encouragement in the production of them. Suitable for his purposes was lately executed at Portsoy, in Scotland, by Sir David Wedder-

burn, Bart. and was sculptured in London, for the principal chimney-pieces and bookcases of his lately erected residence in Essex; and proves to be of great excellence and beauty*. Indeed our native marbles are deserving public cultivation, and many of them approach to the perfection of the antiques. With much plausibility, though not with evidence amounting to conviction, the late Sir George Wright maintained, that the verd antique was of British origin, having opened a long neglected quarry in Wales, which affords marbles of similar appearance, and corresponding in the analysis. As the country where this precious marble was produced, is not known by the virtuosi of the present day, he deemed this a tacit corroboration of his hypothesis. When we see men of rank and fortune interesting themselves in the adoption of marbles, the produce of their native country, we have cause to hope that they will obtain an universal interest and patronage.

The shelf of the chimney-piece is continued through the bookcase, and forms a sort of table-shelf in front of them, for the reception of books and papers: the plinth of the chimney-piece is also continued as the plinth of the cases.

The application of oak to the Gothic style of architecture, has always been considered as affording great beauty, both by colour and by contrast. The Gothic screens and wainscottings, the railings and canopies of our cathedrals, present many fine examples of de-

* The chimney-pieces of Mr. Ackermann's Great Room, are specimens of the Devonshire marble.

sign and workmanship in this material: indeed, there is something so English both in the design of Gothic edifices and in the oaken embellishments which accompany them, that we are impressed by an interest in structures of this kind intimately connected with national feelings.

The manufacture of oak into furniture and other articles of taste and usefulness, has undergone an extraordinary improvement in point of workmanship, and it is now wrought with so much elegance as to rival the more expensive woods of other countries. The vast improvement also in taste, and the art of design and sculpture of the human figure, has given an excellence to modern works unknown to the ages of Gothic art. The figures sculptured in wood on the pediment of the altar-piece of the church of St. Paul's, Covent-Garden, are not generally known, but are of great merit: the simple elegance of the interior of that church, fitted up entirely of oak, deserves much approbation. It is not, however, in the Gothic style, which would have been unsuited to the original design by Inigo Jones, whose instruction for the plan received from an ancestor of the Bedford family, was, to make it "as spacious and as simple as a barn." Jones therefore chose the Tuscan order as given by Vitruvius; but that he preferred a barn-like character, whatever he might have done had he lived to see the principle generally pursued by men of no taste, who have saved themselves the labour indeed, but have lost the delight of architectural fitness, by substituting overwhelming draperies of

meretricious forms and colours, in lieu of the elegant, chaste, and sublime graces of the Grecian, Roman, or Gothic styles.

It is intended that the design of the following month shall be a per-

spective view of a room formed on a similar plan, but treated as a Library, with the books exposed, and the apartment furnished applicably to its purposes.

PLATE 44.—VIEW OF CHEAPSIDE.

CHEAPSIDE received its name from *Cheps*, a market, as being originally the great street of splendid shops. It was formerly called West Cheap, in contradistinction to East Cheap, near the Monument. In 1216 it was an open field, denominated *Crown-field*, from an *hosterie* or inn, with the sign of a crown at the east end. At the same period, adds Stow in his *Chronicle*, nor two hundred years after, was any street in London paved, except Thames-street, and from Ludgate-hill to Charing-cross. The goldsmiths' shops on the south side of the street, were particularly superb, "consisting," says the same writer, "of a most beautiful frame of faire houses and shops than be within the walls of London, or elsewhere in England, commonly called Goldsmiths'-row; builded by Thomas Wood; goldsmith, and one of the sheriffes of London in 1491. It containeth tenne faire dwelling-houses and fourteen shops, all in one frame, uniformly builded, foure stories high, beautified toward the street with the goldsmithes' arms and likeness of woodmen, in memorie of his name, riding on morstrous beastes, all richly painted and gilt."

Not long before Stow composed his *Survey*, another portion of the south side of this street was formed

by sheds with terraces. Three of these sheds, belonging to the prior of the Holy Trinity, by Aldgate, were let for twenty-eight, twenty, and twelve shillings annually; while others produced no more than three shillings and four pence, and ever smaller sums. How wonderful the difference between the rents of the present day, when houses in this street let for upwards of 200% per annum! Of the sheds mentioned by Stow, only one remained in his time, occupied by a woman who sold seeds, herbs, and roots; the others, by encroachments on the high street, being largely built on both sides, outwards, and also upwards, three, four, or five stories high.

As Cheapside has for ages been what may justly be termed the chief street of the city of London, properly so called, it is natural to suppose that a good deal of local history must be attached to this spot. Indeed a detailed account of the structures which once adorned it, and of the remarkable events of which it has been the theatre, would furnish abundant matter for a long and interesting narrative; but to the principal of these subjects only we are obliged, by our limits, to confine our attention.

In the middle of Cheapside, nearly opposite to the end of Wood-

street, stood one of the crosses erected by Edward I. in 1290, to the memory of his beloved queen, Eleanor, at the places where her corpse rested in its progress from Lincolnshire to Westminster Abbey. It was originally decorated with a statue of the queen, and, in all respects, resembled the cross at Northampton. In 1441, it had become so ruinous, that John Hatherley, the mayor, procured a licence from Henry VI. to rebuild it in a more beautiful manner. It was ornamented with images, representing the Resurrection, the Virgin, Edward the Confessor, and others of the like nature. It was new gilt and burnished for every public entry, for all magnificent processions took this road. After the Reformation, the images gave such offence, that they were frequently mutilated, and a figure of Diana, which had been found in the Thames, was substituted instead of the Virgin. Queen Elizabeth, disapproving of these attacks on the remnant of the old religion, offered a reward for the discovery of the offenders: she thought that a plain cross, the mark of the national religion, ought not to be the occasion of scandal, and therefore directed that one should be placed on the summit, and gilt. These relics of the whore of Babylon, as they were styled by the fanatical adherents of Cromwell, drew down destruction on Cheapside cross. In 1643, all crosses, Popish paintings, and religious emblems, were included by the parliament in one general proscription. The demolition of the cross in Cheapside was committed to Sir Robert Harlow, who, on the 9d May, went on the service with

true Puritanic zeal, attended by a troop of horse and two companies of foot, and executed his orders most effectually. The same *most pious and religious noble knight*, as he is called by a contemporary writer, also attacked and demolished the *abominable and most blasphemous crucifix* in Christ's Hospital, and broke it into a thousand pieces.

The removal of this structure was in fact a point of propriety, because it obstructed the principal street of the city, which was daily becoming a greater thoroughfare. That it also served to perpetuate certain superstitious practices, cannot be denied; for we are told, that "it hath been seen by several ancient and good inhabitants dwelling neare the place, that sundry sorts of people have, by three o'clock in the morning, come barefoot to the crosse, and have kneeled downe and said something to themselves, crossed their forehead and their breast, and so risen and making obeisance, went away, which punishment was enjoyned upon them as a penance for some sins they had committed. Likewise, that hundreds of people have been publicly seen in the midst of the day to bend their bodies to it, and put off their hats, and crosse themselves; not only as they have gone on foot by it, but divers that have rid on horseback and in coaches have put out their heads and done reverence to it."

At the western extremity of Cheapside was a stone cross of still greater antiquity than that just described. It was distinguished by the name of the *Old Cross*, and stood at the east end of the parish church of St. Michael le Quern;

but was demolished in the reign of Richard II. when the church was enlarged, and some years afterwards a conduit was erected in its place.

A little eastward of the first mentioned cross stood the conduit, which served as the mother or chief aqueduct to distribute to the smaller aqueducts the water that was brought by pipes from Paddington. It stood on the site of the old conduit founded in 1285, castellated with stone, and cisterned in lead, as Stow tells us, and rebuilt in 1479, by Thomas Ilan, one of the sheriffs. On some extraordinary occasions these conduits were made to run with claret. Such was the case at the coronation of Anna Bullen, who was received at the smaller conduit, by Pallas, Juno, and Venus. Mercury, in the name of the goddesses, presented to her a ball of gold, divided into three parts, denoting three gifts bestowed on her by the deities, wisdom, riches, and felicity. "But, alas!" exclaims Pennant, "beneath them lurked speedy disgrace, imprisonment, the block, and the axe."

Neither the exact site nor the form of the Old Standard in Cheapside is described by any of our old writers. The time of its foundation also is unknown. It appears to have been very ruinous in 1442, when Henry VI. granted a licence for repairing it, together with a conduit in the same. The Standard was a place both of legal and lawless executions: many instances of both kinds are on record. Among the latter we find, that, in 1381, Richard Lyons, an eminent goldsmith, and late sheriff of the city, was cruelly beheaded here by order

of Wat Tyler. At the same time, numbers of foreign merchants, principally Flemings, were dragged from the churches, and the shibboleth of bread and cheese being put to them, which they pronounced *brot* and *kaze*, they were instantly put to death. In 1450, Lord Say, high treasurer of England, lost his head at the Standard, by the brutal orders of Jack Cade. This tragic scene is admirably described by Shakspeare, in the second part of Henry VI.

Cheapside was, from the earliest times, the great theatre for the exhibition of the splendour of our ancestors. Tilts, tournaments, and processions rendered it one continued scene of amusement. In 1381, most splendid tournaments, which lasted three days, were held here. A scaffold was erected across the street for Philippa, queen of Edward III. and her ladies, all richly attired, to behold the knights, collected from all quarters, to shew their skill in feats of arms. In the midst of the entertainment, the upper part of the scaffold on which the ladies were seated, "brake in sunder," says Stow, "whereby they were with some shame forced to fall downe," and many knights and others, who stood beneath, were much hurt. The intercession of the queen upon her knees saved the carpenters from punishment; but to prevent similar accidents in future, the king ordered a building of stone to be erected near the church of St. Mary le Bow, where himself, the queen, and other persons of distinction, might see the gallant spectacles in security. This building was long afterwards used for the same purpose, till, in 1410,

nue as Cheapside! But reasons, to which we have alluded in our observations on the *London Commercial Sate-rooms*, have long operated, and must continue to operate, against the external embellishment of the city of London.

PLATE 42.—ON THE COMFORT OF HOUSES.

We have to apologize to our fair readers, for introducing a subject which might not be expected in our Miscellany: but, aware of the great improvements intended to be made at the West End of the town, and of the necessity of these considerations, our inclinations give place to our duty in promoting every thing that relates to the *interior elegance or comfort of houses*. There are few persons of liberal education but are acquainted with the leading principles of pneumatic chemistry; indeed, owing to the great interest excited in the fashionable world by the lectures of Sir Humphrey Davy, that knowledge is not confined to either sex. The application of his discoveries to the purposes of life, was a great incitement to his exertions; and so far as they are connected with the medical art, they challenge the highest place: but in their gradual descent, what relates to the *healthfulness and comfort of houses*, cannot be deemed uninteresting. We shall begin then at the lowest part of the house, and having dismissed the most unpleasant, though the most important consideration, we may, with greater satisfaction ascend in the scale of improvements as from time to time they shall present themselves.

Our present subject will therefore be the consideration of the **DRAINS AND SEWERS**. It is well

known, that, previous to the introduction of the common sewers by Sir Christopher Wren, this metropolis was frequently visited by epidemical diseases that carried off from 30 to near 70,000 inhabitants at one time. So many causes tended to contaminate the local atmosphere, that it was scarcely possible to prevent this dire calamity; but the exhalations that arose from a foul and expanded surface of water in the streets, were considered the most powerful agent. These opinions have been found correct, as, for a period of nearly 150 years, a recurrence of those diseases has not taken place, notwithstanding the increasing extent of those sewers, at present calculated to be near 1200 acres, discharging offensive exhalations, that are highly deleterious to the constitution, and more poisonous in their effects than the air of the most confined dungeon. Though they are so far removed from being a *public nuisance*, yet they still continue a *private evil*, infecting our noble mansions, and afflicting with ill health many of their servants, as well as the inhabitants of smaller houses. Mr. Brahmah has perhaps done more towards correcting this evil, and laid the foundation of greater improvements, than may ever be accomplished by any other individual; but a great deal more still remains

to be done: it is therefore with pleasure we have an opportunity of communicating a plan and description of the pneumatic apparatus contrived by Mr. Gregson. It consists of a very large cast-iron air-trap, or valve, made to the full size of the drains, the weight being from 2 to 10 cwt. and laid down as near to the common sewer as possible, which at once prevents any foul air from the sewer even entering into the drains of the house; while, at the same time, by its make and capacity, it is not easily choked up, as will appear by the following references to the plate:

- A, Section of the common sewers to the size ordered by the commissioners of the sewers.
- B, The main drain from the house leading into the sewer.
- C, The pneumatic apparatus, with the fixed valve, all cast in one piece.
- D, The cleaning hole, with cast-iron lid, fitted air tight.
- E, The basin, which remains always full of water.
- F, The hydraulic pressure, that forces the water through the basin.

Hence it is obvious, that no smell can possibly affect the house while it continues inhabited, but what arises from its own drains, which may be always prevented by the air-traps in common use.

In respect to the laying down of

this apparatus, it is necessary to observe, that the person should be well versed in practical pneumatics; as Mr. Gregson has discovered, by actual experiments, that air, smells, or fumigations, will penetrate through a wall 18 inches thick, and that was deemed in a perfect state. He has also had this apparatus laid over cess-pools, where it has proved of great advantage in keeping them from speedily filling up, by carrying off the dirt held in solution, and suffering only the weightier particles to fall to the bottom; for, in those that have been finished two years, the sediments only amount to *one inch and a half*. A jagged grating is usually laid down with them, to prevent the destruction of the drains by rats; and if he succeeds in the new impenetrable drain-pipes that are now laying down, and which have been found to last longer under ground than cast iron, we understand it is his intention to introduce a self-acting balladore, that will regularly clean out the drains themselves. Whenever this point is attained, we may flatter ourselves that little more can be done: in the mean time, we conceive the observations that are here offered, well worthy of the consideration of all who wish to avail themselves of new houses in the intended streets, or any other part of this metropolis, as by providing in time, a considerable expence may be saved.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

Messrs. BOYDELLS have in considerable forwardness, part I. containing ten prints, of a set of engravings, intended to illustrate quarto or
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octavo editions of the *Holy Scriptures*. The work, when complete, is to consist of one hundred fine plates, and is to appear periodically.

cally, in similar portions. The designs are entirely original.

Mr. B. P. Capper has just finished a new edition of a pocket volume of a *Geographical Dictionary of the World*, with tables of the population of Great Britain, as recently taken by order of government, embellished with maps. This work, although not enlarged in size or quantity, contains a description of upwards of five thousand names of places not before mentioned.

Mr. Landseer is preparing for publication, *The Picturesque Architectural Remains of the ancient Metropolis of Dacca*, on the banks of the Ganges; an interesting part of India, not visited by the Messrs. Daniell, nor hitherto, as is believed, by any European artist. The work will be published by subscription, in five large folio numbers (of which the first will shortly appear), each consisting of four line engravings, with historical and descriptive letter-press. The drawings and topographical accounts will be supplied by a gentleman whose knowledge and talents as a scholar and an artist, and whose various opportunities, arising out of long residence in a public capacity in this part of Bengal, have eminently qualified him for the task.

Alexander Stephens, Esq. will speedily publish, in two vols. 8vo. *Memoirs of John Horne Tooke, Esq.* interspersed with original documents.

Mr. J. M. Coley, of Bridgnorth, will shortly publish, *A Practical Treatise on the Remittent Fever of Infants*, with remarks on several other diseases, particularly hydrocephalus internus.

Major W. M. Leake, of the Roy-

al Artillery, lately his Majesty's resident at Janina, will publish, early in June, in 4to. *Researches in Greece*, part I. containing remarks on the modern languages of Greece.

Capt. Broughton is preparing a work, on the *Private Life of the Mahrattas*, with coloured plates, after the drawings of the native artists.

Mr. J. Kelly has in the press, *Elements of Music in Verse*, adapted to the piano-forte, and calculated for juvenile study.

Mr. Bakewell has nearly ready for publication, in an 8vo. volume, *Outlines of Geology*, with observations on the geology of England.

Mr. Longmire, of Troutbeck, near Kendal, is writing *An Essay on Geognosy*.

Lieut. Locket, assistant secretary in the College of Fort William, is engaged on some Translations from the elementary books of the East, in Grammar, Rhetoric, and Logic, which three sciences will form a 4to. volume.

Professor Eichorn's *Introduction to the Old Testament and the Apocrypha*, so much celebrated on the Continent, is translating for the press.

Mr. Cunningham has in the press, in one 8vo. volume, *A Dissertation on the Seals and Trumpets of the Apocalypse, and the Prophetic Period of 1260 Years*.

Mr. S. Morrell, of Little Baddow, Essex, will shortly publish, in a duodecimo volume, *The Excursions of Figilius*, designed to illustrate an important point of moral duty.

The Rev. W. Hawtayne, rector of Elstree, Herts, will shortly publish two volumes of *Sermons*, in small 8vo.

Mr. John Platts has in the press,

Reflections on Materialism, Innatism, an Intermediate State, the Sleep of the Soul, the Resurrection of the Body, and a Future Life.

The Rev. H. Lacy, of Salter's Hall, has in the press, two volumes of *Practical Discourses*, expressly adapted for domestic use.

Capt. Liseansky, one of the celebrated Russian circumnavigators, who, a few years ago, commanded one of the Russian ships in company with Krusenstern, round the world, has lately published, at St. Petersburg, his curious and interesting *Voyage*, in the Russian language, which we understand the author himself intends to publish in English. The work is already translated, and all the materials necessary for publication are in great forwardness. We are informed, that it is likely to be more complete in English than in the original, as it will contain a great number of drawings, plates, charts, tables of latitude and longitude, variations of the compass, those of thermometer, barometer, &c.; which are intended also, on a future day, to be added to the Russian work, in a supplementary volume.

A Tour through Norway and Sweden, in 1807, with remarks on the manners, customs, &c. of the inhabitants, written in French, by Alex. Lamotte, Esq. is printing in a 4to. volume, and will be illustrated by a map and fifteen views.

M. de Drée, of Paris, brother-in-law to the celebrated Dolomieu, has offered for sale his splendid Mineralogical Museum, comprising eight collections, among which is that of his illustrious relative. A descriptive catalogue of this mu-

seum, in French, may be seen at Mr. Ackermann's.

It is well known that the manner of treating a swarm of bees, in order to take the honey from them, as practised by some persons, is cruel, disgraceful to humanity, and prejudicial, at the same time, to their proprietors. Many of these industrious insects are destroyed by it; and by such loss weak hives are rendered unprofitable. The following process, which is extracted from the French *Annals of Agriculture*, seems to be greatly favourable both to the industrious insect and its owners.—Take of that kind of mushroom which is named *Lycoperdon stellatum*, about the quantity of an egg in size, set fire to it, and place it at the entrance of the hive. When a small quantity of smoke has made its way into the hive, the bees fall down as if stupefied, or in a sleep: they remain in this state about a quarter of an hour. During this time the swarm may be treated according to what was intended, without fear of any suffering from the stings. This proceeding does no injury to the bees themselves, nor to any of their young. It may be effected at all times; and affords an easy method of allowing swarms that are feeble to increase.

M. Pierre van Tetz, of the department of L'Ourte, has advertised an infallible remedy for the gout, as follows:—Take three handfuls of the leaves of mallows, one handful of linseed, boil them in about a pint and a half of water, until it is reduced to one pint; then strain it through a cloth, and mix with the liquor a quantity of the

green scum that is to be found in any pond, together with a swallow's nest pounded, and spread this mixture upon a linen cloth, softening it with half an ounce of balsam of Copahu, the whole mixed with the yellow of three eggs. This cataplasm must be applied three or four times a day to the part affected, as hot as possible, and will not fail of giving immediate relief.

A Hungarian nobleman has exhibited an invention, by which he is enabled to plunge into the sea or a river, without the least risk, and dive to the bottom; either remain there at pleasure, or return to the surface of the water, without assistance from any other person. This discovery will be chiefly applicable for the benefit of the pearl and coral fishery.

The *Mercury of Suabia*, a German journal, some time ago, published an account of the prolific properties of the potatoe; which not only is curious as a philosophical experiment, but interesting, as it proves what resources nature possesses within herself for the most beneficial purposes. It may also afford a hint, of which advantage may be taken, under certain circumstances.—“I covered,” says the writer, “a corner of a cellar with a layer about an inch thick, composed of two thirds of fine sand, brought from the Danube, and one third of common earth. I put into it, in the month of April, thirty-two yellow potatoes of a thin skin; I placed them only on the surface without covering them: they shot out roots abundantly on all sides; and at the close of the month of November following, I took up more than half a bushel of produce

of the very best kind. About one tenth of the quantity was equal in size to a reinette apple; the rest of the size of a large cherry. The skin was remarkably thin, the pulp white and mealy, and the taste agreeable. During the six months they lay on their bed, they received no attention or cultivation, nor any influence from the sunshine or light. This experiment may be repeated to advantage in fortified places, in prisons, or houses of correction, and in general, in any parts of great cities, wherever there are subterranean places, which are not too cold, nor too humid. By taking advantage of such places, the quantity of cheap and wholesome food may certainly be increased, for the benefit of indigent individuals.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

A Collection of popular Airs, arranged as Rondos, or with Variations for the Piano-Forte, by Samuel Wesley. No. II. Pr. 2s.

THE ballad of *Orphan Mary* has been selected as the theme for several variations. To those that know the high talents of their author (and there are few of our readers, we trust, but belong to that class), it would be superfluous to state, that they will find, in this publication, abundant traits of contrapuntal skill. The theme, especially in the second part, is scientifically harmonized; the second variation exhibits an ably linked bass; and the last, a *Scherzando* ($\frac{3}{4}$), attracts by its interesting neatness.

A Grand Sonata for the Piano-Forte, with an Accompaniment for a Violin, composed, and dedicated to the Prince of Galitzin, by D.

Steibelt. Sonata II. Op. 80.
Pr. 4s.

The worth of Steibelt's compositions is so universally acknowledged in this country, that we are sure the musical public must feel indebted to Mr. Hodson, the publisher of this and other late works of that author, for giving them an opportunity of renewing their acquaintance with an old favourite. The circumstance above mentioned, supersedes the necessity of giving any other critical account of the sonata before us, than our testimony, that it is in Steibelt's best style, and presents a combination of genial fire and delicate elegance, worthy the attention of players of the superior order. The movements are three: an allegro in E b, a beautiful adagio in C major, and an excellent rondo in E b. The violin accompaniment is obligato, and occasionally brought into the foreground by means of impressive imitations and solo passages.

A Divertimento for the Piano-Forte, with an Accompaniment (ad libitum) for a Flute or Violin, composed, and dedicated to Miss Clutton, by C. S. Stokes. Pr. 4s.

The allegro mod^o, in C, founded on the air, "*When the bee sucks*;" the andante, in F, on "*Pray Goody*;" and the rondo, in C, on the popular dance known by the name of *The Recovery*. The character of Mr. Stokes's compositions has already been illustrated by our former critiques on some of his publications; all of which, and the one before us in a high degree, display diligent study of classic models, a consequent rich store of sterling science, and a cultivated taste. These rare qualifications, brought

into play under the guidance of laborious care, cannot fail to produce such honourable specimens of his muse as this divertimento affords. We might prove the truth of this general praise by a string of citations, which would occupy the *whole* of our scanty limits, and yet be incomplete in the enumeration; such is the multiplicity of select ideas and harmonies he brings forward at every step: as, for instance, the skillful counterpoints, *p. 4, l. 3*; the classic merit of *p. 7*; the excellent fluent accompaniment, and the close, of *Pray Goody*; the fine solutions into E minor, *p. 11*, into B major, *p. 13*, and the still more beautiful extrication from that key into C, in the same page, &c. The work teems with instances of the kind; indeed, in some few cases, the apparent desire of producing originality of harmonic combination, has led to some extreme cases. In the passage, *p. 4* (before cited), the F natural (*b. 4*) creates harshness. The same effect occurs in other parallel cases, such as *p. 7, l. 5*, &c. In the 6th line, (*p. 4*) we had rather remained in C, than fall upon A minor (*b. 2*), and escape from it in the manner ventured by the author. To the well-known *minor* trio of the *Recovery*, Mr. S. has devised a new and bold harmony, which we would accept, but for the clashing, although concealed, octaves between the last quaver of the second, and the first of the third bar of that phrase (*p. 10, l. 5—p. 12, l. 1*, and *p. 13, l. 4*). Of syncopations Mr. S. is too liberal, and much too bold in their combination; as an instance, we shall only note *p. 9, l. 8*, where the C natural after the C sharp

(b. 5), can scarcely be defended. These eccentricities we are far from quoting in depreciation of the work; well aware, as we feel, that the greatest masters are the most liable to them. The common-place author, who skips his *arpeggios* from the tonic to the dominant, and from the dominant back to the tonic, is much less exposed to dangers of this kind.

A Grand Duet for the Harp and Piano-Forte, in which is introduced a favourite French Air, composed, and dedicated to Mrs. F. Hollings, by John Mugnié.
Pr. 6s.

In this work, which has been but a few days before the public, Mr. M. has given fresh proofs, if any were wanted, of those high talents which it has been our agreeable duty to bear testimony to on several former occasions. The allegro, in C, a fine and spirited movement, exhibits abundant strokes of his masterly pen; the second part, in particular, setting out boldly with the theme in E b, and displaying a series of profound modulations in the 5th and 6th pages; until, by a bold chromatic ascent, it returns to the subject in the tonic, claims the tribute of our warmest praise. The adagio, however, in C minor, forms unquestionably the pride of this publication. Among the various select ideas which combine exquisite feeling with science, the incomparable modulation, p. 11, ll. 1 and 2, stands foremost. By the enharmonic substitution of B 7, for C b, 5 b, 6, the author glides from the key of E b into E; and thence, by the diminished seventh upon B, returns to his original key (C minor) in a manner

which alone would attest his intimacy with the mysteries of the higher branches of composition. The rondo is built upon the well known French air, *Enfant chéri des Dames*, and evinces Mr. M.'s talent in another light. The playful French subject is playfully, not gravely, handled in this instance; and the pleasing neatness of this piece acts in proper contrast with the seriousness and the solemnity of the preceding adagio. We ought not to omit the harp part, of which, as we have heard it performed by an able master, we can with truth assert, that it is set with the greatest attention to the brilliant character of that instrument, replete with able responses, and not neglected as to solo passages, in their proper places.

Hymn to the Virgin, selected from the popular poem, called The Lady of the Lake, composed for a Soprano Voice, with an Accompaniment for the Harp or Piano-Forte, by H. Bishop. Pr. 2s. 6d.

In this short *preghiera*, Mr. B. appears to us to have admirably seized the spirit of his poet. A solemn calmness and devout simplicity pervade every phrase of the melody. It is one of those few happy compositions, which one hearing is sufficient to impress it lastingly on our memory. The invocation in the two final bars, "*Ave Maria*," is original and beautifully pathetic.

"The Moon-Beam plays on yonder Grove," a Duetto, sung by Miss Bolton and Mr. Sinclair, in the revived Burletta of Poor Vulcan, composed by Henry R. Bishop.
Pr. 2s.

We feel great partiality for the

beginning theme of this duetto, and the select accompaniment which supports it; except, perhaps, the A natural (*b. 4, l. 1, p. 2*), which, by producing the common chord of F, appears to us to break the smooth progress to the close of the phrase; the more usual A b, 6, would have pleased us better: the C, at "sweet" (*b. 3, l. 3, p. 2*), is probably a typographical error, instead of B. The fine passage, *p. 3, l. 1*, leading to C b, 6, merits unqualified praise. The second (?) movement, "*Then hand in hand*," is pretty; the two voices are melodiously fitted into each other, and brought into alternations with skill. The staccato accompaniments of the upper voice, *p. 5*, bespeak the author's taste in following what is good and effective in the Italian school. Altogether, this is a very good duet.

"*Roses and Woodbines so sweetly that bloom*," a *Ballad, sung by Mr. Sinclair in the revived Burletta of "Poor Fulcan," adapted (with Alterations) to the celebrated Air of Aileen Aroon, and arranged for the Piano-Forte*, by H. R. Bishop. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Many of our readers will, perhaps, better recognize the air under its present more common name of *Robin Adair*. The alterations of Mr. B., relating more to the harmony than to the melody of this popular song, infuse new interest into the air, which, from being so much hacknied, required the seasoning of an able cook to be again relished. The symphony, in which the right hand has both the melody and an active semiquavered accompaniment, merits our hearty commendation; and the accompaniments to the voice, are, through-

out, highly select and tasteful: so that, of the many Robin Adair specimens which have passed muster before us, our predilection strongly attaches itself to the present.

No. XII. *Swiss Air, with Variations for the Piano-Forte, Harp, and Flute, composed, and inscribed to the Right Honourable Lady Caroline Paget*, by Mazzinghi. Pr. 5s.; single, 3s.

The theme of this number of Mr. Mazzinghi's foreign national airs, is very pretty, and truly in the Swiss, or Tyrolese, style. Among the variations, we find No. 3 the most interesting.

Two Canons, composed by J. W. Helder. Pr. 1s.

To the serious class of vocal amateurs, these two canons will afford a treat. The first is formed upon the text, "*Non nobis, Domine*," &c.; and the second, on the words, "*Confiteantur tibi, Domine*," &c. Both are set for three voices; and we must do the learned author the justice to acknowledge, that, in the fitting and skilful contrivance of the parts, he has evinced a respectable share of science and compositorial judgment.

Third Grand Duet for two Performers on the Piano-Forte, with an Accompaniment for a German Flute or Violin, performed with the greatest applause at the Great Room, King's Theatre, composed, and dedicated to Mr. Neate, by J. Woelfl. Op. 45. Pr. 6s.

The circumstance of this being a posthumous publication of a work, whose author stood foremost in the estimation of every lover of classical music, exempts us from entering into an analysis of the duet before us, while at the same time

it enhances its value. An introductory *adagio* in D major, an *allegro* of the same key, an *andante* in G major, and a minuet and *piesto* in D, constitute the several successive movements of this work; which, in all its parts, is worthy of the fame of its departed author, and has the additional recommendation of presenting no discouraging difficulties to the performers.

"*The Adieu*," a Song, addressed, by a British Officer, to a beautiful Spanish Girl, who lost her Lover and her Brother in the present War, dedicated to Her Grace the Duchess of Richmond; the Words by Brigadier-General Carrol; the Music by Sir J. Stevenson, Mus. Doc. Pr. 1s. 6d.

An agreeable melody, expressive of the interest inspired by the fair Spaniard. The different ideas, without being novel, combine into a connected whole, amply supported by a continual *harpeggio* accompaniment. A little care is required of the singer in apportioning the proper time to the nicely divided progress of the melody.

An Andante, with Variations for the Piano-Forte, composed, and respectfully dedicated to the Hon. Mrs. West, by William Smith (Pupil of Mr. Latour). Pr. 2s.

The *andante* which forms the theme of these variations, is really an elegant little piece, and, together with some of the variations (especially in the first portion of the publication), impresses us with a very favourable idea of Mr. S.'s taste. Fluency and unlaboured connection are great recommendations in their favour. Under such merits, we regret the more to own, that, in a variety of instances, we

have discovered infringements upon the rules of harmony. Glaring fifths, for instance, occur, bar 4, var. 5. In the five or six first bars of the second part of var. 7, faulty octaves are met with at every step, &c. &c. When Mr. S. by dint of theoretical study, shall have become more firm in the saddle of harmonic horsemanship, we make no doubt, from the specimen before us, that his compositions will hold a very honourable rank in the estimation of the musical public.

Six Waltzes for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss D. Taylor, by J. Chandler. Pr. 4s.

The author of these waltzes has, by their several melodies, evinced much taste and fertility of invention. They possess great variety of character, and are distinguished by an elegant smoothness of connection between the component phrases. Not unfrequently, the accompaniment is neat and out of the common way, and in the digressive parts, pleasing modulation is occasionally introduced briefly. But we regret to add, in a variety of instances, the harmonies are improper. Without entering into a detailed catalogue of these grammatical transgressions, we will just, by way of justifying our assertion, extract from the memorandum before us, one or two instances. P. 10, bar 13, the last quaver of the left hand ought to be B F, not A C. In the next page, the termination, in the bar preceding the trio, E b, F, F# B (bass) is utterly unprepared by the anterior bar.

A Collection of admired Airs, selected from favourite Ballets performed at the King's Theatre, composed by M. F. Venus, and arranged



by him as *Rondos*, or with *Variations*, in a pleasing style, for the *Piano-Forte*, with a *Flute Accompaniment* (*ad libitum*). Nos.

I. II. III. Pr. 2s. 6d. each.

A selection from Mr. Venua's ballet compositions, many of which have deservedly ingratiated themselves with audiences of cultivated musical taste, cannot but be welcome. We therefore wish every success to this periodical publication of Messrs. Falkner and Christmas.

The first number of this collection contains the *Zephyr's* dance, in the ballet of "*Zephyr Inconstant*." The introduction, in common time, is an elegant and highly fanciful production. In the allegretto we are pleased with the neat simplicity of the subject; *p. 4*, we observe a range of fluent and well combined passages; and in *p. 5* we are aware of the select manner in which some of the ideas have been treated. The minor, *p. 6*, especially the second part, has our entire approbation. The whole is tastefully arranged, without deterring intricacies, for a steady player.

No. II. is derived from "*L'Innocence*," and has strong claims on our partiality. The several variations are imagined in a very finished style. In the 1st, the violin ably sustains the melody; and in the 2d, where the same instrument has

again the lead, we find the parts well contrived. Var. 4 forms likewise a great diversity of the subject. But what has, above all, our hearty commendation, is the Coda, *p. 6*, and the charming termination, *p. 7*. This latter places the author in the rank of an accomplished harmonist. The chords, and their skilful arrangement, which are there exhibited, would not discredit a Mozart, in whose style that portion is ably and successfully treated.

In the third Number, without flute accompaniment, a respectable brief introduction of Mr. Hoberrecht's leads to the shawl dance in the ballet of *La Rosiere*. The theme is light and playful, and the same may be said of the digressive part, which offers no executive difficulties beyond the reach of a moderately skilled performer.

Song to the Moon, from *Walter Scott's ROSEMARY*, composed, with an Accompaniment for the Harp or Piano-Forte, by William Edward Heather. Pr. 1s. 6d.

A fanciful and shewy prelude, in the harp style, precedes the air, which contains several detached, tasteful, and select ideas; but we miss connection and unity of plan in the construction of the whole, and could have wished for a less plain bass than the mere fundamental crotchets throughout the whole of the vocal portion.

PLATE 47.—THE HANSEATIC LEGION AND HAMBURGH VOLUNTEERS.

To such of our readers as view with interest the passing political events of the day, it must afford the most sincere satisfaction to wit-

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ness the rising spirit which animates the bosoms of all classes of persons in that part of Germany which has been released by the Russian and

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Prussian arms from the oppressive yoke of France. It is to the diffusion of this principle, not less than to the number, valour, and skill of the armies marshalled against the enemy of Europe and the world, that we must look for the ultimate deliverance of the nations still writhing under his tyrannic sway. The flame of patriotism seems to burn with peculiar brilliance in the north, where the Hansea towns have set a glorious example to the rest of Germany.

No sooner had the Russian general, Baron von Tottenborn, occupied Hamburg with his corps, than, by a public proclamation on the 20th of March, he gave notice of the intention of raising, in the cities of Hamburg, Bremen, and Lubeck, a corps of volunteers, to be called the *Hanseatic Legion*, and to form part of the army of North Germany. It was signified, that the part of the corps to be raised by Hamburg, should consist of horse as well as foot, and be paid by the city. Those who could afford it, were invited to equip themselves; but such as had not the means, were to be equipped out of a fund chiefly raised by voluntary contributions for the purpose. The uniform consists of a dark green loose coat, wide pantaloons of the same colour, with a broad light blue stripe down the seam, on the outer side of the thigh and leg; and a grey cap, likewise having a broad band of light blue cloth round the crown. The pantaloons are worn over boots. A correct representation of this dress, which is evidently designed rather for service, than parade, is given in the annexed engraving.

Such was the zeal of the public, and the ardour of individuals to rally round the reviving liberties of their country, that, in less than a month, a body of more than 3000 infantry and several troops of cavalry, were completely equipped, and had attained considerable proficiency in the military exercise and manœuvres. When it is recollected, that Hamburg alone has likewise a local guard of between 7 and 8000 volunteer citizens, enrolled for the defence of their homes, the magnitude of the effort will be justly appreciated.

Meanwhile, the females of Hamburg were not backward in promoting the good cause, as far as lay in their power. While some were engaged in making shirts and other articles of clothing, to be presented to the committee appointed to receive contributions for the new-raised legion; others undertook to work the five pair of colours destined for its use, which they finished with such elegance and dispatch, as reflect the highest credit on their skill and patriotism. The ceremony of their consecration took place on the 21st of April, in the great church of St. Michael, in the presence of the magistrates, the principal inhabitants, and all the military officers at Hamburg.

Scarcely had a month elapsed, from the beginning of the formation of this corps, when we find a detachment of it taking a share in an action fought, on the 22d of April, by the advanced guard of General Tottenborn's corps, between the villages of Ottersberg and Rothenburg, in which the enemy was routed, with the loss of his

baggage, 100 prisoners, and several hundred killed and wounded.—“I have learned, with particular satisfaction,” says the general, in the order of the day, announcing this advantage, “that such of the squadrons of the Hanseatic Legion as were in action, behaved in a manner perfectly befitting brave defenders of their country.”

Equal gallantry has been displayed by another part of this corps, in a subsequent affair, which is thus related in the *Hamburg Correspondent* of the 7th of May:—Early in the morning of yesterday, a division of the second Hanseatic battalion crossed the Elbe to reconnoitre the enemy, who had a pretty strong post at the spot where the troops were to land. The brave volunteers, burning with impati-

ence to meet the foe, leaped into the water, and waded to the shore. Unable to withstand so spirited an attack, the enemy hastily retreated upon his reserve. Here the action grew warm; the Hanseatics, undaunted by the superior force opposed to them, displayed the utmost gallantry, and did not re-embark till after a fight of two hours, in which they expended all their ammunition, and killed and wounded many of the enemy. Their own loss consisted of two killed and ten wounded.

May we not confidently hail these first essays of men fighting for independence, as the pledge of more important advantages over the mercenary tools of ambition and despotism?

EXHIBITION AT SOMERSET-HOUSE.

THE most prominent feature of the present Exhibition, like many heretofore, is composed of portraits; and although little general interest may be expected to result from a display of heads of persons, the far greater part of whom are only known to a limited circle of friends, yet to the lover of the fine arts there is a charm in light, shadow, and colour, when judiciously arranged, that cannot fail to be felt and acknowledged, be the subject of imitation whatever it may. But even were it not so, the public cannot justly complain of this preponderance of portraits in our national Exhibition, when that same public patronise this department of art, almost to the exclusion of every other. The great talent

which our artists manifest in portraiture, is at least a proof of British genius, which, were it equally encouraged in other subjects, would alike attain excellence and command admiration. If, then, there is any fault in the prevalence of this branch of study, it does not attach to the painter, but to his employer: for unreasonable indeed would it be, to expect that the artist should reject employment in portraiture, to waste his talent upon subjects for which no patronage could be found. Should it become the fashion to encourage the artists of our own age, particularly of our own country, or to bestow upon British genius but a small portion of what our nobility and gentry annually expend for the

works of the ancient masters, galleries might ere long be formed, that should vie with the most splendid that are known. The little encouragement that has been held out by the directors of the British Institution, has already called forth a display of rising genius, that warrants the highest hope; and the walls of the Royal Academy have for some years borne evidence of talents, that any age would have felt proud to have given birth to. Who, it may be asked, has more finely imitated the beauties of landscape, than Turner and Calcott? or subjects of familiar life, than Wilkie and Bird? Or who has painted horses with greater truth, or in a more admirable style of art, than Ward? Indeed, it is almost invidious to mention these artists; there is talent enough to warrant every one, zealous for the interests of British genius, to call upon the higher orders of society, to do justice to their country, and foster talent of British growth; to follow the illustrious example of Sir John Fleming Leicester, and to display in a gallery, a collection such as that patriotic baronet has generously brought together at his noble mansion in Hill-street, Berkeley-square.

1. *A Child rescued by its Mother from an Eagle's Nest.*—A. Dawc, A.

This is one of the best illustrations of what has often been asked of the painter, Whether the representation of a subject, involving the most poignant passion, can be described by painting with as much force as by poetry? or, whether an art, that is limited to describe its subject, of momentary representation, can effectually make known

its intended story?—Who, upon beholding this pathetic picture, but must develope its subject? or who can view it without feeling all that the mother feels? Mr. Dawe is an artist whose steady progress in art has been marked by a regular improvement; and we feel confident, that he will be numbered amongst the highest painters of the British school.

19. *Lion Hunting.*—James Northcote, R. A.

We are reminded by this grand group of figures and animals, of the composition of Rubens. The passion of fear is strongly marked upon the countenance of the man attacked by the ferocious beast, and the utmost determination and bravery upon the visages of his gallant associates, who are driving him from his object. The horse is finely painted, the head of which indicates the distress of the noble animal. This picture evinces, that the powers of its author are in no way diminished. The colouring is rich, and the effect is well conceived.

36. *Joseph and his Brethren.*—The same.

This pathetic story has repeatedly formed the subject for the skill of painters of the Italian, Flemish, and other schools; yet has Mr. Northcote taken up the subject, as a trial of his original powers, and has produced what must ever be admired as an entirely new mode of treatment. The utmost sympathy is excited on viewing the child, suspended over the darksome pit, supplicating in vain for mercy at the hands of his cruel and relentless brothers; all of whom appear determined to put away the object of

their jealousy and hatred, excepting Reuben, who, in an agony of grief, is hiding with his hands his weeping eyes, that he may not behold this last act of their wickedness. This affecting story is told with true pathos; and the picture may be regarded as one of the finest productions of the present Exhibition.

80. *Asses*.—R. Hills.

A very faithful transcript of nature, painted with clearness, and drawn with characteristic truth. The scenery is appropriate to the animals, the sky and distance are clear, and an agreeable tone of colour pervades the whole of this highly finished cabinet picture.

142. *Dogs, the Property of T. L. Parker, Esq.*—J. Ward, R. A.

There have been of late years some approaches made to rescue the character of English art from the aspersions of certain connoisseurs, who have asserted, that the pure and transparent mode of using paints in oil, is unknown to modern artists; and that the Flemish style depended upon some menstruum or vehicle with which they compounded their colours. Amongst those who have contributed to do away this opinion, so detrimental to modern painting, must be numbered Mr. Ward. The many ingenious imitations which he has made of the styles of various celebrated masters of the old schools, and his late original productions, are alone sufficient evidence, that their method of preparing and using oil colours, is not lost. His paintings of animals are equal to the finest productions of the best masters of any of the ancient schools. This picture may be instanced as

a proof of the painter's having deserved the high reputation he has acquired; for therein is included every requisite that constitutes excellence in this class of painting.

165. *A Charger, the Property of General Sir C. Stewart, K. B.*—The same.

The glowing colour of this animated Arabian horse, is represented as glittering in the powerful light of the sun in an Asiatic climate. The colour and texture of the animal from which this painting is taken, is of extraordinary richness and glossy appearance; and additional splendour is given to the same, by the judicious introduction of the deep-toned clouds upon which he is relieved. The action of the horse is characteristic of the restlessness of the Arabian. The attitude is highly spirited, and great anatomical knowledge is evinced in the drawing. It is not easy to express sufficient admiration of this picture, of which perhaps it is not speaking too highly to say, that it is of unrivalled excellence.

718. *Flowers from Nature*.—Miss Sollicieux, H.

Genius and taste are exemplified in this beautiful performance, the merits of which appear to have been felt, if we may judge by the conspicuous place that it holds in the general arrangement of the Exhibition. The composition is tasteful, the colouring brilliant, and the execution free, combining botanical truth and the varied hues of nature with pleasing pictorial effect.—The lines of Mr. Hayley may with justice be applied to this lady:

"Delighted Flora, in her sweetest bow'rs,
"Inspired thy genius, taste, and magic power."

117. *Moonlight: The Poacher and his Companion taking the game.*—E. Bird, A.

118. *Night: The Poacher and his Companion disposing of their Game to the Guard of a Mail-Coach.*—The same.

131. *The Poacher coming Home in great alarm early in the Morning, loaded with Game, to his Wife, who has been sitting up all night waiting his return.*—The same.

157. *The Poacher brought before the Magistrate, and committed.*—The same.

172. *The Poacher released from his Imprisonment, during which he has been attended through a severe illness by his amiable Wife, whose kind attention, aided by the seasonable interference of a good Clergyman, has brought about a determination to amend his conduct.*—The same.

173. *Saturday Evening: The reclaimed Poacher returning Home from Labour to his domestic Comforts.*—The same.

The six preceding subjects form a little drama of the painter's com-

posing, which eminently shew his original powers of design, and his ability to accomplish what he has so justly conceived. Hogarth appears to have been the first English painter who contrived to teach a moral lesson by pictorial means. Northcote, in his twelve pictures of *Virtue and Vice*, exemplified in the actions of two young females, attempted the same; engravings were made from these pictures: and Morland made a series, entitled *Female Seduction*. Mr. Bird has shewn a humane feeling in the reformation of the poacher, which renders the pictures particularly interesting. The talent of this artist for the display of character, and the operations of the human mind upon the countenance, has developed itself by a succession of works, various in design, but all bearing the strongest traits of nature. The series before us are calculated not only to support his growing reputation, but to give earnest of future excellence, that may stamp his works with lasting fame.

EXHIBITION OF PICTURES BY THE LATE SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

Exhibited, by the Permission of the Proprietors, in Honour of the Memory of that distinguished Artist, and for the Improvement of British Art.

WE cannot express sufficiently our high respect for the noblemen and gentlemen who have carried into effect the plan which the writer of these remarks had long ago proposed to many gentlemen, all of whom had approved of the same, but had not the means of putting it into force. This Exhibition, it is hoped, will answer every purpose

which is proposed by the enlightened and liberal patrons of the British Institution. We cannot help indulging in the hope, that the era is now commencing, when British art will be duly appreciated; and that, under the fostering care of our nobility and gentlemen of fortune and taste, the artists of England will hold that rank in society that shall

raise many of our cotemporaries to the same distinctions that Rubens, Vandyke, and Reynolds have attained.

The lustre which a country derives from its men of genius, is of an importance that is not generally felt. A people can only stand high in the estimation of great nations by its portion of enlightened men. Of Sir Joshua Reynolds, the British nation may be justly proud. From him they derive the revival of the art of painting in oil colours; for there was no painter in Europe, at the period when Reynolds appeared in the zenith of his powers, whose reputation has lasted to the present time. It is not a national prejudice that has exalted the talents of our illustrious countryman; the most enlightened of every nation have done justice to the genius of Reynolds, and he is generally acknowledged to hold a high rank amongst the greatest portrait-painters of any age or country.

In viewing the collection which forms this Exhibition, the utmost surprise is excited on beholding a vast number of portraits of persons attired in the costume of their day, when perhaps the worst taste for dress that ever existed in England, prevailed; when the tailor, mantua-maker, and the peruquier, united their wretched talents to disfigure the human form. Reynolds possessed such pure feelings of taste, that he even managed the pyramidal head-dresses of the ladies, and the formal wigs and toupies of the gentlemen, so as to render them within the scale of endurance, and the eye is not offended by any preposterous decoration of his figures. Not so with his cotemporaries. It

is scarcely possible to see the portraits by other artists of his time, without disgust at the manner in which they are attired. .. Where he was allowed to dress his subject agreeably to his own notions of taste, then do we find every thing that the most fastidious must approve: hence may we infer, that had he been the arbiter of fashion, it would not have remained for the nineteenth century to witness the Greek costume adorning English female beauty. The lovers of the fine arts have at length an opportunity, in viewing the collection thus brought together, of contemplating the vast powers of this artist's abilities; and the rising artist, of studying, amidst so extensive a mass of subjects, combining all that is excellent in art, how to become a painter, and of emulating the illustrious example of this great and good man.

Reynolds is said to have incorporated in his style, the taste of Corregio, the splendour of Rubens, and the chiaro oscuro of Rembrandt,—and may we not add, the glowing richness of Titian. The high scale of colour, and of light and shadow, which he has attained in some of his pictures, as united with elegance and beauty, may be instanced amongst the most extraordinary efforts of the graphic art. We wish, for the honour of our painter, that it had occurred to the directors of the British Institution, to have placed a few fine specimens of the works of these masters in the same collection; and we feel confident, that it would have proved beneficial to the reputation of Sir Joshua, inasmuch as the prejudices of those who yet doubt the possibility of modern painting be-

ing able to bear comparison with ancient art, would have been removed, by a demonstration not to be rejected, and which would have for ever set the doubt at rest.

To prove that the powers of Reynolds were unimpaired to the last, we have but to refer to the portrait of Mr. Tomkins, the highly esteemed friend of our illustrious painter, who has evinced the greatest taste and genius in his penmanship.

Induced by his admiration of the addresses to the King and Queen penned by Mr. Tomkins, and presented by the Royal Academy on

his Majesty's recovery, Sir Joshua offered to gratify the writer by the kindest and most liberal exertion of his talents in painting his portrait. This his last work was not completed to his mind until Mr. Tomkins had sat more than twenty times; but the picture was painted *con amore*, and may be classed amongst his happiest works. When finished, Sir Joshua, with his native complacency, said, "I will now give you a specimen of my writing;" and immediately, with the utmost freedom, wrote with his pencil on the reverse of the canvas—"J. Reynolds, pinx. 1789."

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS.

NORTH OF EUROPE.

BONAPARTE in person has, on the part of the French, re-opened the campaign, which the Russians, to their honour be it said, had never closed: a tremendous blow has already been struck on the memorable plain of Lützen; not less than twenty thousand human lives have once more, and in one day, been sacrificed to the insatiable ambition of the miscreant ruler of France. This great event, and other less important anterior occurrences, we shall now attempt to lay before our readers as correctly as the defective materials yet in our possession may enable us to do.

Of the twelve Polish, Prussian, and Saxon fortresses, in the power of the enemy at the date of our last report, the following three have since been wrested from him by the allied armies:—*Czenstochow* (south of Warsaw) capitulated to General Sacken on the 4th of April.

—*Thorn*, where the Russians under General Lanskoj had cut the first parallel on the 8th, surrendered on the 16th of the same month; the Bavarians, who formed the major part of the garrison, were allowed to return home on condition not to serve against the allies this campaign; the rest became prisoners of war.—The siege of *Spandau*, begun in the middle of April by the Prussians, was pressed with the greatest vigour: a dreadful bombardment demolished, on the 20th, nearly the whole citadel and many houses of the town, and on the 24th, the French governor surrendered himself and garrison, amounting to 3500 men.

Dantzic, Modlin, Zamosk, Cüstrin, and Glogau are as yet only closely blockaded by different Prussian and Russian corps. The siege of *Stettin* has commenced, and in a desperate sally of its garrison on the 7th April, the Prussians lost about

150 killed and wounded at Daum.—Upon the Elbe, *Magdeburg* has, on the Prussian side, been completely insulated from the country around, by a strong circumvallation of works, defended by a Russian corps under Count Woronzow; and the preparations for its siege are nearly completed.—Higher up, and still nearer the great theatre of action, *Wittenberg* has continued to hold out, notwithstanding several hot attacks and bombardments directed against it from the 18th to the end of April: and the Saxon fortress, *Torgau*, in the vicinity of the former, has not been proceeded against, owing to a compact of neutrality, by which the Saxon army under General Thielemann (8 or 10,000 men), that, at the flight of the French, had separated from them and retired to Torgau, was permitted to remain unmolested until it had received fresh instructions from its fugitive king. This sovereign, after a conference with the King of Bavaria at Ratisbon, has fixed his residence at Prague, where it is said a congress for peace is to assemble under the mediation of the Emperor Francis.

LOWER ELBE.

The day after the capture of the whole of General Morand's corps (related in our last), Davoust entered Lüneburg, and for a moment put an end to the incursions to the left banks of the Elbe, of the flying corps of the allies, under General Dörnberg, Colonel Benckendorf, and Colonel Czernichef. But as often as subsequently the temporary absence of the enemy from the banks of that river, or an equality of his numbers, offered an opportunity for action, these active

chiefs renewed their inroads, generally accompanied by detachments of the brave Hanseatic Legion formed by Hamburg and Lübeck. In this manner their parties penetrated at one time as far as Verden and to the gates of Bremen; and among the several affairs which arose from these alternate movements of both parties, the action of the 22d April, at Ottersberg (12 miles from Bremen), was the most serious; the French having on that day sustained a loss of 600 men, killed, wounded, and prisoners. In all these encounters the new levies of the patriotic Hanseats fought like men that combat for the salvation of their country. Towards the end of the month, however, a junction of the different hostile corps, of Vandamme from Bremen, Sebastiani from Brunswick, and Davoust from Salzwedel, forming an army of nearly 20,000 men, threatened serious and immediate danger to the city of Hamburg. They occupied Harburg opposite, and made every demonstration of crossing; but whether deterred by the resolute preparations made for their reception, or whether recalled by urgent occasions elsewhere, the French again withdrew, and Davoust fixed his quarters at Bremen, where four of the unfortunate patriots that had so bravely defended the redoubt near Bremerlehe, were shot by military commission. A detachment of Davoust's corps was afterwards sent against Cuxhaven, and Major Kinzinger, on their approach, was compelled to evacuate that place, on the 8th May, and to re-embark the few British soldiers he had with him. Some few hundreds of the Hanoverian

Legion have at last arrived from England at Hamburg; but we fear the troops of our Brunswick regiment, which with the Duke of Brunswick have left this country for the north of Germany, as also his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, who in a private capacity has likewise sailed for Germany, will no longer find the Elbe open to them. The time is past when a few thousand British troops sent to the north of Germany, would have been able to support the faithful Hanoverians in their arduous exertions against French oppressions, to create an army from the inhabitants, to operate therewith against the flank of the French army, and to turn considerably the scale of warfare. Treble the number at least will now be required to produce the same effect. This change in the aspect of affairs in the north, we know, was looked for from the co-operation of the Swedish army which England has subsidized; but, strange to tell, although, according to the Hamburg journals, numerous bodies of Swedes have disembarked, not only in Pomerania, but even at Rostock and Wismar, the arrival of not one man on the Elbe, has as yet been announced, although their march thither would require but a few days. The Crown Prince has recently been at Gothenburg, to inspect the troop-ships; he has long been expected at Stralsund, and quarters have been bespoken for him in Mecklenburg: but, after being so repeatedly disappointed in our expectations of his essential aid, we shall withhold our faith in his co-operation, till we hear of an action between Swedish and French troops.

Indeed, supposing the whole of the Swedish army landed in Germany, it is probable, that they may have to direct their arms against Denmark instead of France. In the congress at Abo, last year, if we may credit concurring reports, Norway, an integral part of the Danish dominions, has, by an unfortunate arrangement, been bargained over, in anticipation, to the Swedes, on condition of their joining the allied cause, and leaving Finland unmolested in the possession of the Russians; and for this loss, it is further added, Denmark was to receive some sort of indemnity on the side of Holstein, probably to be taken from Hanseatic property. If true, the ill consequences of this impolitic project (so diametrically contrary to the grand principle the allies ought to fight for, that of restoring to every one his own,) are already keenly felt. That no state, however weak, will patiently submit to such arbitrary dismemberment, is natural. Count Bernstorff accordingly arrived the 21st April, in London, on a diplomatic mission from Denmark, and is stated to have demanded of our government, as conditions upon which his court would join the cause: 1. That Norway and the whole of the Danish dominions should be guaranteed: 2. That all her colonies shall be restored: 3. Restoration of the Danish fleet, a large indemnity for its capture, besides a compensation for the losses suffered during our occupation of Zealand: 4. The making over the Hanse towns to Denmark: 5. The grant of a subsidy to pay the troops which are to take possession of these towns. To these demands, Count Bernstorff, it is said, received a

peremptory refusal, and returned to the Continent. The Swedish ambassador has likewise been withdrawn from Copenhagen; and, although no decided hostilities have yet been resorted to by any of the three powers, their amicable intercourse is certainly suspended.

UPPER ELBE.

The army of Beauharnois, and the corps of Durutte, from Dresden, having, as stated in our last, evacuated, in the latter part of April, the whole country between the Saale and the Elbe, and established head-quarters at Magdeburg, Beauharnois, not well informed of the strength and near presence of the allies, sallied forth from Magdeburg, with about 20,000 men, and with the view of operating an important diversion by marching direct upon Berlin. Count Wittgenstein, with a Russian corps, and those of Von York and General Kleist, instantly recrossed the Elbe at Dessau, and, by an able and rapid flank movement, surrounded Beauharnois so as to oblige him to fight for his safety. The action took place on the 5th April, at Möckern (eleven miles east of Magdeburg). At the expence of 2000 killed and wounded, and 900 prisoners, and by the favour of night only, the French regained Magdeburg. Gen. Grenier was severely wounded. After this defeat, the French army became more cautious, and took an admirable position on the left of the Saale, from the conflux of that river into the Elbe, as far as the mountainous forest of the Hartz; thus covering its front by the Saale, its left wing by the Elbe, and the right by the Hartz. In this strong position, Count Wittgenstein, who

had re-established his head-quarters at Dessau, found it impossible, contrary to his expectations, to make any impression on the French army of about 40,000 good troops: Leipzig, which had been reached as early as the 1st April by some Russian light troops, was occupied in force, as a center, by the corps of General Winzingerode, about the middle of April; and, about the same time, the column of Prussians which had set out from Silesia, under General Blücher, had reached Altenburg, where, till near the end of the month, it formed the extremity of the left wing, detaching partizan corps as far as Gotha, Erfurt, and Langensalza, where it surprised a Bavarian regiment, and caused it considerable loss.

This line, though strong enough for the present moment, was very insufficient to meet the grand French army newly raised in France, and assembling at Würzburg, &c. To reinforce it, the Emperor Alexander set out with the grand army (45,000 men), from Kalish, in the first week of April, crossed the Oder at Steinau, and arrived at Dresden the 24th. A corps of Miloradovitch, of about 10,000 men, followed it closely from Poland; and the Prussian divisions of Generals Von York, Kleist, and Bulow, were ordered to march upon Leipzig, as the pivot from whence the ulterior operations were to be directed.—The saviour of his country, the veteran Prince Kutusow Simolenskoi, accompanied his sovereign in the march upon Dresden, but a nervous fever obliged him to stop at Buntzlau, where he expired on the 28th of April, in

the 70th year of his age.—Peace to the ashes of this great captain! His death, at so advanced an age, and at the very acmé of the brightest career of glory, is surely enviable. His loss, however, is felt the less severely, as the chief command of the allied army devolved on Count Wittgenstein, a German, whose patriotism and devotion to the good cause are equal to his great military talents.

Thus far we can vouch for the correctness of our narrative; the remaining, and by far the most momentous, portion of our history, we find ourselves under the distressing necessity of extracting almost solely from the official reports of the French, the falsified exaggerations of which render it a most difficult task to arrive at sober historical truth. Should, in spite of our utmost caution, incorrectness creep into our statement, we shall rectify the blameless error in our next.

Bonaparte left Paris for the army on the 15th April, at one A. M.; on the 16th, at eleven P. M. he was at Mentz (360 miles in 46 hours); and setting out from thence on the 22d, he arrived at Naumburg on the 23th. In the interval, the several corps of the new French grand army, under Ney, Souham, Oudinot, Bertrand, and other generals, had debouched through the forest of Thuringia, and arrived upon the left bank of the Saale, from Coburg down to Naumburg; and Beauharnois, with the old troops, was moving up that river, to come into junction. They crossed the Saale under little resistance, but, on the right bank, a series of bloody engagements took place on the 27th, 28th, and 29th April,

at Wettin, Halle, and Weissenfels. Here the Prussian troops, who were principally engaged, evinced the most undaunted courage, if valour and skill alone had been sufficient; but a great, and we think unexpected, superiority in the French numbers, enabled Bonaparte to possess himself of the two latter important points, and his head-quarters remained at Weissenfels on the 30th of April and 1st of May. Weissenfels is but a few miles from Lützen, the celebrated spot where, in 1632, a murderous conflict brought victory, but death, to the great Gustavus Adolphus, and where the allies had now resolved to fight their first battle. On the 1st of May, according to the French account, Bonaparte, after an obstinate resistance, carried the defile of Porsena; leading to the plain of Lützen; his loss was great, and Bessieres (Duke of Istria) was killed. The next day, Bonaparte, unaware that in the night the allies had passed the Elster, and joined the greatest part of their forces, sent a considerable corps on Leipzig, to operate on the flank of his opponents. Count Wittgenstein, profiting by the extension in the enemy's line caused by this detachment, attacked the center of the French army at the village of Gross Göschen. This village, the key-stone of Bonaparte's position, was six times taken and retaken with the bayonet: the French center was broken through, and some of the battalions were completely dispersed.—This murderous combat lasted from ten in the morning till midnight. According to an official account of the allies, insidiously annexed

to the French report, the Russo-Prussians finally remained in possession of the village and of the field of battle, and intended to renew the contest at break of day. Bonaparte states his loss on that day at 10,000, that of the allies at 25,000 killed and wounded; but boasts of no trophy, not a colour or a cannon. The allied accounts state 8000 allies, and 12 to 15,000 French, killed and wounded, 1400 French prisoners and 16 cannon taken. On the part of the allies, the hereditary Prince of Mecklenburg Strelitz (nephew to our Queen) and the Prince of Hesse Homburg were killed, and Generals Blücher and Scharnhorst wounded, but not dangerously. The French also lost several generals, and among their wounded of distinction we find General Girard. The Sovereigns of Russia and Prussia beheld the battle; prodigies of valour were achieved under their eyes.

Leaving the question of the victory of that day undecided till we are in possession of more information, we cannot but confess, that the events of the succeeding days give, if not foundation, yet colour to the French claim of having been the conquerors. On the 3d of May, the Russo-Prussians commenced a general retreat in good order; and Bonaparte followed their footsteps towards Dresden, while he detached Ney's corps to the relief of Torgau and Wittenburg. Some sharp affairs took place on the retreat, especially at Codditz, on the 5th, where the French, according to their statement, lost 500, and the allies 2000 men. On the 8th of May, the

French entered both Meissen and Dresden, where the destruction of the bridges over the Elbe (which river the Russo-Prussians had crossed) prevented them for the moment from following any further the rear of the allied army.

Thus far our information, such as it is, extends. It would be absurd to deny the favourable consequences which must result to Bonaparte from the battle of Lützen; and, much as we detest the monster, unjust, not to admire this new proof of his great military genius. As by magic, he has created a new and numerous army; as by magic, he has transfused the spirit of his lost veterans into his raw recruits, moved them and himself with the celerity of lightning to the scene of action; avowedly without cavalry, opposed them to experienced soldiers, supported by a numerous and well appointed cavalry; and obliged his enemies to cede to him the field of battle, whether won or lost. But while we admit, that the battle of Lützen will inspirit his conscripts, dispirit the patriotic German insurgents, regain him probably the alliance of the wavering King of Saxony, and give him possession of his fortress, Torgau; perhaps damp the doubtful inclination of the Emperor Francis to assist in the deliverance of Germany; and retard, for aught we know, to an indefinite period, the co-operation of Sweden: while we look to the probability of all these consequences, and feel even prepared for the fall of Berlin, we are far from despairing of the ultimate success of the allies. From the fields of Lützen, as from the hills of Borodino, they retired leisurely

and unbroken: besides the corps of Miloradovitch, that joined them the next day with a great park of artillery, they must at every step fall upon their reinforcements and resources; and the magnitude of these, especially as to Prussia, where every heart glows with patriotism and military ardour, is, we are sure, infinitely beyond those of Bonaparte. Their great superiority in cavalry will not only give the allies constant protection, but a decided advantage in the plains of Brandenburg; but above all, the talents of their commander, Count Wittgenstein, inspire us with the most cheering hopes. Besides, in his progress, if he do proceed much further, Napoleon has no longer to traverse lukewarm or indifferent populations; all, to a man, are hostile, and embittered against him; and supposing that progress less impeded than we are sure it must be, it will be some time before he reaches even the place whence he set out last year against the Russians, who, in case of the worst, now know the strength of their own country. If Bonaparte should overrun Prussia, Prussia in his rear will, like Spain, annoy him by the petty warfare of its military population. But we do not even look to such an extremity: the charm of Bonaparte's invincibility dissolves gradually every year; every new coalition gains in energy on the one preceding, and becomes more and more dangerous to him: Even the present one, were it subdued, would not be the last; his boundless ambition will not cease to create fresh reactions, to encounter which, successively and without end, the exhausted population of France is totally inadequate.

SPANISH PENINSULA.

Omitting, from want of room, the recital of some spirited enterprises of Longa and Mina, we proceed to the operations of our Alicant army, under Sir John Murray, and to the defeat which it inflicted on Suchet, at Castalla, on the 13th April last. Our army took the field early in March, and, on the 7th, possessed itself of the town of Alcoy, after a smart affair with the French advance, which, but for the too tardy arrival of a column destined to take it in the rear, would have been cut off. Upon this, Suchet assembled the whole of his disposable force on the Xucar, and having completed all his preparations, took the field against the united forces of General Elio and Sir John Murray, on the 10th April. On the 11th, he suddenly attacked, with great superiority of numbers, a Spanish corps posted by General Elio at Yecla, on the left flank, completely defeated it, after an obstinate resistance, which caused the Spaniards a loss of nearly 1500 men killed, wounded, and prisoners, and went on to Villena, the castle of which, together with the battalion of Velez Malaga, unaccountably surrendered at the first summons. The next day (12th) Suchet pressed forward to Biar, where the advance of the British army was posted, under Colonel Adams. This officer, as instructed, retired in good order, fighting for every inch of ground, upon our main body, stationed on the heights of Castalla, under Sir John Murray himself. Flushed with the success of two days, Suchet resolved to attack our lines, in spite of the natural strength of the position. This de-

termination he carried into execution the next day (13th). The French army attacked the whole range of hills with great fury; but our troops received them with the bayonet, repulsed them, after a severe struggle, at every point, and drove them back upon their reserve in the plain. In this position, likewise, they were not suffered to remain long. Our army moved down into the plain; Suchet, at their approach, retired with his forces to the place whence he had first come, and resumed his head-quarters at San Felipe. Sir John Murray estimates the enemy's loss in these affairs at 3000 men *hors de combat*; his own he states at 664. Although, from later accounts, we find that this success, like most of our victories in Spain, has been unattended with any ulterior advantages, we attach considerable importance to the event itself. It is not only the first defeat Suchet ever sustained, but it is likewise the first *début* in the field of our Alicant army, and its honourable result strengthens our confidence in the further operations of this gallant body and its able leader.

Lord Wellington, still at Frenada, has not yet opened the campaign on the frontier; but the concentration of his forces, as well as the movements of the French troops in the line of the Douro, render it probable, that our next report will have to record the commencement of active operations on the Portuguese frontier.

SPANISH COLONIES.

Under this head we have to state, briefly, and with regret, the renewal of hostilities between the

cities of Buenos Ayres and Monte Video. According to recent accounts, the latter fortress, with its governor, General Vigodet, was, in January last, besieged by the insurgent troops of Buenos Ayres. The city of Santo Domingo, too, has, according to Jamaica papers, thrown off its allegiance to the mother country, and declared itself independent.

MEDITERRANEAN.

The tranquillity of Palermo and Sicily was, in March last, again in danger of being disturbed by the machinations of the queen. From the imperfect accounts we possess, it appears, that she had instigated the king to issue a proclamation, stating, that his health being recovered, he annulled the powers he had given to the hereditary Prince Francis, and would resume the government. To put this measure into execution, the queen had actually assembled, in the country, a number of disaffected persons, with whose assistance a total change in the government was designed to be effected. Thanks to the promptitude and energy of Lord Bentinck, the attempt was completely frustrated. Three regiments from Palermo dispersed the factious disturbers of the public peace, the chiefs of the insurrection were either banished the island or put under arrest, the old king prevailed upon formally to abdicate, and the queen informed that she must quit the island. Some accounts state, that she has actually sailed for Cagliari, in Sardinia; others affirm, that her pretext of ill health obtained her leave to remain in Sicily until the 7th of May.

FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

PLATE 45.—PROMENADE DRESS.

A PLAIN morning gown, of fine cambric or jaconot muslin, with long sleeves, and front cut low at the bosom, appliqued with lace; a shirt of the same, with a full gathered frill round the throat. A Pomeranian mantle of jonquille satin, trimmed round with a deep white lace. A provincial bonnet, composed of jonquille satin and Chinese cord, confined under the chin, and ornamented on one side with corresponding ribband, a cluster of flowers on the other. A sash of jonquille ribband, tied in front of the waist. Gloves and half-boots of pale lilac or jonquille kid. Parasol either white or pale lilac.

PLATE 46.—EVENING OR BALL-DRESS.

A Grecian round robe, of lilac or apple-blossom crape, worn over

a white satin petticoat. A satin bodice; the colour of the robe, ornamented with white beads and drops, *à la militaire*; the same continued down the front of the dress; short Circassian sleeves, with similar ornaments; a deep vandyke trimming of lace, or lilac Angola silk, round the bottom of the robe. An Indian turban, of silver frosted crape, decorated with pearl or white beads; and a bunch of spring flowers beneath, blending with the hair over the left eyebrow. A necklace and locket of large pearl, or the satin bead. Ear-rings and bracelets *en suite*. White satin slippers, trimmed with a narrow silver fringe. White kid gloves. Fan of ivory, decorated with coloured feathers. Lemon-coloured or white scarf, with rich embroidered ends of gold and coloured silks.

MEDICAL REPORT.

AN account of the practice of a physician from the 15th of April to the 15th of May, 1813.

Acute Diseases.—Catarrh, 6.... Measles, 2...Sore-throat, 1...Fever, 2....Peripneumony, 1.....Infantile complaints, 5.

Chronic Diseases.—Cough and dyspnœa, 25...Hæmoptoe, 3...Consumption, 2...Scrofula, 1...Pleurodyne, 4....Rheumatism, 10...Head-ach, 4...Vertigo, 2....Apoplexy, 1...Asthenia, 7.....Palsy, 2....Dropsy, 3...Dyspepsia, 6...Gastrodynia, 3...Enterobynia, 2...Hypochondriasis, 1...Epilepsy, 1...Cutaneous diseases, 3...Female complaints, 5.

From the changeableness of the weather of late, cough and rheumatic affections have been frequent, though the general character of the season cannot be termed unhealthy. The case of apoplexy was sudden and fatal. It occurred in a young man, of full habit, florid complexion, and great corpulence. The immediate cause of death, from the symptoms, most probably was the rupture of a blood-vessel in the head. These cases are of frequent occurrence, and, in general, there is no time for the medical practitioner to exercise his skill with any prospect of success.



But it is useful to notice them, and point them out as signals to persons of certain appearance and habit, that they may attempt to destroy a disposition to complaints, which, in general, can only be obviated by a strict attention to regimen.

The causes tending to produce apoplexy, such as indolence and intemperance, are well known; but it is not generally suspected, that snuff and smoking tobacco have occasioned it in many instances. They at first excite, and ultimately produce torpor of the brain. In mere fullness of habit, and turgescence of the vessels, the disease may be kept off by occasional bleedings and active cathartics; but, in the lethargy, somnolency, and torpor resulting from the use of powerful narcotics, the complaint, in general, forms slowly, and proceeds to a dangerous extent before it is suspected. The evidences of its existence, however, are unequivocal,

and ought not to be disregarded. The mischief is not always occasioned by what is done to-day or yesterday, but results from a long-continued series of improper living, or is the consequence of naturally imperfect organization; either of which states is indicated by symptoms which cannot escape the attention of an acute observer. The body is corpulent, the neck short, the veins full, the complexion florid and shining, and the breathing short. The complaint is preceded by a sense of heaviness in the head, giddiness and dullness of sight, a failure of memory, and inaptitude for all exercise but that of the table. If these symptoms are not obviated, they increase to a degree incompatible with life. There are, however, varieties and shades of difference in the disease, which the limits of this report cannot, on the present occasion, record.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE growing weather through the whole of last month has brought forth a burst of vegetation more perfect and luxuriant than in any preceding season for many years past; so that it only requires a continuance of dry and warm weather to bring every species of cultivatable plants to maturity, and to form a most genial and productive summer. The culinary vegetables are not only of the finest quality, but their produce is most abundant; an invaluable resource to the inhabitants of these islands under the present high price of animal and farinaceous food.

No. LIV. Vol. IX.

The wheat has not only been most prolific in tillow, but has thrown up a full and strong stem, clothed with flag, large in size, and of a dark green colour; appearances which always precede a full and productive crop, should the ensuing season prove favourable.

Rye has broken out with a large ear, and is likely to produce a full average crop; as this species of grain, from its early nature, is not subject to atmospheric affections in the same degree with wheat.

Barleys, sown at the latter end of April, are free from the earl; but the more early sown are ragged.

appearance, in consequence of the plants being of two growths.

Oats have shot up with a strong spindle and a broad flag, which indicate a full crop.

Beans, peas, and all the leguminous plants, swell large for blossom, and are free from vermin.

Young clovers, tares, lucerne, and all the soiling tribe, are abundant. From their great succulency, a mixture with sweet straw, cut into long chaff, would make them a more appropriate food for working cattle.

ALLEGORICAL WOOD-CUT, WITH PATTERNS OF BRITISH MANUFACTURE.

No. 1 and 2. A neat and useful article, from Allen's celebrated furniture warehouse, Pall-Mall, where may be seen the most extensive and elegant assortment of chintz, and other articles of furniture in this line. Mr. Allen has recently built and opened a most spacious and elegant saloon, where, by a very ingenious invention, the printed and cotton furniture is displayed at one view, to the greater advantage, and so as to afford an easy decision as to effect. The present specimen, though very neat, is by no means on a par with those which are displayed at this celebrated warehouse. Light blue, bright yellow, and full pink, or rose-colour, with corresponding fringes, are the linings best calculated to exhibit this print to advantage.

No. 3 is a specimen of British King Cobb; a new article with which we have been favoured by Mr. Millard, of the East India warehouse, Cheapside. It is an exact imitation of that splendid article worn by the Great Mogul. It is calculated for evening robes, producing a most pleasing effect by candle-light. Pelisses, *à la Persian*, lined with sarsnet, of a tastefully contrasted shade, and ornamented with feather-trimming, and worn

with Asiatic turbans of the same, produce a very unique and becoming effect.

No. 4 is a sample of the new Imperial cotton twine shirting. Many of our readers having wished to obtain specimens, together with the price of this very useful article, we have procured one from the proprietor, just as it comes from the bleach-field. It is sold, stamped, at Millard's East India warehouse, Cheapside, and at no other house. The present quality is 2s. 6d. per yard; and, in due proportion, at 3s. 6d., 3s., 2s., and 1s. 6d., being not more than half the price of Irish linens, &c. and of equal fineness of texture. It is wove in 7-8th widths for ladies, and 4-4ths for gentlemen's wear, and is particularly well adapted for slips. — At this warehouse may also be purchased, muslins of the lowest value, for draperies only, up to the Indian shawl of 100 guineas. The most curious Indian muslins, up to the exquisitely fine Saccarallie, are regularly selling at this extensive establishment, where the ingenious manufactures of Valenciennes, Brussels, Germany, Russia, China, the Indies, and the sister kingdoms (both for use and ornament), are to be met with.

No. LIV. June, 1813.

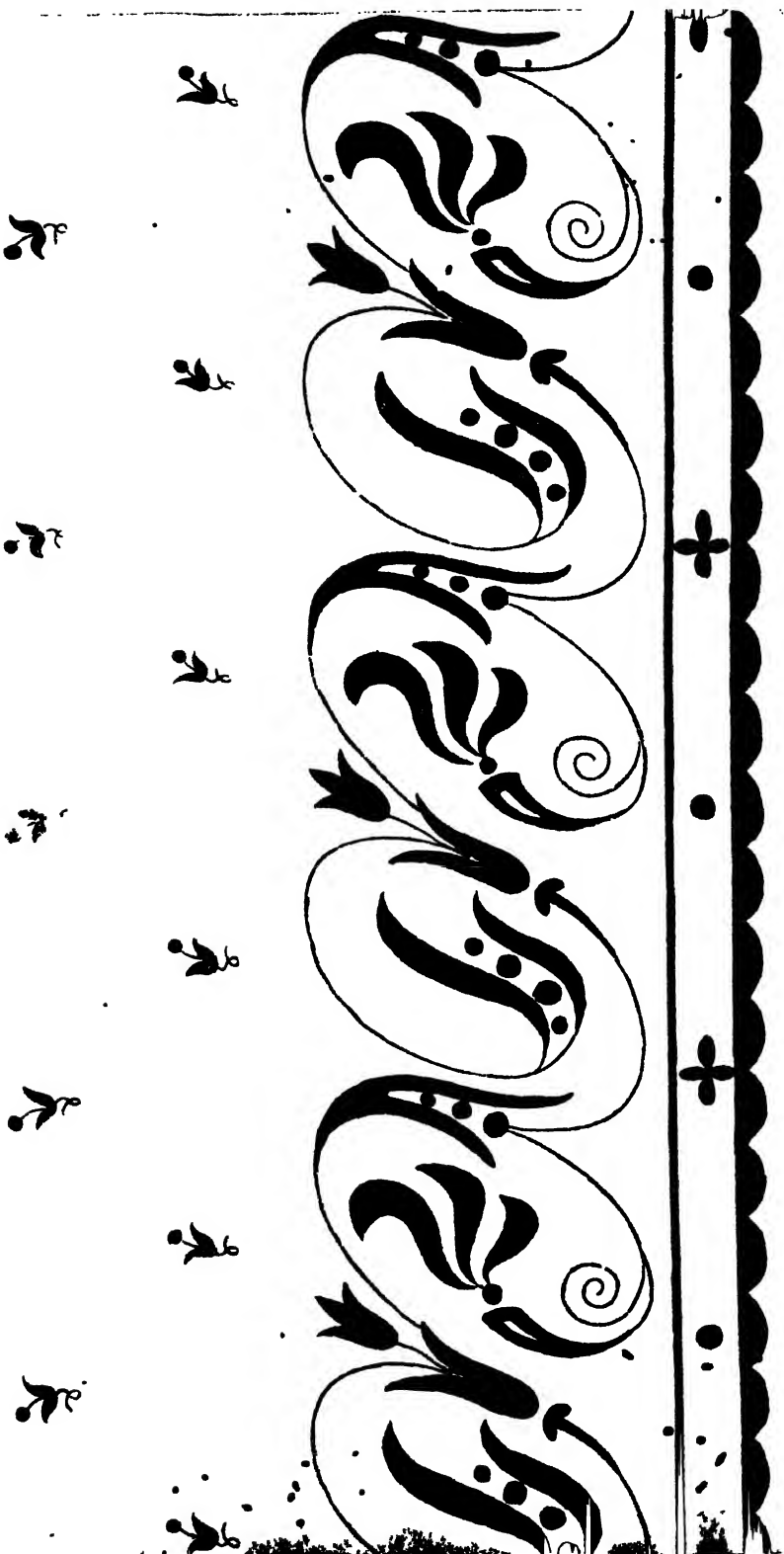


The Repository

Of Arts, Literature, Commerce, Manufactures, Fashions, and Politics.

MANUFACTURERS, FACTORS, and DEALERS in Fancy Goods, that come within the scope of this Plan, are requested to send Patterns of such new Articles, as come out and if the requisites of Novelty, Fashion, and Elegance, are united, the quantity necessary for this Magazine will be ordered.

R. Ackermann, 101, Strand, London.



METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR APRIL, 1813.

Conducted, at Manchester, by THOMAS HANSON, Esq.

1813.	Wind.	Pressure.			Temperature.			Weather.	Exp.	Rain
		Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.			
APRIL										
1	NW 3	29.37	28.65	29.010	48.0°	36.0°	42.00°	cloudy	—	.135
2	SW 3	29.10	28.65	28.975	49.0	32.0	40.50	snowy	—	—
3	SE 2	29.45	29.10	29.275	49.0	31.0	47.00	snowy	—	—
4	NW 2	29.80	29.45	29.625	47.0	29.0	38.00	fine	—	—
5	SW 2	29.80	29.50	29.650	50.0	34.0	42.00	rainy	—	—
6	W 2	29.80	29.50	29.650	56.0	40.0	48.00	cloudy	—	—
7	SW 1	29.88	29.80	29.840	59.0	42.0	50.50	brilliant	—	—
8	SW 1	29.88	29.85	29.865	65.0	44.0	54.50	brilliant	—	—
9	W 1	30.15	29.88	30.013	62.0	46.0	51.00	brilliant	—	—
10	Var. 1	30.20	30.15	30.175	66.0	50.0	58.00	brilliant	—	—
11	S 1	30.20	30.15	30.175	63.0	44.0	53.50	brilliant	—	—
12	SW 2	30.30	30.15	30.225	63.0	43.0	53.00	cloudy	—	—
13	SW 2	30.54	30.30	30.420	60.0	40.0	50.00	cloudy	—	—
14	SW 2	30.54	30.32	30.430	66.0	38.0	52.00	brilliant	—	—
15	W 2	30.32	30.00	30.160	58.0	45.0	51.50	rainy	—	—
16	W 2	30.00	29.93	29.965	57.0	45.0	51.00	cloudy	—	.120
17	W 3	29.95	29.72	29.835	56.0	43.0	49.50	cloudy	—	—
18	W 3	30.20	29.95	30.075	54.0	40.0	47.00	cloudy	—	—
19	W 2	30.30	30.16	30.180	61.0	34.0	47.50	cloudy	—	—
20	W 2	30.18	30.30	30.190	59.0	41.0	50.00	fine	—	—
21	N 3	30.28	30.18	30.230	56.0	30.0	46.00	fine	—	—
22	NE 3	30.33	30.28	30.305	54.0	35.0	49.50	cloudy	—	—
23	N 2	30.50	30.33	30.415	48.0	34.0	41.00	cloudy	—	—
24	NE 2	30.50	30.35	30.375	46.0	31.0	38.50	showery	—	—
25	Var. 2	30.25	29.90	30.025	48.0	32.0	40.00	cloudy	—	—
26	NE 3	29.80	29.70	29.750	56.0	35.0	45.50	cloudy	—	—
27	E 4	29.75	29.37	29.560	49.0	30.0	42.50	cloudy	—	—
28	E 4	29.55	29.35	29.450	49.0	35.0	42.00	variable	—	—
29	NE 4	29.80	29.55	29.675	49.0	34.0	41.00	cloudy	—	—
30	NE 3	29.80	29.72	29.760	47.0	33.0	41.00	cloudy	—	.400
			Mean	29.909		Mean	46.45			.655

RESULTS.

Mean monthly pressure, 29.909—maximum, 30.54, wind S. W. 2.—Minimum, 28.65, wind N. W. 3—Range, 1.89 inch.

The greatest variation of pressure in 24 hours, is 70 of an inch, which was on the 1st.

Mean temperature, 46°.450.—Maximum, 66° wind S. W. 2.—Min. 29° wind N. W. 3.—Range 37°.

The greatest variation of temperature in 24 hours is 28°, which was on the 14th.

Spaces described by the barometer, 6,590 inches.—Number of changes, 18.

Rain, &c this month, 655 inch.—Number of wet days, 7.—Total rain this year, 4,730 inches.

WIND.

N	NE	E	SE	S	SW	W	NW	Variable.	Calm.
2	5	2	1	1	7	8	2	2	0

Brisk winds 7—Boisterous ones 3.

The temperature for the first eight days in April was pretty high and even, accompanied with cloudy and rainy weather; but from the 9th to the 12th, there was a diminution from the maximum to the minimum of 36°; the wind blew from the north, which brought frequent hail and snow showers. On the 19th, the maximum temperature occurred, and the following day the minimum of pressure, which last, in a week, shewed the monthly maximum. Temperature fluctuated to the end, between 40 and 50°. Frequent showers of rain were pretty evenly distributed throughout the month. The weather upon the whole was favourable to vegetation. On the 24th, hail showers; and on the 24th, several showers of snow, sleet, hail, and rain. —25th. Wind variable and inclined to the south.—28th. Very frequent and long-continued hail showers.—The quantity of water measured is a little more than half an inch, most of which fell in the form of hail.—Monthly temperature two degrees higher than that of March.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR APRIL, 1813.

Conducted by Mr. J. GIBSON, Laboratory, Stratford, Essex.

1813	Wind.	Pressure.			Temperature.			Weather.	Evap.	Rain.
		Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.			
APRIL										
1	S W	29,40	29,34	29,370	48°	31°	40,5°	rainy	—	.97
2	W	29,58	29,40	29,490	49	31	40,0	cloudy	—	—
3	S W	29,78	29,58	29,680	47	30	38,5	cloudy	—	—
4	S W	29,90	29,78	29,840	51	30	40,5	fine	—	—
5	S W	29,90	29,86	29,880	51	40	45,5	cloudy	—	—
6	S W	29,98	29,90	29,940	53	45	51,5	cloudy	—	—
7	W	29,95	29,97	29,975	61	46	53,5	fine	.43	—
8	E	30,04	29,97	30,005	70	35	52,5	fine	—	—
9	S E	30,08	30,04	30,060	66	36	51,0	fine	—	—
10	E	30,14	30,08	30,110	65	40	52,5	fine	.96	—
11	E	30,14	30,10	30,120	64	34	49,0	fine	—	—
12	E	30,27	30,14	30,205	69	43	55,5	fine	—	—
13	N E	30,35	30,27	30,310	66	34	50,0	fine	—	—
14	E	30,35	30,18	30,265	66	42	54,0	fine	.96	—
15	N W	30,18	30,06	30,120	63	43	58,0	fine	—	—
16	N W	30,06	29,90	29,980	64	47	55,5	cloudy	—	—
17	N W	30,15	29,90	30,025	63	38	50,5	fine	—	—
18	N W	30,18	30,15	30,165	56	42	49,0	fine	.53	—
19	N W	30,15	30,15	30,150	64	41	54,0	fine	—	—
20	N W	30,15	30,10	30,125	64	40	52,0	fine	—	—
21	N W	30,14	30,10	30,120	57	32	44,5	fine	—	—
22	N E	30,10	30,10	30,105	50	32	41,0	showers	—	.22
23	N E	30,17	30,10	30,135	49	33	41,0	cloudy	—	—
24	N E	30,15	30,06	30,105	48	30	39,0	cloudy	—	—
25	N E	30,06	29,83	29,945	53	30	40,0	rainy	.47	.43
26	S E	29,83	29,68	29,755	63	36	49,5	cloudy	—	—
27	N W	29,68	29,55	29,615	48	42	45,0	rainy	—	—
28	N	29,69	29,55	29,620	49	40	41,5	rainy	—	—
29	N E	29,74	29,69	29,715	47	37	42,0	rainy	—	.67
30	E	29,72	29,70	29,710	51	39	45,0	cloudy	.49	.21
		Mean	29,954		Mean	47,7		Total	2,531 in	1 80 in.

RESULTS.—Prevailing winds, westerly.—Mean height of barometer, 29,954 inches; highest observation, 30,35 inches; lowest, 29,34 inches.—Mean height of thermometer, 47° 7'.—highest observation, 70°—lowest, 30°.—Total of evaporation, 2,531 inch.—Rain 1,80 in.—in another gauge, 1,53 inch.

Notes.—1st. Very boisterous and rainy morning.—2nd. A shower of hail about three o'clock P. M.—3rd. Several slight showers of hail in the course of the day.—4th. A lunar halo at night.—9th. Foggy morning.—12th. Foggy morning.—15th. Wind boisterous in the evening.—16th. Cloudy morning.—17th. A shower in the evening.—22nd. Some showers of rain and hail during the day.—23d. Day cold, with slight showers of hail and rain—wind high in the evening.—25th. Rainy morning

Prices of Fire-Office, Mine, Dock, Canal, Water-Works, Brewery, and Public Institution Shares, &c. &c. for May, 1813.

Albion Fire and Life Assurance	£45 per sh.	Coventry Canal	£800 per sh.
Royal Exchange Ditto	275 do.	Dudley Ditto	48 do.
Imperial Ditto	47 10s do.	Frewash Ditto	800 do.
London Dock Stock	102 per ct.	Ellesmere Ditto	67 do.
West India Ditto	148 do.	Shrewsbury Ditto	110 do.
East London Waterworks	£63 10s. pr. sh.	Wilts and Berks Canal	18 do.
Grand Junction Ditto	31 10s. do.	Leicester Ditto	218 do.
Kent Ditto	51 do.	London Institution	46 do.
West Middlesex Ditto	40 do.	Surrey Ditto	12,55 do.
Grand Junction Canal	222 223 do.	Auction Mart	31 10s. do.
Birmingham Ditto	565 do.	Covent-Garden Theatre	400 do.
Kennett and Avon	21 do.	Day Newspaper	6 do.

WOLEF & Co. 9, Change-Alley, Cornhill,

FORTUNE & Co. 15, Cornhill.

PRICES OF STOCKS.

Date.	Bank Stocks.	9 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3 pr. ct. Red.	4 pr. ct. Cons.	Navy 5 pr. ct.	Long Ann.	Omnium	Imp. 3. pr. ct.	Imp. 3. Ann.	Irish 5 pr. ct.	S. Sea Stock.	S. Sea Ann.	India Stock	India Bonds.	Exchgr. Bills. 3jd.	St. Lott. Tickets.	Cous. for ac.
Apr. 21	210½	59½ a 2	58½	73½	86½	14½	—	Shut	Shut	86	—	57½	164	1 Dis.	8 Pm.	£23. 15.	May 25
22	210½	59½ a 2	58½	73½	86½	14½	—	58½	—	—	—	—	165½	1 Dis.	8 Pm.	59½	50½
23	210½	59½ a 2	58½	73½	86½	14½	—	—	—	—	—	58½	—	1 Dis.	8 Pm.	60	59½
24	210½	59½ a 2	58½	73½	86½	14½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1 Dis.	8 Pm.	60	59½
25	210½	59½ a 2	58½	73½	86½	14½	—	—	—	—	—	—	166½	1 Dis.	8 Pm.	60½	60½
26	210½	59½ a 2	58½	73½	86½	14½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1 Dis.	8 Pm.	60½	60½
27	210½	59½ a 2	58½	73½	86½	14½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1 Dis.	8 Pm.	60½	60½
28	210½	59½ a 2	58½	73½	86½	14½	—	—	—	—	—	—	167½	1 Dis.	8 Pm.	60½	60½
29	210½	59½ a 2	58½	73½	86½	14½	—	—	—	—	—	—	167½	1 Dis.	8 Pm.	60½	60½
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